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NOTES.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The authorship of "God save the King" is an undecided though much investigated question that seems to get more difficult the more it is studied. Expert musical antiquarians differ in their conclusions. Dr. Rimbault and Mr. William Chappell, two of the most noted, have given much attention to the subject, but do not agree concerning it. On the strength of a passage from the diary or "Souvenirs" of Mme. de Crèqui, it has been assigned a French origin. As a *cantique* sung by the demoiselles of St. Cyr to welcome Louis XIV to their chapel, the words being attributed to Mme. de Brion and the music to Handel, both written for the occasion. But Mr. Chappell says the story is a "pure invention," and that readers of the "Souvenirs" "must have mistaken that work for history."

The words as given are:

"Grand Dieu, sauve le Roi!
Grand Dieu, venge le Roi!
Vive le Roi!
Que toujours glorieux,
Louis victorieux!
Voye ses ennemies,
Toujours soumis!"

The Duchess of Perth, in her "Memoirs," declared that the melody was of French origin, having been first sung by the ladies of St. Cyr to James II, when he was an exile in France, and that Handel, procuring a copy of it, "foisted it upon the English

public as his own." Handel, however, never laid claim to the composition.

It has also been thought that the music was composed by Anthony Young, organist of All Hallows, Barking; and his granddaughter received the sum of £100 as the accumulated pension of £30 per annum, granted to her mother, Mrs. Arne, as "the eldest descendant of A. Young, the composer of the Royal Anthem." But there is no proof that Mr. Young, in the time of James II, did more than unite an existing tune to other words, and his son-in-law, Dr. Arne, a noted musical scholar, said he did not know either the author or composer. The composition of the music supposed to have been adapted by Mr. Young is by many urgently claimed in behalf of Dr. John Bull, an organist and music teacher at Antwerp in the time of James I, and a MS. copy still exists attributed to him. It has been asserted that the melody of this composition is quite different from the present anthem, but Dr. Rimbault says of it: "There are differences, but the character and structure of the lines are the same, and the latter is so peculiar, a rhythm of six or eight bars, that it almost stands alone."

Mr. Chappell says no words that can be traced to an earlier time than the reign of George II can be sung to the known tune of "God Save the King," nor to Dr. Bull's tune.

A strong claim for the authorship of both words and music has been made in behalf of Henry Carey, a poet and musician in the reigns of William III, Anne, and George I, and many think the balance of proof is in his favor.

The claim was put forward by his grandson, George Saville Carey, who hoped to receive for it a pension. Carey was a Jacobite, and some of his advocates think his first version of the song was Jacobinian, and was afterward altered for the occasion for which others think it was composed—a dinner in honor of George the Second's birthday, given by the Mercer Company, at London. It is asserted that Carey announced himself as the author at a dinner where he sang it, in 1740, but there is no certain proof of either statement.

The first reliable notice of the National

Anthem is in a letter from Benjamin Victor to Garrick, in 1745, saying that it was sung nightly to an old anthem tune on the stage of both national theatres with great effect.

Dr. Arne harmonized it for Drury Lane, and Dr. Burney for Covent Garden Theatre, and as this was only two years after Carey's death, they could not have been ignorant of any proof in his favor, yet both thought the music was written for the Catholic Chapel of James II, and that the words had a Jacobite origin. The mediocre quality of the verse has been adduced in Carey's favor, for he was a poor poet. Some call him an excellent musician, but Dr. Rimbault thinks not only that the stories of his singing the air are not credible, but that he had not sufficient skill to have composed the music.

The expression, "God Save the King," was a common formula of loyalty, used in theatres and many public occasions.

Froude narrates that the watchword of the fleet assembled at Portsmouth in June, 1545, "was, perhaps, the origin of the National Anthem." The challenge was "God Save the King," and the response, "Long to reign over us."

An instance of the short versicular form in which prayer was anciently made in churches for the sovereign is: "Be propitious to Constantine, O Christ!"

In old manuscript music books, in ballads, and elsewhere are found many phrases and turns of expression suggesting the words of the anthem. There is an old drinking-cup in Fingask Castle in the Carse o' Gowrie, that once belonged to an ancient Jacobite family, that has these lines engraved on it:

"God save the King, I pray;
God bless the King, I pray;
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Soon to reign over us,
God save the King."

Whoever put the words of the anthem into their present shape required no very original genius, and probably, like so many other untraced things they *grew* with touches here and there.

Within a few years, however, Dr. Rimbault has found an old "Latin Chorus," anterior to the English version, which he thinks is the original of the National Anthem.

They are in a music book for 1745, issued by the old Academy of Music which existed from 1733 to 1791. He says the directors of this Academy were particular to give the names and dates of every composition on their programme, but as they are silent upon the authorship of the "Latin Chorus," it could not have been known to them, and was doubtless "an old anthem tune," whose composer had been forgotten. No English translation was given, and Dr. Rimbault thinks if the present "God Save the King" had been commonly known, it would have been used. The Latin verses are:

"O Deus optime!
Salvum nunc facito
Regem nostrum:
Sit laeta victoria
Comes et gloria,
Salvum jam facito
Tu Dominum.

"Exurgat Dominus,
Rebelles dissipet,
Et reprimat;
Dolos confundito
Fraudes depellito;
In te sit situ spes;
O! Salva nos."

Translated, it is: "O good God! save now our king; let joyful victory and glory attend him; O God, save our king! O God arise! scatter the rebellious and suppress them; confound their cunning schemes; frustrate their tricks; in Thee we put our hope. O save us, Lord!"

The music of this "Latin Chorus" has not yet been found, but should it ever be, Dr. Rimbault thinks it will give us much light on the origin of the present music. This, he thinks, is as old at least as the sixteenth century.

The tune of "God save the King" was a great favorite with Weber, who has introduced it into his Cantata, "Kampf und Sieg," and his "Jubel Overture," and has

twice harmonized it for four voices. With Beethoven, also, it found great favor. He wrote no less than seven variations on it for the piano; and *à propos* of his introducing it into his "Battle Symphony," we read in his journal, "I must show the English a little what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King.'"

There have been innumerable parodies upon it, the natural fate of anything popular. One of them is very characteristic of England's universal love for other nations;

"Confound French politics,
Frustrate all Russian tricks,
Get Yankees in a fix,
God bless them all (*Sinistra manu*)."

The tune was first sung in America, in 1793, at one of the civic feasts so popular at that date; having been arranged to the words "God Save Great Washington." The words of the English anthem have, of course, suffered some slight alterations in adapting them to the sovereigns who have succeeded George II. In 1830, it became necessary to change from "God Save Great George our King" to "God Save our Noble King," on account of the serious embarrassment presented by having to dispose of the name William. But, although Victoria is a very singable name, it has not been adopted in the present version, some one having devised "Gracious Queen" instead.

One wonders how, when the progress of events demands another change, the English people will solve the perplexities of "Albert Edward."

The *Salem Observer*, April 21, 1827, says that the anthem was composed for Charles II, by Shirley, the dramatist, who died at the time of the plague. It was first sung at a concert given by the nobility to the king, and not heard on the stage till many years after.

France, Prussia, Germany all know the tune well, and the late King of Prussia adopted it as the melody for a national song.

WHENCE THE WORD TARIFF?

The word tariff, which has played and continues to play so important a part in the

political history of our own country, is applied to a list or table of duties or customs payable to the government on goods imported or exported. Perhaps no one word of so specific and limited an application has enjoyed a larger circulation than has "tariff" within the past few years; and yet with all its familiarity no one can tell us its exact origin, although most writers agree that we are to choose between *Tarifa*, a town in Spain, and the Arabian word *ta'rif*, which means information, explanation, or definition; from *a'rafa*, to know, inform, or explain.

Webster admits a preference for the latter derivation, and strengthens his advocacy by quoting the French *tarif* and Italian *tariffa*, as words similar in meaning and origin to our *tariff*. Worcester, however, supported by Chambers, Trench, Brande, and many others, considers the Spanish fortress responsible for its etymology.

In very early times Carthage was conspicuous for its protective character. It destroyed the ships of competitors who sought to get metals to build up competing industries; and this watchful guardianship of home interests seems to have extended to her neighbors the Moors, when, having taken possession of Spain, they set up a custom-house system on the little island at its southern extremity.

The town of Tarifa enjoys the distinction of occupying the most southern point of Europe, lying as it does just outside the strait of Gibraltar, about fifty-nine miles from Cadiz. It is of quadrangular form, still surrounded by its old tower-embattled walls, just within which stands the Alcazar. Its streets are narrow, dark, and crooked, and the whole place, even after all these years of modernization, is quite Moorish in appearance. The rocky island in front of the town, connected with the mainland by a causeway, is strongly fortified, as it was in the days of the Moors.

This promontory is, from its position, admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean and watching the ships as they pass through the strait. It was here that the Moors lay in wait for their victims. Every merchantman going out of or coming into the Midland Sea

beheld the enemy emerging from this stronghold to levy duties upon its cargo. The rate of taxation was fixed at the discretion or fancy of the collector; and when a captain escaped from their clutches, after leaving only fifteen per cent. of the value of his goods in their hands, he considered himself very fortunate.

If he made no protest, and quietly submitted to their extortions, he was allowed to depart afterward in peace; but if he remonstrated and declined to accede to their terms, his ship and her cargo were confiscated. It may be readily imagined that few were so short-sighted as to offer resistance, and when the vessel arrived at her destination the owners assessed the loss on the purchasers of the goods.

The duties thus levied were called *tarifa*, or *tariff*, from the place where the custom was practiced, and in this way we have acquired the word. The name *Tarifa* is of Moorish origin, having been bestowed upon that place by the Moors, who are said to have called it after *Tarik*, the conqueror of Roderic, "the last of the Goths." According to one authority, the present name is derived from "*Tarif*, the forerunner of *Tarik*." Its Carthaginian name was *Josa*, and in Strabo's time it was *Julia Tra-ducta*.

When we regard the word tariff as directly derivable from this levying of duties, we are apt to associate with it our first ideas of a protective policy, so indissolubly connected with our rendering of tariff. As a general rule, the credit of having established this protective system is attributed to Cromwell and to Colbert, Louis XIV's Minister of Finance, or to the Moors at Tarifa. But we are to look for our tariff in still earlier ages. Indeed it seems almost lost in antiquity.

We read in the records that in Persia royalty itself was confined to articles of home-made manufacture, and when Pausanias, after his residence among the Persians, sought to attire himself at home in the habiliments of that people, the very thought of foreign competition, even on a small scale and apart from its associations with a hated foe, filled the simple-minded Spartans with anxiety and contempt.

Aristophanes represents Dicaeopolis as trying to purchase for himself, at any price, against all the interests of Athens, the ardent protector of home industries. And the anxiety of the Megarians to smuggle in their commodities, free of duty, whether "short mantles" or "little pigs in bags," finds a parallel to-day in those who try to prevent the introduction of what has been called "the prohibitory system." Cæsar restored the protective policy which had originally prevailed at Rome, and in our own land the origin of the tariff dates from the second statute that Congress enacted and Washington signed. The origin of the *word tariff*, then, we make contemporaneous with the Moorish Conquest of Spain, but the first dawning of its *spirit* and intent belongs to the world's early history.

The dictionaries give the following:

"Spanish, *tarifa*, a list of prices, a book of rates; Fr., *tariffe*, arithmetick or the casting of accounts; Arab., *ta'rif*, a giving information, notification, because the tariff does this; Arab, *arf*, knowing, knowledge, from Arab root '*arafa*, he knew."

Skeats' Etymological Dictionary: "B. Turk., *tarif*, an explaining, a describing; Arab, *tarif*, explanation, notification; *arif*, knowledge."

Wedgwood: "Fr., *tarif*; Sp., *tarifa*; from Ar., *tarif*, explaining; a list of things, particularly fees paid; from a'*rafa*, to inform."

Imperial Dictionary: "Turk., *tarif*, an explaining, a describing; Ar., *tarif*, explanation, from *arf*, knowledge. Fr., *tarif*; Sp., *tarif*; Ital., *tariffe*."

Stormonth: "Fr., *tarif*; Sp. and Pg., *tarifa*; It., *tariffa*; from Ar., *ta'rif*, information, explanation, definition; from a'*rafa*, to know, to inform, explain." — "This word is said, by some authors, to be derived from *Tarifa*, a town in Spain, at the entrance of the Straits of Gibraltar, where duties were formerly collected."

Webster: "The two derivations might be reconciled, if it could be shown that the place *Tarifa* took its name from the duties there levied; but the island was named from the Mahometan freebooter, *Tarif* or *Tareef*, who took possession of it 710 A. D., and made it his headquarters."

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF MANHATTAN?

Various conjectures have been made as to the significance of this word; and it has served as the subject of many jocularities at the expense of the poor red man. One geographical etymologist avers that the original Indian name of the island was *Mannah-atan*—that is, the town on the island! Probably the place simply took the name of the special tribe which occupied it.

The favorite explanation, however, is the one offered by the Rev. John Heckwelder, whose manuscript account of the early history of Manhattan is carefully preserved in the archives of the New York Historical Society. It is the opinion of this notable authority that the name should be ascribed to a drunken bout; the occasion on which the natives for the first time in their lives tasted "fire-water," and became wildly intoxicated.

This occurred in 1524, when the Florentine navigator, John Verrazani, landed where the lower extremity of New York city now lies, and produced the spirituous liquors which he had carried on his voyage. Tradition says that, delighted with this novel species of jovial entertainment, the Indians gave their settlement the name of *Manna-ha-ta*, "place of drunkenness," or, in Irving's free translation, "the Island of Jolly Toppers," "a name which," he says, "it continues to merit to the present day." This account is supplanted by a grave historian, who suggests that the intoxication on this occasion was probably confined to the crew of the visiting vessel.

Nearly a hundred years later, Hudson re-discovered the island, and the political career of the State of New York was begun, when, in 1526, Peter Minuit, the newly appointed Governor of New Netherland, arrived at New Amsterdam, and bought of the Manhattans their beautiful island for the value of sixty guilders (about \$24 of our money), and paid for it in cheap trinkets, hatchets, knives, etc., an event in history as important, and as creditable to the honesty of the purchasers as was the treaty of William Penn, which poets and painters never weary of celebrating.

It is scarcely worth while to dwell upon the many facetious and fanciful deviations of Manhattan, which wits have ascribed to its being the island of *manna*, flowing with milk and honey; or to the custom among the squaws of wearing men's hats, whence arose the appellation Man-hat-on! This is Diedrich Knickerbocker, who has, indeed, as he somewhere admits, indulged too freely in the bold, excessive manner of his favorite, Herodotus.

In the *Historical Magazine* there is some discussion about the name, one, an authority on Indian nomenclature, saying that the name was derived from an Indian tribe living on an island on the shore or straits of Hellgate, they having experienced the dangers of its passage in their canoes. *Autun* means a channel; *Monan* is the root for bad; *ong* is the local inflection denoting place, hence, Monantonong, People of the Whirlpool, or place of the bad channel.

Another contributor says that the Indians east of the Hudson gave the name of *Monan* or *Monon* to all islands, the Grand Manan and Little Manan being well-known instances. In Josselyn's "Voyages," 17th century, the island on which New York now stands, is called *Manahunent*, and in Elliot's Indian Bible, *Menohunnet* is given for islands; therefore this writer thinks the etymology of the word is from *Mono*, an island; *Monotos*, people of the island; *Han*, means river, and *Monathans* or *Manathans*, would be People of the Island in the river.

Heckwelder says the Mohicans gave it a similar name from the wood which grew there and was used by them for their arrows, but as they called the wood *gawaak*, it is difficult for one not a linguist to understand the derivation.

The Monseys called it *Laaphawackking*, the place of stringing beads, or wampum.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

From whom did Longfellow borrow the idea of his poem, *The Reaper and the Flowers*?

Bartlett has called attention to the similarity which exists between this poem of Longfellow's and a little German ballad om "Des Knaben Wunderhorn" of Von

Arnim and Brentano. It would be absurd to cry "plagiarism" in the present instance as the likeness is too marked to be anything other than a confessed imitation. Every reader of Longfellow knows how thoroughly familiar he was with German literature, and his frequent renderings of legends and tales native to that tongue are among the most graceful of his shorter writings.

In the "Reaper and the Flowers" we have the same idea and the same rendering as in the "Erntelied," from which our poet borrows his imagery. Death reaps his harvest of tender flowers, not in the character of a cruel destroyer, but as the pitying servant of one who would transplant them to another garden, "in the fields of light above."

The "Erntelied" was one of a collection of old popular songs and legends, gathered and edited by Achim Von Arnim, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Clemens Brentano (the brother of Bettina, Goethe's correspondent). Several volumes of these lyrics, entitled "Des Knaben Wunderhorn," were published at Heidelberg (1800-8), and received immediate and enthusiastic recognition. They have, I believe, never been translated, though the substance of the following poem is, thanks to Longfellow, by no means unfamiliar:

ERNTELIED.

(KATHOLISHCHES KIRCHENLIED.)

Es ist ein Schnitter der heisst Tod,
Der hat Gewalt vom höchsten Gott,
Heut' wetzt er das Messer,
Es schneidt schon viel besser,
Bald wird er drein scheiden,
Wir müssens nur leiden.
Hüte dich schön's Blümelein!

Was heut' noch grün und frisch da steht,
Wird morgen schon hinweg gemäht:
Die edlen Narzissen,
Die zierden der Weisen,
Die schön's Hiazinten,
Die türkischen Binden,
Hüte dich schönes Blümelein!

Viel hundert tausend ungezählt,
Was nur unter die Sichel fällt,

Ihr Rosen, ihr Lilien,
 Euch wird er austilgen,
 Auch die Kaiser-Kronen,
 Wird er nicht verschonen.
 Hüte dich schönes Blümelein !

Das himmel farbe Ehrenpreiss,
 Die Tulipanen gelb und weiss,
 Die silbernen Glocken,
 Die goldenen Flocken,
 Sinkt alles zur Erden.
 Was wird daraus werden ?
 Hüte dich schönes Blümelein !

Ihr hübsch Lavendel, Rosmarin,
 Ihr vielfärbe Röselein.
 Ihr Krause Basilien,
 Ihr zarte Violen,
 Man wird euch bald holen.
 Hüte dich schönes Blümelien !

Trotz ! Tod, komm her, ich fürcht dich
 nicht,
 Trotz, eil daher in einem Schnitt.
 Werd ich nur verzetzt
 In den himmlischen Garten,
 Auf den alle wir warten
 Freu' dich du schönes Blümelein !

The following is a rhyming translation
 by M. N. Robinson :

THE REAPER, DEATH.

There is a Reaper, Death by name—
 Chosen by God on high, he came,
 He makes his sickle keen
 Better 'twill reap, I ween !
 Soon will he thrice it wield,
 Naught can we do, but yield—
 Beware ! fair flowers !

What stands to-day so fresh and green,
 To-morrow shall no more be seen !
 Narcissus' noble head
 Decking the mead, is dead !
 The hyacinth most fair
 Garlands for Turk to wear !
 Beware, fair flowers !

Thousands many, uncounted all,
 Which only 'neath the sickle fall
 Roses red—lilies fair !
 Not one can the Reaper spare !

He will cut them all down
 For the dear Master's crown !
 Beware, fair flowers !

Come quickly, Death ! I know no fear !
 Come quickly with thy sickle here !
 Thou never canst daunt me,
 But only transplant me
 To the garden on high—
 Our home in the sky !
 Rejoice, fair flowers !

A comparison of Longfellow's with the
 above will show that while the figure is in
 both instances the same, the treatment is
 very different.

QUERIES.

"MOTHER" EARTH.—Can you advise as to the origin of the phrase "Mother Earth," or state where such information can be found ?

L. L. JONES.

CINCINNATI, O.

In Mythology the Earth is treated as the Mother of all living things, hence the phrase. See "The Mythology of the Aryan Nations," by Rev. Sir G. W. Cox.

CONSPICUOUS BY HIS ABSENCE.—Who is the author of the phrase, "conspicuous by his absence" ?

L. M. O.

McCONNELLSTOWN, PA.

The phrase is attributed to Lord John Russell, in an address to the electors of the city of London, but he himself says: "It is not an original expression of mine, but is taken from one of the greatest historians of antiquity," referring to the following passage in Tacitus' "Annal," iii, 76, "Sed præfulgebant Cassius atque Brutus, eo ipso quod effigies eorum non videbantur."

MAN OF THE WORLD.—Who was the author of an American novel, entitled, "Stanley, or the Recollections of a Man of the World," which was very popular among college students some 35 or 40 years ago ? Possibly, its popularity may be accounted for by the fact that its style was somewhat sophomoric. Though I have not seen the

book for many years, the following sentence still lingers in my memory: "From the nethermost hell of atheism comes the loudest roar of belief; and the last shriek of writhing despair is a piercing yell of adoration." J. H. D.

LANCASTER, PA.

There is a novel called "The Man of the World" that was written by Henry MacKensie (1745-1831).

THE WORD "BOSS."—Please give derivation of the word "Boss," a head-workman of a gang, etc., etc.

R. W. L.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It probably comes from the Dutch *baas*, which means a master. There are many Dutch words—*e. g.*, schooner, ship, etc., that have been imported bodily into English.

REPLIES.

THE ORIGINAL INDIAN NAME OF PHILADELPHIA (Vol. ii, p. 310).—"The Proprietary having now returned from Maryland to *Coaquannock*, the place so called by the Indians where Philadelphia now stands, began to purchase lands of the Indians." *Proud's History of Pennsylvania*, Vol. i, p. 211.

Heckwelder states that "*Coaquannock*, the name by which the site of *Philadelphia* was known to the Indians, is a corruption of *Cuwequenaker*, signifying *the grove of tall pines*." JOHN W. JORDAN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Women have many Faults, etc.—Whence the lines:

Women have many faults—

Men have only two.

There's nothing they say,

And there's nothing right they do.

A. B. C.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rock Dunder.—Can you inform the inquirer where the "Rock Dunder" is? An old grandfather who fought at Ticonderoga, and who was in the old wars, always referred to it: "Hard as the Rock Dunders," his usual expression.

Wits gone Wool-Gathering.—Please give an explanation of the oft-quoted phrase, "Wits gone wool-gathering."

M. R. C.

Dreadful Night.—Can you inform me where I will find a poem entitled "Dreadful Night"?

D. W. N.

HARRISBURG, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Cockles of his Heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298).—The following instances of the occurrence of this word are cited by Davies ("A Supplementary English Glossary," 1881, p. 133):

"The sight . . . after near two months absence *rejoiced the very cockles of Jerry's heart*."—Graves, "Spiritual Quixote" (1773), Bk. xii, ch. xiv.

"Polyglot toss'd a bumper off; *it cheer'd The cockles of his heart*."—Colman, "Poetical Vagaries" (2d ed., 1814), p. 147.

Davies defines *cockles of the heart* as "the inmost recesses of the heart," and quotes from Latham, "the most probable explanation lies (1) in the likeness of a heart to a cockleshell; the base of the former being compared to the hinge of the latter; (2) in the zoological name for the cockle and its congeners being *Cardium*, from the Greek *καρδία*—heart."

In searching out the origin of this word, the philologist is indeed beset with difficulties. The first explanation suggested by Latham (a physician), and also by one of your correspondents (p. 298) is plausible enough, if the explanation of the phrase "*cockles of the heart*" has anything to do with the word "cockle," a shell-fish. Latham's second attempt at an origin seems rather far-fetched. The etymology of the Rev. A. S. Palmer is, like many others, suggested by that painstaking gentleman highly improbable, if not impossible. We

must search out every passage in which the expression occurs before we can be certain in the matter. As "Sixty-two" has said, the sense of the word is by no means clear yet.

Halliwell ("Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English," 1857), under *Cockle* (6) gives the quotation from "Eachard's Observations" (1671) as follows:

"Now, although he says in his preface that he would not much boast of convincing the world, how much I was mistaken in what I undertook; yet I am confident of it, that this contrivance of his *did inwardly rejoice the cockles of his heart*, as he phantasies that what I write did sometimes much *tickle my spleen*." Here, too, the sense of the word is obscure.

In the speech of the Hon. Chauncey Depew (cited at p. 298), the expression "kept the *cockles of my heart beating with pride*" seems to indicate that the orator had in his mind a signification for the word "cockles" akin to that implied in Latham (1). This, like the explanation of the physician, makes the "*cockles of the heart*," valves, a part of the heart itself. This view of the matter may be the correct one, but can we not look at the word in another light? I suggest an explanation tentatively, and await further citations. May not "the cockles of the heart" require us to consider not the shell-fish but the weed "cockle"? What are the "cockles of the heart" that need to be "warmed, cheered, and rejoiced"? Is not the idea rather a figurative one than an actual *rapprochement* of the heart to the shell-fish? It is not the warm, life-beating valves that need so much refreshment, as those parts of the heart that from their apparent age or uselessness resemble the "cockles" of the field. That which would "rejoice the cockles of the heart" is that which may well be compared to the gladness of nature, which would cause even the cockles in amongst the wheat to rejoice and bring forth good fruit and not troublesome weeds. When the heart is in such a state that it may be compared to a field of wheat invaded by cockles it needs cheering, enjoyment, and gladness. To "cheer the very cockles of the heart" seems capable of reasonable explanation in this way. I

throw out this hint, not with great hopes of its being accepted, for I must admit that Mr. Depew's speech argues against such an interpretation of the word (unless the word originally connected with *cockle*, the weed, has been transferred to *cockle*, the shell-fish), but with the view of eliciting other and more plausible explanations. The idea may seem far-fetched, but principles of phonetics are not violated in its support.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Way, Wal, Gal. (Vol ii, p. 248).—The word *Norway* as compared with the German *Norwegen*, would seem to contain a real word as the second component. Compared with *Nor-man*, *Nor-se*, etc., the "north-way" appears to be the reasonable explanation of the word, and the *-way* is a suffix, or rather a component part of the composite *Norway*. *Solway* appears to preserve the name of the *Selgovæ*, an ancient tribe that dwelt in that region (see Taylor, "Words and Places," pp. 49, 58). On p. 137, however, Taylor considers the termination *-way* to be related to the Welsh word *gwy* or *wy* (water) a frequent river name. Skene ("Celtic Scotland," 1880, i, p. 72) also mentions the ancient *Selgovæ* in the Solway district; their name seems to have been either *Selgovæ* or *Elgovæ* (*ib.*, pp. 43, 72.) In the words *Gatway* and *Galloway* (which are probably the same), the *-way* is a result of analogy or the like. Skene ("Celtic Scotld.," i, p. 10) speaks of the province of *Gatweia*. The first part of the word is "Gall," a term applied to the Norwegians and Danes (Finngail, fair-haired Galls, or Norwegians, Dubhgail—dark-haired Galls, or Danes); it was also applied to the Saxons, and also used as a general expression for "foreigner." See Skene (*ib.*, pp. 304, 387). In the reign of Kenneth the term *Gallgaidhel* (composed of *gall*, stranger, and *gaidhel*, the national names of the Gaels) was applied to the neighbors of the Scandinavian pirates, and came to be given to the people of Galloway as being under the rule of *Galls* or foreigners, since Galloway for centuries formed a part of the kingdom of Northumbria (the Saxons then known as *Galls*). Skene (*ib.*, pp. 239, 311) speaks

of *Gallgaidheal* as the "Irish term for *Galloway*," and at vol. iii, p. 292 he says, "*Galloway* derived its name from the *Gallgaidheal*." The *Welsh* name for *Galloway* is given as *Gallwyddel* (Skene i, 239). In his "Chronicles of the Picts, etc.," Skene gives the forms "Galloway, Galeway, Galwedda, Galweya, Galwydel, Gallghaeddel."

Portugal is a corruption of the Latin *Portus Calensis*, otherwise *Calle* at the mouth of the Durius (Douro). See Pillan's "First Steps in Classical Geography," p. 2. *Cornwall*, according to Taylor ("Words and Places," 179), is the kingdom of the "*Welsh* of the *Horn*." *Cornwall* is then *Cornwales*. The word *Wales* is of Saxon origin and not Celtic (A. S. *Wealas*, strangers), and really means "foreigners." The same root in cognate languages is seen in *Walloon* and *Wallachia*, as well as in *Welsh*, *walnut*, etc. Kluge ("Etym. Wbch," 1888) discussing the allied German word *welsch*, cites O. H. G. *walhisc*—"romanisch" *welsch* (M. H. G.)—"romanisch, französisch, itabenisch," from O. H. G. *walk*—"Romane" (cf. A. S. *wealh*=Kelt). This term Kluge compares with that of the *Volcal* (=Germ. *Walcho*) q. Italy. He considers that *Walk*—was a name by which the Teutons originally denoted the Kelts (first of all the *Volcal*), and later on the Romance peoples of Italy and France. To this word we go to seek the origin of *Wales*, *Cornwall*, *Walloon*, *Wallachia*.

The meaning and origin of the word *Gaul* have hardly yet been settled. It is said to be found in the names *Gall-icia*, *Gal-icia*, *Galatia*, as well as in that of ancient *Gallia*. Taylor (p. 44) considers *gal* an "independent Celtic root." Various meanings for the word have been suggested. Among these are: "the west" (Mone), "the cultivated country" (Pott), "the warriors" (Zeuss), "the clansmen" (Meyer), etc. *Gael*, *Gaul*, *Gallus*, *Celt*, and *Kelt* are held by many to be variants of one root, the last being due to the Greek form.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Way, Wal, Gal (Vol. ii, p. 248).—Isaac Taylor ("Names and Places") says,

that the name of the Selgovæ, a tribe of Scotland, is still to be found in the name Solway. The *way*, according to him, is from the Celtic *gwy* or *wy*, meaning water. The meaning of Norway he does not give; it seems probable that the *way* in this word is not related to *gwy* or *wy*.

The *wall* in Cornwall is Wales; Cornwall is the Wales on the Horn of Britain. The *gal* in Portugal, Galway, Galloway, etc., is from the Celtic *gal*, meaning perhaps clansmen or warriors; the *way* is from the Celtic *gwy*. Wales is the country of the people who, to the Teutons, were Wälsche, or strangers; the root is *wal*. The Flemish Celts were Walloons, the Bulgarians were Wallachians; Gaul is from the Celtic *gal*, probably not from the Teutonic *wal*. These two roots are entirely unconnected.

R. G. B.

The Shakespeare Novels (Vol. ii, p. 286).—Your correspondent "G. P.," in Vol. ii, No. 24, asks as to the authorship of the "Shakespeare Novels," and mentions the name of Landon. Walter Savage Landon wrote a book called "Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, clerk, before the Worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, touching Deer Stealing, etc.," published in London, 1834.

This is the book evidently confounded with the "Shakespeare Novels."

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Shakespeare Novels (Vol. ii, p. 286).—The Shakespeare novels, referred to under the "Queries" head in your issue of the 13th, inst., were written by Robert Folkstone Williams, a versatile writer, formerly Professor of History at Calvary College, Richmond, England, and at one time editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." "The Youth of Shakespeare" and "Shakespeare and His Friends" were first published in 1838, and "The Secret Passion" in 1844. He wrote several other imaginative works of some vogue at the time of publication, and completed Captain Marryat's "Little Savage," and Hook's "Fathers and Sons," left unfinished by their respective writers.

Williams was also the author of "Historical Sketch of the Art of Sculpture in Wood," "Domestic Memoirs of the Royal Family and of the Court of England," "Lives of the English Cardinals" and various other biographical and historical works, and in early life dabbled somewhat in poetry. "G. P." will find additional items, biographical, and critical, and a chronological list of Williams' writings in Allibone's "Dictionary of English Literature."

E. C. A.

TAUNTON, MASS.

Corruption of Names (Vol. i, p. 263).—In a note to one of Cooper's novels—"Afloat and Ashore," I think—occurs this interesting instance of name-corruption: A Mr. Farquhar, a Scotchman, settled among the Dutch along the upper Hudson, early in this century; his name was unpronounceable to the burghers, so they changed it to Feuerstein. Farquhar's grandchildren, like so many people possessed of foreign names, anglicized it literally into Firestone, and their children translated that name into Flint.

R. G. B.

Longest Word in English (Vol. i, p. 197).—Mention has not yet been made of an awful word in Kingsley's "Water Babies;" it is no more English, in reality, than honorificabilitudinitatibus, but it is much longer: Necrobioneopaleonhydrockthon-anthropopithetology. I think it is better Greek than English.

R. G. B.

Signing the Declaration of Independence.—A correspondent of AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES has received the following letter *à propos* of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, from the celebrated American historian, Mr. Benson T. Lossing:

"You refer to the utterance of Miller Chamberlain concerning the first signing of the Declaration of Independence *on paper* and say, 'Dr. Lossing, having re-examined the question, etc., convinced by the statement of Mrs. Nellie Hess Morris, has changed his opinion, and now affirms that it was engrossed on paper and signed on the 4th of July by all the members who voted for it.'

1. "I have not seen Chamberlain's *brochure* of which you speak.

2. "I never heard of a woman named *Nellie Hess Morris*.

3. "I have not made any late examination of the question.

"I have long been satisfied that a fair copy of the *Declaration* made after the passage of the *Resolution* on the 2d of July, and after all the amendments of Mr. Jefferson's draft had been made, was the one before the members *on the 4th*, and that it was signed by all the members present who voted for it, and that a copy *engrossed on parchment* was again signed in August following, but not then by all whose names appear on it."

BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, N. Y.

Mysterious Smoke (Vol. ii, p. 306).—I should like to say to J. W. Redway that this smoke really exists. I frequently heard of it during my residence in Florida, which extended over a period of eleven years, so that his "three black crows" proves to be a reality. It is not, however, in the Everglades, but somewhere on the coast between Apalachicola and Cedar Keys, at which last-mentioned place I first heard of it. As I remember, it was to be seen in the swampy tract through which the Suwanee River flows before it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. During the day-time it presented the appearance of a pillar or column of smoke, while at night there was a certain luminosity about it. One theory advanced was that a water volcano existed there, while others claim that it is simply an *ignis-fatuus* on a large scale. Many efforts have been made to reach it, and to discover what it really is, but so far without success. There are many freaks of nature in Florida. Not far from St. Augustine, on the Atlantic coast, a powerful spring of fresh water bubbles up in the ocean. Rivers sink into the earth to reappear at a distance. Not far from Tampa, in (if I remember aright) a stream called Six-Mile Run, a spring boils up in the midst of the water, forming a miniature whirlpool. The stream is said to be forty feet deep at this spot. I have often ridden there and seen

it. The existence of the mysterious smoke is thoroughly credited in Northwestern Florida, and "I give the tale as 'twas told to me."

M. N. ROBINSON.

Anglo-American Geography.—The Roman correspondent of the London *Tablet* writes as follows of the American pilgrims in Rome:

"There were some from New York and some from Ohio, and some from Colorado, and some from Baltimore, and some from Illinois, and others from every existing United State, and one—he gloried in his singularity—from a small State southwest."

X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

God Tempers the Wind (Vol. ii, p. 227).—Possibly Isaiah's beautiful phrase, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind," so nearly akin to our familiar quotation, and, without doubt, the occasion of its being so frequently referred to the Bible, may be taken as proof that a similar figure about the tempered wind was in use long before English or French or Latin were languages at all. M. C. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

Ventre St. Gris (Vol. ii, pp. 244, 276).—In reading I came incidentally upon the fact that "gris" was a name generally given in the 15th century to the fur of the martin. Is it possible that "gris" was a substitute in Henry IV's oath for martin, and thus the oath was "by the belly of St. Martin"? MARCUS LANE.

SOUTH EVANSTON, ILL.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Rufus C. Hartranft, 709 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa., has just issued a 16-page catalogue of books relating to America, and other miscellaneous imprints of interest and importance.

Collectors of early American plays will do well to send a list of wants, as Mr. Hartranft has in stock a remarkably full collection of plays, containing many unusual specimens by American authors.

The *Journal of American Folk Lore*, published by Houghton & Mifflin for the American Folk-Lore Society, \$3.00 per annum, is an indispensable periodi-

cal to students who are engaged in this line of investigation.

"The Bizarre Notes and Queries," S. C. and L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H., for May has been received. It contains much curious information.

J. Francis Ruggles, "Ye Bibliopole," Bronson, Mich., sends a quaint circular, of which the following are some of the departments: Bibliodesiderata, or books wanted to purchase; Bibliexchange, or books to trade; Biblioprocassa, or books on sale for cash.

The Green Bag, Charles C. Soule, publisher, 15½ Beacon street, Boston, Mass., has as its subtitle "a useless but entertaining magazine for lawyers," which leads the reviewer to quote: "I would not hear your enemy say so."

H. T. Frueauff, "the Book Antiquary," Easton Pa., sends us *Daheim*, an illustrated German periodical; \$3.50 per annum.

This magazine, a sort of German *Century*, does not suffer by comparison with any of the artistic American journals. The illustrations are uniformly of the highest grade of excellence, and Americans who read German will find that the matter between its covers is just what they need to keep them au courant with German political and social life. Each number contains about 150 pages of letter-press, and a peculiarity of this periodical is its artistic covers, that are specially designed for each number. The idea of the detachable serial story at the end of each issue is novel, and commends itself at once to the reader.

The *Chautauquan* for May is at hand. This magazine is but little known to the very class of readers who would find it most interesting. It is abreast of the times, its articles are written by the most competent writers, and its editor, Rev. Theodore L. Flood, does his work excellently. The proposed change from the present rather inconvenient form to a book 6½x10 inches will be welcomed. \$2.00 per per annum. Meadville, Pa.

Modern Language Notes, Baltimore, Md., \$1.50 per annum, is a journal devoted to the interests of the Academic Study of English, German, and the Romance languages. To the student of the modern tongues, no publication is as charming as this periodical, with its heavy paper, wide margins, clear type, uniformly good proof-reading, and scholarly articles. Two articles in the April number are worthy of special mention, "Browning's Diction; a Study of the Ring and the Book," by Oliver F. Emerson, of Cornell University, and an "Etude Littéraire sur les ouvrages de Piercé Loti," by M. Augustin, of New Orleans, La.

WANTED, FOR SALE, AND EXCHANGE.

WANTED.—"The Waltz," by Horace Hornem. Quarto. Published by T. Gosnell, London, 1813.

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Queries on all matters of general literary and historical interest—folk-lore, the origin of proverbs, familiar sayings, popular customs, quotations, etc., the authorship of books, pamphlets, poems, essays, or stories, the meaning of recondite allusions, etc., etc.—are invited from all quarters, and will be answered by editors or contributors. Room will be allowed for the discussion of moot questions, and it is hoped that the periodical may thus become a valuable medium for intercommunication between literary men and specialists.

Communications for the literary department should be addressed:

EDITOR AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

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NOTES.

WHO WAS BILLY BARLOW?

A vast mystery underlies this simple proper name. It has long been familiar, on this side of the Atlantic, as belonging to a famous negro minstrel; and the circus clowns of the present generation sing with great applause:

"I'm William Barlow,
And I'm ragged I know;"

the hero of which song, after recounting various misfortunes to which he had been subjected, concludes with this appeal to the sympathy of his listeners:

"Now wasn't that hard
On poor Billy Barlow?"

On turning to Brewer, we learn that "Billy Barlow" is a term for a street droll, a merry Andrew, a jester, and is derived from "a half-idiot of that name who fancied himself a mighty personage." Besides this, we are told that "he was well known in the East of London, and died in the White-chapel work-house. Some of his sayings were really witty, and some of his attitudes truly farcical."

For some time all efforts to obtain any further details of my hero's history proved quite futile, until I one day came across the following passage in Edmund Yates' "Memoirs of a Man of the World." He is speaking of the *Comic Times*, of which he was the editor, whose first number was issued on August 11, 1855: "In the second number Robert Brough commenced 'The Barlow Papers,' which were the suc-

cess of the publication. 'Billy Barlow,' the hero of a comic song then in the height of its popularity, became a contributor in Brough's person, and wrote on every kind of current topics, in every kind of verse, but never proceeding for long without some harking back to the *refrain* of the original comic song. Here Brough's sardonic humor had full play. Being wholly unfettered by his subject or its treatment, he could give it those little tavern touches in which his soul delighted; and the result was that 'William Barlow,' whose adventures were speedily illustrated by their author, became a popular favorite."

As a supplement to this disclosure, I have Mr. Yates' personal assurance that "There never was a corporate or existing 'Billy Barlow'—he was a mere creation of the imagination, a figment of fiction."

What, then, are we to do with Dr. Brewer's "half-idiot," so well known in the East End? The only inference to be drawn is that Billy Barlow was but the fictitious hero of a popular song; that, from some fancied resemblance, the name of this unreal personage was adopted by the poor weakling of Whitechapel work-house; and that in literature we are to seek him in the person of Robert Brough.

Of this latter character, who thus becomes the real Billy Barlow, the most authentic account is to be found in his novel "Marston Lynch," of which the author is the hero. In the preface to a small volume of poems which he published in 1855 (now quite out of print), he speaks of himself as "a profane jester and satirist; one who has made jokes for a livelihood, just as he would have made boots, if brought up to the business, and seeing no harm or disgrace in either calling." He was a thorough Bohemian; poor, and bitterly vindictive in his hatred of wealth, rank, and respectability. His temperament was poetic, but sensitive, nervous, and irritable; and, after a brief, pathetic struggle with conventionality, poverty, and ill-health, he died, aged thirty-five or six.

The following is the song of "Billy Barlow, A favorite Comic Song, sung by Mr. Wills, at the New Orleans Theatres." Published by Firth & Hall, No. 1 Franklin

Square, New York, 2d edition. Entered according to Act of Congress, etc., in the year 1836, by George Endicot, in the Southern District of New York.

This copy is given "As sung by Jack Reeve, with Unbounded Applause," and is arranged with pianoforte accompaniment. I inclose a copy of the song—but if it represents our ancestors' idea of the "truly witty," I am glad the world "does move."

The frontispiece is a rude cut of a ragamuffin with a feather in his cap, which very well represents "a street droll," but this is probably the only connection he can claim with Brewer's "Billy Barlow."

BILLY BARLOW.

SUNG BY JACK REEVE, 1836.

- 1 "Now ladies and gentlemen, how do you do,
I come out before you with one boot and one shoe,
I don't know how 'tis, but somehow 'tis so,
Now isn't it hard up on Billy Barlow.
O dear ragged-y O,
Now isn't it hard up on Billy Barlow.

- 2 "Do show me a boarding-house where I can stay,
I'm so hungry and sleepy, I've eat nothing to-day,
They'll not let me in at Astor's, I know,
But a market stall's vacant for Billy Barlow.

REFRAIN.

- 3 "As I went down the street the other fine day,
I met two fair ladies just coming this way;
Says one—now that chap, he isn't so slow,
I guess not, says the other, that's Mr. Barlow.
- 4 "I'm told there's a show coming into the town,
Red lions and monkeys and porcupines brown;
But if they should show, I should beat them, I know,
For they've never a varmint like Billy Barlow.

- 5 "I went to the races on Long Island so gay,
The man at the gate he asked me to pay;
What! pay, says I, and I looked at him so,
Pass on, sir, I know you, you're Mr. Barlow.
- 6 "I had been on the track but a minute or two,
Before the people flocked 'round me, what I tell you is true;
Who's that little fat gentleman, does any one know?
Yes, says a young lady, that's Mr. Billy Barlow.
- 7 "There's a nigger been here, who they say was Jim Crow,
But he cleared out the moment I came, you must know,
If you doubt what I say, I can prove it is so,
Just look at the rigging of Billy Barlow.
- 8 "O dear, but I'm tired of this kind of life,
I wish in my soul I could find a good wife;
If there's any young lady here in want of a beau,
Let her fly to the arms of sweet Billy Barlow.
- 9 "Now ladies and gentlemen, I bid you good-bye,
I'll buy a new suit, when clothes aint so high;
My hat's shocking bad, as all of you know,
But looks well on the head of Billy Barlow."

THE TERM "OLD HARRY."

The term "Old Harry" has been traced to the Scandinavian *Hari*, *Heira*, or *Herra*, names of Odin, who like Aesir, Asynjá and other deities of the North, has been degraded from his rank as a god to that of an evil spirit or fiend. "Old Nick" has been similarly derived from *Hnikar*, another ap-

pellation of Odin; "Old Scratch" to *Scrat*, the Northern wood-demon, etc. Odin is always described as an old man, hence perhaps the adjective "old" prefixed to "Harry," though it may merely designate the great age of the Devil, who, of course, existed before man. The popular names for the Devil in England and Scotland, Old Harry, Old Nick, the Old Gentleman, Old Davy, Old Bendy, Old Scratch, the Auld Ane, Auld Hornie, Auld Clootie, etc., show how the idea of age is associated with him.

Hari is equivalent to the German *Herr*=master, lord, and nearly so to *Baal* or *Beel* in *Beelzebub*. Some reminiscence of its meaning may linger in the vulgar oath, "By the Lord Harry," used by Mr. Bounderby in Dickens' "Hard Times." Or this derisive title may have been taken from II Corinthians iv, 41: "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not."

A writer in NOTES AND QUERIES suggests that both Old Harry and Old Nick may be derived from the same Scandinavian source; in Sweden and some parts of Denmark one of the numerous names for the Devil is *Gammel Erik*=Old Erik, which would be easily corrupted into Old Eri, and that into Old Harry. If, instead of "old," we take the earlier form "olden," we have Olden Erik, Olden Ik, Old Nick.

"Old Harry" has also been thought a corruption of "Old Hairy." Sir Thomas Browne in his "Vulgar Errors" says that the very general superstition that the devil, whatever shape he assume, always appears with a cloven foot, arises from his frequently taking the form of a goat, "as expounded by Rabins, as Tremellius hath also explained, and as the word Ascimah, the God of Emath, is by some conceived." He adds that "whereas it is said in Scripture, (Leviticus xvii, 7), 'they shall no more offer their sacrifices unto devils,' the original word is *Seghnirine*, that is, *rough and hairy goats*." (The he-goat was an object of worship among the Egyptians.) Also "that the goat was the emblem of the sin-offering, and is the emblem of sinful men at the day of judgment."

This theory is supported by the fact that

the mediæval idea of the devil was compounded from different Greek and Latin superstitions. While Pluto suggested the black hue, his tail, horns, and cloven feet were due to the Greek Satyrs and Roman Fauns. In the following texts the word "Satyrs" is by some understood to mean demons or devils :

"Wild beasts of the desert shall lie there (in Babylon), and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there."—Isaiah xiii, 21.

"The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow."—Isaiah xxxiv, 14.

The Panites, Satyrs and Fauns being goats, the goat is a devil, said our forefathers. The devil tempted St. Anthony in the wilderness in the form of a goat. It was a popular superstition in England and Scotland that goats were never seen for twenty-four hours together, for once during that period they had to visit the devil to have their beards combed. "Hayre" or "haire" especially denoted in old English a garment made of goats' hair. "Old Harry" has an affinity with "Old Shock"—the popular name for a demon that haunted the roadsides. (*Shock* means a head of rough hair or a rough-haired dog.)

Henley says that the name "Old Hairy" arose from the "hirsute honors of the Satan of the ancient religious stage," and to this satyr-like representation have been traced many of his other names: "Auld Hornie," from his horns, "Auld Cloutie" (and even "Old Nick") from his cloven feet, and "Old Scratch" from his enormous crooked talons.

"Old Harry" has also been explained as coming from the Saxon verb, to *harrie*=to lay waste, destroy, tear in pieces, harrow. An ancient pamphlet is entitled "The Harrowing of Hell." *Harrie* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *herian*, *hergian*=to ravage as an army, to plunder, from *here*=an army, N. H. Ger. *heer*, Goth. *hargis*, etc. The obsolete word *hare* means to harry, harass, worry; O. Fr. *harer*, *harier*=to stir up, provoke; O. H. Ger. *harên*=to cry out; the syllable *har*=army is used as

a prefix in composition. e. g., *Hermann*=man of the army, warrior.

Still another theory derives it from Ahri-manes, the evil demon of the Persian religion; (from Sanskrit, *ari*=foe.) Finally, Henry VIII has been said to be the original "Old Harry" or "Lord Harry," for his cruel deeds caused his people to regard him as the Devil incarnate. "Hell and Tommy" is explained as being a corruption of "Hal and Tommy"—i. e., Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell.

WHAT IS THE GOLDEN ROSE?

The Golden Rose is "a very precious and mysterious gift" which the Pope is accustomed annually to bestow upon such distinguished individual, sovereign, or community as has rendered good service to the apostolic head of the Church.

It is not a single flower, but a golden branch bearing thorns, leaves, buds, and flowers, the whole deftly wrought in pure gold. In the largest and topmost flower is a small receptacle which the Pope fills with balm and musk. The branch is laid in a vase, of which the shape and design vary according to the donor's fancy, but which always has engraved on its pedestal the arms and name of the Pope who blessed and bestowed the Rose which it contains. It sometimes happens that the Pope who first blessed it is not the Pope who gives it away. If no worthy recipient be found, the Rose may remain from year to year in the treasury of the Papal chapel. It was there in 1849, and was stolen by the Republicans. Its intrinsic value depends on the financial resources of the pontiff who orders it. Economical reasons have caused the later Popes to dispense with the splendid ruby that used to be attached as a bud to the chief flower, and with the other precious stones with which the branch was laden. The vase, once of gold, is now silver gilt. In 1650, 500 gold *scudi* were used in making the Rose. Alexander VII had two made, one valued at 800, the other at 1,200 *scudi*. Pope Clement IX sent a Rose to the Queen of France, which weighed 8 lbs., and was valued at 1,600 *scudi*; the artist received £60 for his skill in making this delicately

wrought Rose, within whose principal flower was set a splendid sapphire. The Golden Rose presented to the Queen of Naples by Pius IX was 18 inches high; the silver-gilt vase 8x4 inches. In former times the gift consisted of a single Rose, made of gold and colored red.

The ceremonies which accompany the consecration of the Golden Rose are of an elaborate character, and are performed every fourth (*Lætere*) Sunday in Lent, which is sometimes called *Dominica parium et rosarum* or *Dominica Rosa*. This is an institution of great antiquity; but no writer has yet been able to trace its earliest occurrence.

At a very remote period, it was the custom for the Pope to carry the Rose to the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, on Mid-Lent Sunday, and, after blessing it during the service, to bestow it on his return, upon the Prefect of Rome, who held his stirrup at dismounting; but, according to Moroni, who is regarded as excellent authority in these matters, as early as the time of Benedict XIV (1740), the origin of the ceremonial had long been unknown.

Popular opinion dates the observance of this custom from the year 1049, under the pontificate of Leo IX. There is now every reason to suppose that he was not the originator of the custom; but it was this Pope, who, wishing to establish his right of patronage over the Monastery of the Holy Cross in Alsace, decreed that the Abbess of this community should supply the Golden Rose every year, ready made, or two ounces of gold with which to supply the goldsmith. And this mandate naturally connected his name with the emblem in such a way as to give the impression that he was something more than a mere imitator of his predecessors.

Besozzi has given an account of the blessing of the Golden Rose, and tells us that the Pope held the rose continually in his hand during the mass, except at the elevation of the Host. If his holiness preached at Santa Croce he held it in his hand during the sermon, showing it to the people, and beginning his discourse with observations "on the blossoming, the redness, and the odor of the rose."

It is not known at what exact date the modern practice of sending the "*Rosa d' Oro*" to some distinguished person was substituted for the ancient usage by which the precious flower was bestowed upon the prefect. This was not the only innovation, for since the establishment of the modern practice we read of many interesting deviations from it. Cartari (whose quaint little volume, the "*Rosa d' Oro*" is considered the standard authority on the subject) tells us that Sixtus IV (1471), in allusion to his own name (Francesco della Rovere) blessed a golden oak branch instead of a golden rose, and gave it to the Cathedral of Savona, his native place. And Innocent IV had long before substituted four golden rings adorned with gems, which he sent to Richard Cœur de Lion, in recognition of his brave deeds in the Holy Land.

The service for the papal benediction of the Golden Rose is very difficult to obtain, and the following extracts, translated from a very curious old Latin work, "*Sacrarum Cæremoniarum sive Rituum Ecclesiasticorum S. Rom. Ecclesiæ*," by Christopher Marcel, Archbishop of Corfu, printed in 1573, are interesting for that reason.

After explaining the manner of disposing of the gift, it says that "if it so pleased the pontiff, he convened his Cardinals" in his own hall, and considered with them to whom the Rose should be sent. The benediction of the Golden Rose took place immediately after singing the "*Lætare Jerusalem*," when the altar being prepared with lighted candles, "the great Priest coming in with his white robe, girdle, stole, and mitre, went toward the altar, and laying down his mitre said: 'Our help is in the name of the Lord.'" Then followed the usual versicles, after which he began: "We, supplicating, beseech that this rose which we carry in our hands may receive perfume and beauty; that Thou wilt bless and sanctify it by Thy own holy merit; that the people dedicated to Thee from the Babylonian captivity may be led to Thee through the grace of Thy only Son, and our holy Mother above. We exult in the honor of Thy name in this present sign. Grant to this priest true and perfect joy, send forth light to those in error, restore truth, cherish gentleness, de-

stroy wrong, make all to prosper. As the fruit of Thy good works, may this flower have the perfume which was produced from the root of Jesse."

The prayer ended, the Pope anointed the rose with balm, and, inserting within its petals a few particles of musk, sprinkled it with incense, and pronounced the blessing over it. The rose was now passed by one of the priests to the Cardinal on the right, who in turn gave it back to the Pope, and the latter, bearing it in his left hand, advanced toward the altar. The rose was again passed from hand to hand, and finally placed upon the altar.

If the person destined to receive the rose was present, he now came forward, and knelt at the pontiff's feet. The Pope then bestowed the flower, saying: "Receive this rose from our hands, who hold the place of God on earth. Take this rose, planted beside many healing streams of water, by the will of our Lord, who is three in one in all ages. Amen." A goat was then sacrificed; the recipient of the rose kissed the Pope's hand and foot, and all the dignitaries withdrew in the order of their rank.

Liturgists have, in all ages, delighted to trace in the mystical character of the golden rose the emblematic virtues of Christian grace. Durandus says that, since the rose is the flower which more than all others, pleases the eye by its color, revives by its odor, and charms by its delicacy, so "the rose in the hand of the Roman Pontiff shows the joy of the Israelites, when, through the mercy of Christ's permission, they returned from their captivity." And again, "The rose has a three-fold substance; gold, moss, and value; which triple meaning is shown in Christ—Divinity, flesh, and spirit."

Another writer states that the gold, as the noblest of metals, is intended to represent Christ, and the fragrance refers to the resurrection; while still another suggests that the rose as a whole is the "Rose of Sharon."

With Gregory the Great, it was a custom to send to persons whom he desired to flatter, filings from the "Chains of St. Peter" set in keys or crosses of gold.

Mention is made of the Golden Rose in the Chronicle of William of Newburg (1197), who also gives an extract from the letter of

Pope Alexander III to Louis, the young King of France, when he sent him this valued gift. "We thought," he says, "we could not present it to anybody who better deserved it than your Excellence, by reason of your extraordinary devotion to the Church and to ourselves."

Du Chesne tells us that Urban V, in 1368, sent the Golden Rose to Joanna, Queen of Sicily, in preference to the King of Cyprus, who was present at the ceremony of blessing it. This seems to be the first instance recorded in which a woman was the recipient.

At first a religious ceremony, this has now become an act of authority, by which the Holy See publicly acknowledges the sovereignty of the person to whom he gives the Golden Rose. There are many who have been distinguished by this honor, and usually for various reasons. Sigismond received the Golden Rose from Pope John XXIII, Henry VIII, from Julius II and Leo X. The same honor was conferred upon the famous Gonzalvo de Cordova, the "Great Captain."

In 1518, Leo X sent this emblem of gracious favor to Frederick, Elector of Saxony, "to the intent that its fragrance should so penetrate his heart that he might be disposed with glowing ardor to execute the sacred wishes of the Pope." But Luther was not thus to be deprived of his patron's support; and irreverent wits remarked that if the rose had arrived sooner in Whittenburg, it would have been more agreeable, as it had "lost its fragrance on the long and wearisome journey!"

Napoleon III received the Golden Rose; and in 1868 it was bestowed upon Isabella II of Spain, just before her downfall and flight to France; "in reward," Leo said, "for her faith, justice, and charity," and to "foretoken the protection of God to his well-beloved, whose high virtues make her a shining light amongst women"—a judgment which is not generally indorsed. The Empress Eugenie was a more suitable subject for such glowing eulogy.

This gift used almost invariably to accompany the coronation of the King of the Romans. If in any particular year no one is considered worthy of the rose, it is blessed and laid away in the Vatican to be

brought out again the next year. In 1874, it was sent to the Baronne Virgier, formerly Sophie Cruvelli, a "Queen of Song." Last year, it will be remembered, Miss Caldwell of Baltimore, who gave \$300,000 toward the erection of a Roman Catholic University, received in acknowledgment from the Holy See, a golden papal medal.

The *Rosa d'Oro* of this present year was bestowed upon Dona Isabella, eldest daughter of Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, for having, as Regent, signed an Act for the emancipation of negro slaves, during her father's absence in Italy. And a very touching account has been given of the scene at the bedside of the dying Emperor in Milan, when he dictated the telegram of congratulation to his favorite daughter for having received this *onorificenza* from the Supreme Pontiff.

WHAT IS THE BED OF JUSTICE?

Le lit de justice was, in French law, the term which at first denoted the throne on which the king was seated, when presiding over the deliberations of his *parlement*. The expression came afterward to designate the assembly itself, and was applied to any solemn *séance* at which the French monarch appeared in person.

The first recorded "lit" was held in 1318, by Philippe V le Long ("the Tall"), and the last one was held by Louis XIV, at Versailles, on the 8th day of May, 1788, or, according to various authorities, on the 5th of May, or in August or September of the previous year. The Bed of Justice was held only on affairs relating to the state, and for the purpose of over-ruling the decisions of parliament, and to force it to accept the edicts or ordinances which it had previously rejected.

The theory of the Old French Constitution was that the authority of parliament was derived solely from the crown; consequently, when the king, the source of authority, was present, the delegated authority returned to the fountain-head, and the king was arbitrary. Therefore, on these occasions, in acknowledgment of this doctrine, the parliament was logically incapable of resisting any demand or proposal that the

king might issue, and, naturally, monarchs were not slow to take advantage of this power, to overawe any parliament that exhibited signs of independence.

Thus Louis XIV, having in this manner overborne the opposition of his parliament, proceeded to exile that learned body to Troyes. The throne, or Bed of Justice proper, was placed under a high canopy, erected at these times; the officers appeared in red robes, instead of black—their usual attire—and everything pertaining to the occasion tended to make it a ceremonious and imposing affair.

But, as Prudhomme said, "Malgré les lits de justice, la souveraineté du peuple a prévalu contre la prérogative royale." And when some one inquired of Fontenelle the exact significance of a "bed of justice," he replied, "C'est un lit où la justice dort."

The last "Lit de Justice" was assembled by Louis XVI, at Versailles, Aug. 6 (or May 8?) 1788. The object was to enforce the adoption of the obnoxious taxes which had been previously proposed by Callonne at the Assembly of Notables. The parliament had refused to register this ordinance, and when compelled to do so by the presence of the king, made strong remonstrances, and declared the registration illegal. This led to the assembly of the *Etats-généraux*, and eventually to the Revolution.

QUERIES.

"DRAWING A TOOTH AT A HEALTH."—What does Pepys mean by the following from his diary? September 18, 1666: "And there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood about Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health."

G. L. PARMELE.

HARTFORD, CONN., Feb. 15, 1889.

Heaths were formerly drunk always in punch, and one of the ingredients of the punch was toast, see Rochester's lines:

"Make it [the drinking cup] so large that filled with sack

Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts, on the delicious lake
Like ships at sea may swim."

This fact gives point to the following an-

eccdote from the *Tatler*, and the anecdote illustrates that extravagance of feats in the toasting of a beautiful woman—that is probably what is referred to by Pepys. "It happened on a public day a celebrated beauty was in the Cross-bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor he would have the toast. He was opposed in this resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honor which is done to the lady we mention in our liquor, who has ever since been called a *toast*."

IDYLLS OF THE KING.—Please favor me with a complete list of the poems embraced in what is called Tennyson's "Idylls of the King."

M. J. CREMEN.

"The Coming of Arthur," "Gereth and Lynette," "Geraint and Enid," "Merlin and Vivien," "Lancelot and Elaine," "The Holy Grail," "Peleas and Ettarre," "The Last Tournament," "Guinevere," and "The Passing of Arthur," which include "Morte d'Arthur."

CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT.—Who wrote a poem called "Dreadful Night"?

You will find the poem on p. 492 of *Current Literature*. From the same periodical we clip the following:

"James Thompson, the author of 'The City of Dreadful Night,' was a Scotchman by birth. He had a common-school education, enlisted at an early age as a private soldier, and for ten years was a regimental schoolmaster. He was entirely a self-made man, but he had a fine imagination and deep feeling, and he acquired much technical skill. Besides his poems he wrote 'Vane's Story' and 'Essays and Phantasies.' He died in 1882. His muse was at times light, at others gloomy, again humorous, then tragic. His 'City of Dreadful Night' gave him the appellation of 'personal pessimist,' in contradistinction to

Matthew Arnold, the 'intellectual pessimist.' There is a strong resemblance between a beautiful poem of his, called 'The Naked Goddess' (written in 1863) and Rider Haggard's 'She.' Mr. Thompson's heroine is a woman of phenomenal beauty, naked and modest, who flashes through the world, century after century, defying weather and police, and known only as 'She.'

"There 'She' leant, the glorious form,
Dazzling with its beauty warm,
Naked as the sun of noon,
Naked as the midnight moon.

* * * *

"Then 'She' toward the living light
Sprang erect, grew up in height,
Smote them with the flash and blaze
Of her terrible, swift gaze.
A divine, flushed, throbbing form,
Dreadfuller than blackest storm.'

"Mr. Haggard captured her, shut her up in a cave, added to 'She' ('who-must-be obeyed'), and, out of deference to the creative muse and the prose-reading public, wrapped her up in a ridiculous mantle of transparent tulle."

"OWL-SHIELD."—What is meant by the line (185) in "Balaustion's Adventure," "Boys, bring our *owl-shield* to the fore"? Can some one explain owl-shield, used apparently for Balanstion herself?

O. F. E.

ITHACA, N. Y.

May it not refer to the protection that is gained by a knowledge of letters, of which the owl is symbolical? Plutarch says that after the defeat of Nikias, all those of the captains who could recite something from "Euripides" were kindly treated by the Syracusans.

PLANTS AT NIGHT.—Do plants sleep, or cease to grow at night?

L. M. O.

MCCONNELLSTOWN, PA.

Many plants close their flowers at night, but no plants cease to grow.

RUDEL.—Where can I find out about Geoffrey Rudel, T. C. HART.

PORTLAND, ME.

Geoffrey Rudel, prince of Blaye, was a Troubadour of the last half of the twelfth century, whose love for a certain Melisaunda,

Countess of Tripoli, made him a favorite subject with his fellow-bards. He had never seen the lady, but while at the English court his fancy was inflamed by the tales he heard of her beauty, her goodness, and her generosity from pilgrims of the cross whom she had succored. In company with Bertrand d' Allamanon, another famous Troubadour, he set out to visit her and declare his passion. But, falling grievously ill on the passage, he lived only to reach Tripoli. The Countess being told that there was a poet on board a newly-arrived vessel who was dying for love of her, immediately hastened on board and taking his hand entreated him to live for her sake. Rudel, revived for a moment at sight of the lady, was just able to express by a last effort the depth of his love and gratitude and then expired in her arms. The Countess devoted the rest of her life to prayer and penance for the great loss she had unwittingly caused to the world.

REPLIES.

THE SHAKESPEARE NOVELS (Vol. ii, pp. 286, 312).—"Discipulus" does not give the right initial for the author's middle name (Folkestone), as you will find by reference to Allibone's Dictionary, etc., or the Boston *Athæneum Catalogue*.

E. C. ARNOLD.

TAUNTON, MASS.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Loved Heart, etc.—Will you please ask your correspondents, through your paper, the author of the following:

"Loved heart, there is joy for thee."

"After night cometh the morning!"

Yours, respectfully,

KING'S DAUGHTERS.

POTTSTOWN, PA.

All the World, etc.—During General Taylor's administration, in which one of his messages, or what report of one of the Cabinets, occurs the phrase: "All the world * * * and the rest of mankind, etc."

S. E.

PHILA., PA.

When We've Been There.—In what hymn and in what collection is the following stanza to be found?

"When we've been there ten thousand years,

Bright shining as the sun—

We've no less days to sing God's praise

Than when we first begun."

M. O. WAGGONER.

TOLEDO, O.

A New Word Wanted.—Correspondents of AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES are requested to send suggestions for a word that shall express *execution by electricity*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mary had a Little Lamb (Vol. i, pp. 106, 129, 142, 267, 297).—Within the past week Mr. David B. Curtis, of New York, printed in the New York *Sun* a communication headed, "Has Mary Stolen Lucy's Lamb?" in which he says that he had always heard the lines:

"*Lucy had a little lamb.*"

This gives pertinence to the following letter from Horatio Hale, son of Sarah J. Hale, that appeared in the Boston *Transcript* of April 10th, last:

"MARY'S LAMB."

I am asked for a statement of the facts relating to the authorship and first publication of the well-known poem, "Mary's Lamb." This poem was written sixty years ago by my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. It was first published in 1830 by the then well-known publishing firm of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, in her little book entitled "Poems for our Children." This book—which is now before me—comprises only twenty-four duodecimo pages in a stiff paper cover. It is not a compilation, but an original work, composed throughout by Mrs. Hale. This fact is stated, as clearly as words can express it, in the introductory address prefixed to the poem. The address, being brief, may be copied in full:

"*To all Good Children in the United States.*

Dear Children:—I wrote this book for you, to please and instruct you. I know

children love to read rhymes and sing little verses, but they often read silly rhymes, and such manner of spending their time is not good. I intended, when I began to write this book, to furnish you with a few pretty songs and poems which would teach you truths, and, I hope, induce you to love truth and goodness. Children who love their parents and their home can soon teach their hearts to love their God and their country. I offer you the first part of 'Poems for our Children.' If you like these I shall soon write the second part, and perhaps I shall make a large book.

"SARAH J. HALE.

"BOSTON, May 1st, 1830."

The book comprises only eleven poems, mostly brief, and intended to be sung. As a specimen I may quote "The Mole and the Eagle," where the profoundest philosophy—"pre-Darwinian," and yet such as would satisfy the best Darwinians, like Asa Gray and John Fiske—is enlisted in the service of religion, and made clear to the humblest capacity. As to its poetry, one cannot but note how, in the second verse, Tennyson's splendid word-picture of "The Eagle" is almost anticipated by this New England matron, writing for the little children whom she loved :

THE MOLE AND THE EAGLE.

The mole is blind, and underground,
Snug as a nest; her home is found.
She dwells secure, nor dreams of sight—
What need of eyes where all is night?

The eagle proudly soars on high,
Bright as the sunbeams in his eye,
To lofty rocks he wings his way,
And sits amid the blaze of day.

The mole needs not the eagle's eye,
Unless she had his wings to fly;
The light of day no joys would give,
If underground she still must live.

And sad 't would for the eagle be,
If, like the mole, he could not see,
Unless you took his wings away,
And shut him from the hope of day.

But both live happy in their way—
One loves the night, and one the day;
And God formed each, and formed their
sphere
And thus His goodness doth appear.

For comparison, "Mary's Lamb" should also be given, especially as it is frequently printed in an imperfect form :

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said : "I'm not afraid ;
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry ;
"Oh ! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply ;
"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."

It is plain that this "charming little idyl," as it has been called, is "all of a piece," the product of a single mind. Assuredly, whoever composed the first half composed also the last ; and the whole was evidently written to introduce the concluding moral, exactly as in the case of "The Mole and the Eagle."

With regard to the story of Mrs. Tyler and young John Roulstone, it is certain that Mrs. Hale knew nothing of it until many years after her poem was published. On this point I may adduce some letters written at my mother's request in the year 1878—

the year preceding that of her death. In October of the former year a letter was received by her at her home in Philadelphia, from a lady of Boston connected with a popular periodical, informing her of an impression existing in that city that the first three quatrains of "Mary's Lamb" were written by a Mr. Roulstone about the year 1817, and asking for the "real facts," to be embodied in an article on the subject. One of my mother's children, at her request, replied in the following terms:

"Your courteous letter of inquiry addressed to my mother, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, relative to the authorship of the poem known as 'Mary's Lamb,' was duly received, but my mother has not been well enough to reply to it. On her behalf I beg to say that the poem in question first appeared in a book of twenty-four pages, published in Boston, in 1830, by Marsh, Capen & Lyon, entitled 'Poems for Our Children, by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.' My mother states that every poem in this book was of her own composition. What can have given rise to the impression that some part of this particular poem was written by another person she does not know. There is no foundation for it whatever."

This letter brought another, inclosing some newspaper slips which comprised the now familiar "Tyler and Roulstone" story, making Mrs. Tyler (when she was little Mary Sawyer) the heroine of the poem, and John Roulstone, a student of sixteen or seventeen, the composer of the first part of it in her honor. To this letter the following reply was made:

"My mother knows nothing of the incident referred to in the extracts which you send. There would seem, however, no reason to doubt that good Mrs. Tyler has given a truthful account of her recollections. She is merely mistaken in regard to the verses. Pet lambs are common enough, and the incident of one of them following its little mistress to school may have happened on more than one occasion. It did actually happen to my mother. She was a farmer's daughter, and had several pet lambs at different times. One of these once followed her to school and lingered about the door,

precisely as she has recorded in the poem. If a young collegian like Mr. Roulstone, with a turn for poetry, happened to be present when Mary Sawyer's lamb came into the school-house, it would be very natural that he should compose some verses about it. But it is quite certain that these were not the verses which my mother published many years afterward in her little book of 'Poems for Children.' These verses, like all the other poems in the book, were entirely of her own composition."

I do not know that anything need be added to the statements comprised in the foregoing letters. The subject is certainly one well worthy of any inquiry necessary to establish the truth. This "little idyl" is undoubtedly the most popular poem that was ever written for children in any language. It has ever been, and is likely to remain, a favorite in the schools of all the vast range of populous lands in which the English tongue is spoken. Its perennial charm, like that of other poems of the author written for children, is wonderful. Here, for example, in an Ontario "First Reader," published in 1885 and now in use throughout the schools of the Province, I find both "Mary's Lamb" (which is correctly ascribed to Mrs. Hale) and "The Birds" (under the title of "If Ever I See"), which is printed without the author's name—having probably been found in this anonymous condition in some song-book for children. That is, two of the eleven poems in Mrs. Hale's little book of 1830 appear fifty-five years later in this Canadian primer. That "Mary's Lamb" has long been popular in English schools I have the best reason to know. Considering the immense influence for good which this poem must have exerted on the children of two generations of the English-speaking race, in inspiring kindness to all sentient creatures, and so helping to banish the ancient reign of brutality, one cannot but feel that others beside the author's family have a right to protest against any careless injustice which would rob her memory of one of its chief claims on the gratitude of all friends of human advancement.

HORATIO HALE.

Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale was a well-known authoress, a notice of whose life and works may be found in Appleton's "Encyclopædia of American Biography," Vol. iii, page 35. She was born in 1788 (died 1879), and published a volume of poems in New Hampshire in 1823. In 1828 she came to Boston to take charge of the *Ladies' Magazine*, and in 1830 she published a small volume of poems (not mentioned in Appleton), entitled "Poems for Our Children" (Marsh, Capen & Lyon). Without claiming that it adds anything to the authority of her own statement, it may be noted that this article in Appleton states that "her fugitive poems, including 'The Light of Home,' 'Mary's Lamb,' and 'It Snows,' became widely familiar."

In 1834 she published a small volume entitled "The School Song-Book," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, editor of the *Ladies' Magazine*, etc. Boston: Allen & Ticknor. "Some time ago," she says, "I wrote a little book, naming it 'Poems for Our Children.' . . . I have included in this book all the favorites from the other."

Sold up (Vol. ii, pp. 262, 311).—"Sold up" was always the expression in Scotland, I fancy from the auctioneer holding up the articles. Is "Gone up" from this? When a man is "sold up," he is "gone up."

J. H.

VIENNA, W. VIRGINIA.

Shall and Will (Vol. i, p. 310).—The *Writer* for May quotes the following mnemonic verse, copied from page 478 of "The Might and Mirth of Literature," by Macbeth—a book, by the way, that should be in every writer's reference library:

"In the first person simply *Shall* foretells;
In *Will* a threat or else a promise dwells;
Shall in the second or the third doth threat;
Will simply then foretells the future feat."

Arbor Day (Vol. ii, p. 103).—It may interest your readers to learn that the first general observance of Arbor Day in New York State, under the State law of 1888, took place this year. The object of the law is to encourage the planting, protection, and

preservation of trees and shrubs, vines and flowers, and the work of carrying it out will be pursued, to a greater or less extent, in all the counties of the State. The programme of procedure for the public schools provided not only for tree planting, but for extensive literary and musical exercises by the scholars under the direction of their teachers. The day was not a legal holiday, but was a holiday in the public schools, and was enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of the boys and girls of the State. Arbor Day is now observed, at different dates of April and May, in thirty-four States of the Union, and many millions of forest, shade, and fruit trees have been planted in those States in which its observance was prescribed before the Legislature of New York took action in regard to it a year ago.

P. C. HOLMES.

NEW YORK CITY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *May Century*, with a beautiful cover-design by Vedder, comes to hand filled with good things from cover to cover. There is an especially timely article on "Our relations to Samoa."

Book-lovers in America should be glad that the *Critic* exists. It is beautiful and convenient in its make-up, admirably edited, and its reviews of books are fearless, piquant, and usually correct. It is absolutely indispensable to a book-lover. (The *Critic* Company, 743 Broadway, N. Y. \$3.00 per annum.)

Book News for May, 50 cents per annum, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, Pa., comes to us with a fine portrait of Tolstoi. It is just what it claims to be, the *News of the Book World*; it is well edited and handsomely gotten up.

Current Literature, \$3.00 per annum, *Current Literature* Publishing Co., 30 W. 23d St., in a new spring dress brings, as usual, a feast of good things. It aims to do for the reader just what the reader has so often wished could be done—to select from the *moles indigesta* of contemporary newspaper and magazine articles the bits that are worth reading and preserving, and editorially to point the moral of the subjects that occupy the attention of the public.

WANTED, FOR SALE, AND EXCHANGE.

BOOKS WANTED.—Second-hand copy of Cotgrave's "French Dictionary."

American Notes & Queries:

A MEDIUM OF INTERCOMMUNICATION

FOR

LITERARY MEN, GENERAL READERS, ETC.

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NOTES.

WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL OF DICKENS' "MR. VENUS"?

Mr. Kitton has given the following account of the origin of Mr. Venus: After the completion of the first three numbers of our "Our Mutual Friend," the illustrator of that work, Mr. Marcus Stone, told Dickens of an extraordinary trade he had discovered through one of his painting requirements. It was the establishment of Mr. Venus, preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones; the same establishment as that described by Mr. Venus himself. "My working-bench—My young man's bench. A Wice, Tools. Bones, wariou. Skulls, wariou. Preserved Indian baby. African ditto. Bottled preparations, wariou. Everything within reach of your hand in good preservation,

The mouldy ones a-top. What's in those hampers over them again, I don't quite remember. Say, human various. Cats. Articulated English baby. Dogs. Ducks. Glass eyes, various. Mummied bird. Dried cuticle, various. Oh! dear me! That's the general panoramic view."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has identified the shop as No. 42 St. Andrew's street, near the Dials, which he describes as a shop whose window is filled with as disagreeable a category of objects as was found in the establishment of the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet"—skulls, jaw and thigh bones, skeletons of monkeys, stuffed birds, horns of all kinds, prepared skins, and everything unpleasant in the anatomical line. The proprietor of this miscellaneous stock-in-trade was, of course, the prototype of Mr. Venus. "This original character," writes Mr. Fitzgerald, "excited much attention, and a friend of the great writer, as well as of the present chronicler, passing through this street, was irresistibly attracted by this shop and its contents, kept by one J. Willis. When he next saw Mr. Dickens, he said 'I am convinced I have found the original of Venus;' on which said Mr. Dickens, 'You are right.'" Any one who then visited the place could recognize the dingy, gloomy interior, the articulated skeleton in the corner, the genial air of thick grime and dust; but now the place is changed; Mr. Venus has departed, and his successor deals in second-hand clothing for ladies.

WHO WAS "HUGH OF LINCOLN"?

Two persons bearing the name Hugh of Lincoln are known to history, of whom the first was Bishop Hugh, sent to Lincoln in 1126, by Pope Urban III, and who rebuilt the Cathedral and had long a shrine consecrated to his memory within its precincts, but whose only remaining memorial there is some stained glass, recording incidents of his life.

The question, however, refers to the little eight-year-old Christian boy who was stolen from his parents by the Jews at about the time of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, June 29th, as we are told by Matthew Paris, the famous Latin chronicler of the 13th

century, in his account of the reign of Henry III.

They kept him secretly until they had given information to all the other Jews throughout England, who sent deputies to be present at the ceremony of his crucifixion. This act was performed as symbolic of the contempt with which they regarded the death of the Founder of Christianity; and under the leadership of Joppin (or Copin) they parodied the whole tragedy of that sacred crucifixion.

In his "Encyclopédie Théologique," the Abbé Migne has given all the horrible details of this performance. They scourged him with rods; spat in his face; mutilated his nose, ears, and lips; after ten days of this torture, they crucified him; and while he hung on the cross, they pierced his side with a spear. In the meantime, the child's mother was seeking him in the town; and learning that he had last been seen playing with some Jewish children, entered the house of Joppin at Dunstalle (now known as the Jews' House, and pointed out to travelers), where she discovered little Hugh's body, which had been cast into a well.

The alarm was given to the citizens, and Joppin and seventeen other Jews, all men of wealth and station, were seized by order of King Henry, and brought before the parliament assembled at Reading. Joppin acknowledged the crime, and avowed besides that the like was committed nearly every year by his nation. But, notwithstanding the promise of impunity by which this confession had been obtained, the wretch who made it wastied by the heels to the tail of a young horse, and dragged through the streets to the gallows, and after a judicial investigation, his companions, the most distinguished Jews in Lincoln, where hanged for participation in the murder, while many more were detained as prisoners of London.

In contrast to this, the body of the young child was buried with the honors of martyrdom in Lincoln Cathedral; but, whether the shrine of St. Hugh assumed to be his tomb, and where miracles were once supposed to be performed, is such, or that erected for the bishop of that name, cannot be determined. The bones of a young person found near this spot in 1791, were taken for granted as

those of the sainted infant, and drawings were made of these relics, which may be seen among the works of the artist Grim, in the British Museum.

A story like this, whether probable or impossible—a question to be suggested for consideration later—offers a very tempting field to poets for the pasturage of Pegasus, and the ballad-makers of all generations, besides Chaucer and Wordsworth, have been glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. The exquisite tale which Chaucer, in 1388, put into the mouth of the Prioress, exhibited many incidents similar to those recorded above. He has laid the scene in Asia instead of England, and this version, like the ballad of "Hugh of Lincoln" in Jameson's "Collection," preserves the tradition that in order to maintain perfect consistency in this infamous sacrifice, the child's body was thrown into a well dedicated to the Virgin, through whose might the dead body was permitted to speak, and sing her "holy lay":

"Methought she laid a grain upon my tongue,
Wherefore I sing, nor can from song refrain,"

In the last stanza the poet indicates that his story finds a parallel in that of "Young Hew of Lincoln! In like sort laid low by cursed Jews,—thing well and widely known." Wordsworth's modernization of Chaucer's poem is familiar to all general readers, as are many of the English and Scottish ballads which, under the title of "Sir Hugh," or "The Jew's Daughter," or some variation of these, appear in most collections.

The most remarkable proof of the firm hold which the story had taken upon men's minds in the Middle Ages, is the popularity of the following ballad, even more romantic in its details, which has been preserved from oral recitation. Jameson's "Hugh of Lincoln" is perhaps as popular as any version of this ballad.

It represents the young Hugh as being at play with "four and twenty bonny boys." His ball having accidentally gone through the window of the Jew's house, he is induced to go after it; being persuaded thereto by the Jew's daughter. This wicked woman, having enticed him within by means of a rosy-cheeked apple, plunges a knife into him,

wraps his body in a sheet of lead, and throws it down the well. His mother discovers him:

"And ne'er was such a burial,
Sin' Adam's days begun"
"A' the bells a' merry Lincoln
Without men's hands were rung."

An incident probably introduced from the belief that the sound of consecrated bells was supposed to have a powerful effect in driving away evil spirits.

Different readings of the ballad are given in different collections, but the variations are not material. In Motherwell's "Minstrelsy" it appears to be taken down from recitation, and is called "Sir Hugh," or the "Jew's Daughter." Michel has published an Anglo-Norman ballad, "Hugo de Lincolnia," the MS. of which is now in the National Library, which seems to be almost contemporary with the event recorded by Matthew Paris. Hume has a version, "Sir Hugh," which he obtained in Ireland. "The Jew's Daughter" in Percy's "Reliques" is taken from a MS. copy in Scotland.

Hugh was canonized, and his day is celebrated on August 27th, although his death seems to have occurred in June. In art he is represented as a very young child, nailed upon a cross, or as standing with a palm in one hand and a cross in the other.

The query now arises as to the credibility of the story told by Paris, Copgrave, and others. It is urged, on the one hand, that it is evidently only a monkish legend without a grain of truth in it, which took its rise in the virulent prejudices, or pious hatred for Judaism, of the monks who recorded it, and which was merely alleged in excuse for the cruelties practiced upon the Jewish nation. The inadequate motive for the crime is suggested; and we are besought to consider carefully the great ignorance and superstition of the times when the story was current.

This seems like very fair reasoning, and yet, on the other hand, behold the cloud of witnesses! In the Chronicle of London—known as the "Liber de Antiquis Legibus"—it is stated that "on November 22d, ninety-two Jews were brought from Lincoln to Westminster, accused of having slain a male Christian child, and were all commit-

ted to the Tower of London." Of this number eighteen having refused to submit to the verdict of a jury composed wholly of Christians, "were the same day drawn and after dinner, in the evening, hanged." Official documents relating to this matter are also preserved in Rymer's "Foedera."

Besides this little Hugh, many other Christian children are said to have suffered martyrdom at the hands of Jews, who sacrificed them frequently at the Easter-time. In 1287, at Bacharach in Germany, Vernier was seized by Jews, crucified as a paschal sacrifice, and, when dead, his body was thrust under a bush, a miraculous light from which led to its discovery. Michael of Sapparedelf, when but three years old, was butchered and put to death in 1314.

At Cologne, in 1475 a school-boy named Janot; and in the same year, Simon, a mere infant, was murdered at Trent. This last is authenticated by the solemn deposition of the physician, Tiberin, who examined the body of the child, by order of the Bishop of Trent, and dedicated the written result to the Senate and people of Brescia. There is a picture attributed to Caracci, of this little St. Simon, who is depicted as a beautiful boy, bearing a palm in one hand, and in the other the long bodkin with which the wicked Jews pierced his side.

Another well-known case is that of Richard of Pontoise, whose death in 1182, together with other crimes, led to the expulsion of the Jews from France, and we read that William of Norwich was likewise crucified in 1137. The shrine of St. William in the wood, built where his body was found, was long an object of pious pilgrimage. These, and many other instances of Jewish virtues, are recorded in the "Acta Sanctorum" of the Lollardists, in the various lives of the saints, and in the chronicles of the old Saxon historians.

The Jews, we are told, never buried their victims after a sacrifice, because of a law which forbade their so dealing with Christians, consequently their crimes always came to light. The effigies of these little martyrs, which used to be displayed frequently in churches—now vanished, or existing only in paintings or stained glass—kept alive a loathing for the race which was said to have

slain them. Indeed, hatred to a Jew was as much enjoined in the Middle Ages as charity to the poor.

When, however, we remember the scandalous persecution of these people in the reign of Richard II; the still greater atrocities began in Germany in 1348, when, at Mainz alone, 12,000 Jews were torn to pieces or burnt alive; the infamous treatment they received in Russia, only a few years since, when the indignation of Europe was aroused in their behalf; we can scarcely wonder, if, in the early days of religious fanaticism, they were sometimes provoked to a bloody retaliation. If they did commit the barbarous crimes imputed to them, their diabolical cruelty out-Heroded Herod. If they were innocent of the things which have been laid to their charge, many historians owe them an apology.

A circumstance of interest in the trial of the ninety-two Jews indicted for this murder appears in the fact that it seems to be the first instance known in which the right of a foreigner to be tried by a mixed jury was insisted upon—in this case unsuccessfully—eighteen of the number who refused to submit to the verdict of a jury composed of Christians without Jews, were the same day drawn, and after dinner hanged, while the others were remanded to the Tower.

THE BEST ON RECORD.

The *New York Sun* says: "The largest circulation on record is that attained by the volume 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern.' Twenty million copies have been sold in the eighteen years of its existence."

WHO WAS CALLED "THE SWAN OF EISLEBEN" AND WHY?

"Was die Gans gedacht, das der Schwan vollbracht."

(What the goose conceived, the swan achieved.)

Huss is the Bohemian word for *goose*, and this fact furnished both Huss and his enemies with many clumsy pleasantries, he using it for the enhancement of his humility, and they as a term of reproach. L'Enfant gravely relates from an old author that, when his mother took Huss to Prague, to enter him at the university, she carried a

goose and a cake with her as presents to the rector; and that by chance the goose flew away, an accident regarded as an omen of evil, at which the poor woman fell on her knees to recommend her son to the Divine Protection (the tutelary "goose," we may suppose, having left its namesake), and continued her journey with a heavy heart.

It is also said that when the Bohemian Reformer, who was burned at the stake July 6, 1415, was on his way to the place of execution, he uttered this memorable prophecy: "You are to-day roasting a lean goose, but after a hundred years you will hear the song of a swan which will arise from my ashes, whom you will not be able to roast." This was afterward interpreted to mean Luther, and Giesler gives this as the reason why in the pictures of Luther he is so often accompanied by a swan.

In a letter sent by Huss from Constance to Prague, he had also written that he was but a "poor tame fowl," and easily caught, but that that there would come one in a future season who would be a rarer bird than he, whom they would not be able to ensnare.

Therefore it is that Luther is known as the "Swan of Eisleben," the town in Prussian Saxony where he was born 1483, died 1546. It will be noticed that all full-length portraits of Luther have the swan at his feet; and many supposed at one time that it must be in some manner intended to represent his *arms*; but investigation shows that, although his wife's arms are displayed his are not. Audin ("Vie de Martin Luther") describes hers as "a lion in a field of gold and crest of a peacock's tail." "Hans Luther" (the father of Martin), says Michelet ("Mémoires de Luther"), "avait des armes à l'instar des nobles de son temps, un marteau de mineur, dont Martin était fier comme un Sickingen de son épée."

The firm conviction that a mightier was to follow seemed to have taken possession of Huss, for, while he was lying in prison at Constance, we hear of his recounting this singular dream: "It seemed as if some pictures of Christ that I had been painting on the walls of my oratory, were effaced by the pope and the bishops. This dream afflicted me; but the next night I dreamed

again, and then I saw painters more in number than before, restoring the pictures that had been effaced." This vision he related to his friends, adding, "I am no vain dreamer, but hold for certain that the image of Christ which they wish to destroy shall be painted afresh in the hearts of the gospel-preachers better than by myself; and I, awakened from the dead, and arising from the grave, shall rejoice with exceeding great joy" (D'Aubigné's "History").

Just a century later, as Huss had predicted, came Luther, the "Swan of Eisleben," and Pope Adrian, in 1523, in a brief addressed to the Diet at Nuremberg, wrote "The heretics Huss and Jerome seem to be alive again in the person of Luther."

Huss, although his precursor by a hundred years, was the saviour of Luther, for Charles V's respect for the safe-conduct granted to the latter on his journey to Worms was undoubtedly the outgrowth of the scandal which had arisen from Sigismund's violation of that granted previously to Huss at the Council of Constance. Charles said "he had no wish to blush like his predecessor," in allusion to the story that Sigismund had manifested that weakness when Huss spoke of his treachery.

"Dipped in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free."

The name "Swan of Eisleben" seems strangely appropriate to Luther when we regard him in another light than that of a Reformer—as a maker of hymns. His love for music is well known. "It is," he said, "a gift and present of God, and not of man. It drives away the devil and makes people joyous. After theology, I give to music the next place, and the highest honor."

Of that grand choral, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott" (to which there are eighteen readings), Carlyle says: "There is something in it like the sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes." Heine, too, says that in respect to his hymns Luther well "merits the name of the Swan of Eisleben." "Oftentimes they resemble a flower blowing on a rock; oftentimes they are like a moonbeam shimmering across a tossing sea." Luther was, however, "anything but a mild swan in many of his songs."

The "Battle Hymn of the Reformation" was a defiant war-song that terrified the ravens in their nests up in the dark church towers, when he and his companions sang it as they entered Worms. We are not told that Luther sang hymns on his death-bed, but one is always reminded of this Swan when reading of Whittier's Parson Avery, whose soul "went singing to its rest," making "a swan-like end, fading in sweet music."

Hans Sachs calls Luther the "Nightingale of Wittenburg."

SUSAN PYE.

Susan, or Susie, Pye, is the name given in several ballads to the young Saracen lady who was so long believed to have been the mother of Thomas à Becket. According to the story, Gilbert à Becket went with Crusaders to Palestine, and was taken prisoner by a noble Moor, who confined him in his own castle. His sufferings moved the compassion of his captor's daughter, and compassion led to love. She aided him to escape, but made him promise that after he reached home he would send for her and make her his wife. This he neglected to do, and the lady, with the assistance of two English words, "London," and "Gilbert," made her way to England and to her lover, who received her joyfully. Before their marriage she professed Christianity, and was baptized with much ceremony, six bishops assisting at the rite. Her only child was the famous Archbishop. The story is told with much detail, and for long was believed to be true. Dr. Giles, Mr. Froude, M. Thierry, and M. Michelet gave it credence, and Knight accepts it in his "History of England," but later investigators have demolished the romance. They tell us that Gilbert à Becket was a burgher merchant of Rouen who married Rohese, the daughter of a burgher family at Caen, and came to London to engage in trade. The story of the young Saracen, of course, appealed to the imagination of the people, and in one form or another appears in many ballads of England and Scotland under the titles "Lord Bateman," "Lord Beichan," "Young Beikie," "Young Bondwell," "Young Beichan and Susie Pye," "Lord Beichan and

Susie Pye," etc. The name given to the lady in the ballads differs — "Eisenn," "Safia," "Burd Ishel," and "Susie Pye." In most of the ballads the story is identically the same, except the name and residence of the hero and heroine, the imprisonment and cruel treatment, the pity, love, and exacted promise, and the following, after weary waiting, the lover to England, though the ladies all seem sufficiently proficient in English. In the ballad a wedding is just taking place, and the porter, when he descants on the beauty and the apparel of the lady at the door, is reproved for presuming to think anything could be fairer than the just-wedded bride, but, when the stranger is introduced, all acknowledge her charms, and the "forenoon bride" is quickly displaced. In "Young Bekie," the hero has his adventure at the "Court o' France," and is released by the king's daughter, Burd Isabel. Until Mr. Jamieson took the ballads down from oral repetition they had never been printed, except that "Lord Bateman" was found as a broadside. In this the hero was a Northumbrian, and, according to tradition, was one of the ancient noble border family of Bartram or Bertram, now extinct.

In the preface to "Young Beichan and Susie Pye," given in "English and Scottish Ballads," edited by Child, Riverside edition, it is said: "An inspection of the first hundred lines of Robert of Gloucester's 'Life and Martyrdom of Thomas Becket' (edited for the Percy Society), will leave no doubt that the hero of this ancient and beautiful tale is veritably Gilbert Becket, father of the renowned St. Thomas, of Canterbury. Robert of Gloucester's story coincides in all essential particulars with the traditionary legend, but Susie Pye is, unfortunately, spoken of in the chronicle by no other name than the daughter of the Saracen Prince Admirand." But Fox, "Acts and Monuments," has: "And first, here to omit the programme of him and his mother, named Rose, whom Polyd. Virgilius falsely nameth to be a Saracen, when, indeed, she came out of the parts bordering neere to Normandy."

The very English name for the Saracen, *Susie Pye*, is evidently a transformation of

the name *Safia*, given in one version, and there is even some resemblance between "Susan" and "Eisenn."

There was yet another Susan Pye, in the 19th century, whose love may yet be sung for the amusement of future ages. She was cook in the family of Mr. R., in the suburbs of Philadelphia, in 1888. The English coachman was smitten with her charms, and together they hid them to the Gretna-Green of Pennsylvania—Camden. The would-be bride was heavily veiled, and it was only when the minister positively refused to perform the ceremony until she uncovered her face that she was induced to throw off the disguise, when Susan stood confessed—"black but comely!" The clergyman would not marry the couple, and they returned to Philadelphia, and a few days later were united.

QUERIES.

PLANTS.—Who wrote a poem about plants, and what is its title?

SILEX.

LANCASTER, PA.

"Of Plants" (Latin *Plantarium*) is a poem in Latin by Abraham Cowley.

It consists of six books; the first two treating of herbs, the next two of flowers, and the last of trees. The first books and the last are in a metre and measure modeled on Virgil's "Georgics," and the two middle books are in various measures, imitated partly from Catullus and partly from Horace. The methods of agriculture, the medicinal and other virtues and uses of plants, and the legends and historical incidents connected with each, are woven into a whole whose tediousness is enlivened by quaint conceits and occasional flashes of real wit. The poem was translated into English by Nahum Tate, assisted by Ogilvie Cleve and Mrs. Afra Behn—the latter died almost on the completion of her part of the task, a fact alluded to in a Pindaric ode by S. Wesley in the following bombastic lines:

"She strained awhile to reach th' inimitable song,
She strained awhile and wisely died ;

Those who survive unhappier be,
Yet thus, great god of poesy!
With joy they sacrifice their fame to thee."

Yet these lines, bombastic as they are, do not outdo in absurdity the praise heaped upon the poem in Cowley's lifetime. One of its most famous episodes is that describing the character of Aglaus.

PROTO-MARTYR.—Who is called the proto-martyr?

SAMUEL C. THOMAS.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Stephen, St., the proto-martyr or first Christian martyr. The New Testament (Acts vii) tells the story of his death by stoning at the hands of the Jewish people, just outside of the gate at Jerusalem, now called by his name. A legend relates that nothing was known of his relics until four hundred years afterward, when Gamaliel appeared in a vision to a priest named Lucian, who dwelt in Palestine, and revealed to him that they had been buried in Gamaliel's own garden with those of Nicodemus and other holy men. The relics were found Dec. 26, 417. Their genuineness was attested by many miracles, and they were placed in the church of Sion at Jerusalem. They were carried from Jerusalem to Constantinople by Theodosius II, about 439, and obtained for Rome more than a century later by the legates of Pope Pelagius. They now lie in the church of St. Lawrence, side by side with the bones of the latter saint, who it is said courteously moved to the left of his sarcophagus, thus giving the place of honor on the right to St. Stephen. For this act of politeness Lawrence has been dubbed by the Roman populace "St. Corlise Spagnuolo," "The Courteous Spaniard." There is a curious and anachronistic legend, giving an account of the translation of St. Stephen's remains, which has been painted in the newly-restored church of St. Lawrence outside the walls. According to this story, the Empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III, Emperor of Rome, had been invited to Constantinople by her father, Theodosius II, that she might be delivered, by touching the relics of St. Stephen, from the torments of a devil who afflicted her.

But the demon gave her to understand that she could never be cured unless the Saint himself came to Rome. It was arranged, therefore, that the relics of St. Lawrence should be given in exchange for those of St. Stephen, and on the latter reaching Rome the Empress was healed. But when the Greek emissaries tried to remove St. Lawrence they fell down as dead, and though restored at the moment by the prayer of Pope Pelagius, they died within ten days. All the Romans who had counseled the exchange were struck with madness, but were healed at the joint intercession of the two martyrs when laid side by side in the marble sarcophagus where they still repose. The legend would have been more credible but for the fact that Theodosius II died in 450, and that Pope Pelagius reigned from 555 to 560. St. Stephen is represented as young and beardless, in the dress of a deacon. His special attributes are the stones with which he was murdered.

MISS ANGEL.—Who is the heroine of Miss Thackeray's novel, "Miss Angel"?
HENRY PUSEY.

NEW YORK CITY.

Maria Angelica Kauffman (1741-1807), who earned a great reputation in London as a portrait painter while Sir Joshua Reynolds was President of the Royal Academy, is the heroine of Miss Thackeray's novel, "Miss Angel." She is mentioned in one of Goldsmith's songs, her name makes a frequent appearance in Sir Joshua Reynold's journals—there is a legend that he was in love with her—she corresponded with Klopstock and Gessner, and Goethe alludes to her with feeling. She was born in Switzerland, and after studying painting in Italy, went, under the patronage of Lady Wentworth, to England. A woman of rare gifts, beautiful in person, with bright and winning manners, she soon won wealth and fame there, painted great lords and ladies, and might have led a life as happy as it was brilliant had she not been fooled into a marriage with a man who called himself "Count de Horn," and afterward turned out to be the Count's valet. He had stolen his master's wardrobe and credentials, and was clever enough to deceive the world of London as well as poor

Angelica. She afterward contracted a second marriage with Antonio Zucchi, a Venetian painter. The incidents of her life may have suggested to Victor Cherbuliez the plot of his "Samuel Brohl & Cie." *q. v.*

ST. ROMUALD.—Who was St. Romuald?
CIRCLE.

AUGUSTA, ME.

St. Romuald appears in a humorous poem by Southey (1798). Romuald, a hermit, had acquired so great a reputation for sanctity that the villagers, unwilling to run the risk of having his relics buried among strangers, determined to strangle him one night. But the saint got wind of the project, and being unambitious of so much worldly honor, he quietly stole from the place. There is a curious parallel between this story and the old Sindhi tradition of the Multan Saint Bahá-ul-hakk, whose disciples at Tatta formed a plot to strangle him so that the place might enjoy the benefit of his perpetual guardianship, one of the tenets of their belief being that the disembodied spirit haunts the place where he last stayed on earth. The pious old man was, however, too clever for them, and got away—a display of shrewdness which doubtless only increased the chagrin of the people of Tatta at the loss of so desirable a guardian. Similarly, the Burmese are accustomed to protect their towns and strongholds by burying people alive. The ghosts linger around and make it uncomfortable for hostile intruders. The Hazaras also are wont to kill and bury any stranger who unwarily performs a miracle or otherwise evidences that he would be a valuable ghostly guardian, and the Bulgarians of the Volga are also accused of having reduced similar theories to unpleasant practice.

NUT BROWN MAID.—What is the story of the "Nut Brown Maid"?
HORACE S. TORLE.

CINCINNATI, O.

The "Nut Brown Maid" is an old English ballad of uncertain date and origin, probably belonging to the last half of the fifteenth century. The earliest extant copy is found in Arnold's *Chronicle*, printed at

Antwerp about 1502. A dialogue between a maid and her lover; the latter, to try his lady's affection, telling her that he is condemned to a shameful death, and must withdraw as an outlaw to the woods; she declares that she will fly with him and share his lot; he points out the dangers and privations to which they will be exposed, but she does not falter; finally, he tells her that another awaits him in the forest whom he loves better; still her constancy is unshaken, and in admiration he confesses the deception he has practiced upon her. This ballad is paraphrased in Prior's *Henry and Emma*.

MAY AGNES FLEMING.—Can any one give me a brief biographical sketch of May Agnes Fleming?

EDGAR ALLEN.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Messrs. Street & Smith of the *New York Weekly* have kindly furnished the following information:

"Mrs. May Agnes Fleming was born in St. John, N. B., on the 15th of November, 1840, and died at her home in Brooklyn on March 24, 1880. Very early she displayed an aptitude for inventing short stories and began writing for the press when only fifteen. Her first sketch appeared in a St. John paper. In a very few years she became popular, and from 1872 to the time of her death she wrote exclusively for the *New York Weekly*.

"Mrs. Fleming was quiet and reserved; she made few acquaintances, but they soon learned to appreciate her as a warm friend. She was pleasant and hospitable to all who were admitted to the charmed circle of her home, and here her demeanor was in strange contrast to her dignified reserve when among casual acquaintances. She was married in 1863 to Mr. John Fleming, of St. John, N. B. Four children, three sons and a girl, resulted from this marriage, to whom she proved a most affectionate mother."

REPLIES.

THUCYDIDES' SOLE JOKE (Vol. ii, p. 310).—I beg leave to submit the following suggestion

made by Dr. M. W. Humphreys, of the University of Virginia:

The allusion is to the Scholia on Thuc. Bk. i, chap. 126, § 3: *ὅτι τοῦ διηγήματος τοῦ κατὰ τὸν κύλωνα τὴν σαφηνείαν τινες θαυμάσαντες, εἰπον, ὅτι λέων ἐγέλασεν ἐνταῦθα, λεγοντες περὶ θουκυδίδου*.

Other writers transfer the allusion to Bk. ii, chap. 29. LESLIE WAGGENER.

WITS GONE A WOOL-GATHERING (Vol. iii, p. 8).—In pastoral districts in Britain it is customary for poor women to collect the little flocks of wool left by sheep on the furze or other bushes among which they have grazed or on the hedges through which they have passed. The wool is found in very meagre tufts, and the "poor bodies" have to spend weary days and traverse a wide region ere they gather enough to make themselves even a pair of stockings. The process is, indeed, neither purposelike nor remunerative. I have heard that in the "Down" districts the people go out in bands wool-gathering and have "games" of all kinds. May this not account for the phrase? J. H.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

There's a Spirit Above, etc.—Can you tell me *positively* whence come the following lines:

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below;

There's a spirit of love and a spirit of woe.

The spirit above is the spirit of love;

The spirit below is the spirit of woe.

The spirit above is the spirit of love,

And the spirit below is the spirit of woe."

To the best of my recollection (I was told the story by an old Scotchman) the lines were written on the city of Edinburgh. On the top of one of the ridges of which the town is composed was a church, and below it, at the foot of the hill, was a saloon. Thus comes the suggestion, and Macready, I think, was the writer.

MACQUE.

I regret I cannot give you any reliable

help. The following notes may be pertinent, or not :

1. Edinburgh is celebrated both as a very churchy town and as a liberal consumer of whisky.

2. Whisky is very generally called "spirits" in Scotland, so there is a good deal of punning over the city's "spirituality."

3. It is built, as every one knows, on a series of ridges, and churches and taverns are scattered pretty impartially over its heights, slopes, and valleys.

4. The rhyme, though not "on" Edinburgh, may have been composed in a fit of the blues on a particular church and a particular tavern—on the historic High Church, *e. g.*, and Paterson's noted "houff" beneath it at the bottom of Fleshmarket Close. I have been *there*. Macready was not a Scotchman, but he may have played "high jinks" in Paterson's. The house, famed for its steaks and toddy, was much frequented by university professors, young advocates, etc. Macready, too, may have been there.

J. H.

Solid South.—Whence comes the expression, "Solid South"?

MACQUE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Pets of Famous People.—During Mr. Whittier's recent birthday celebration he was visited, among others, by Mrs. Julia Houston West, the celebrated oratorio singer. After dinner Mrs. West was asked to sing, and seating herself at the piano she began the beautiful ballad of "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room, and, seating himself by his side, watched her as if fascinated, and listened with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek.

"Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier, "he also is 'Robin Adair.'"

It was true. That was the dog's name, and he evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment,

during Mrs. West's visit, he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was in-doors, and accompanied her when she went out to walk. When she went away, he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate, and saw her depart with every evidence of reluctance and distress.—SALLIE JOY WHITE, in *Wide Awake*.

During Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler's stay in Richmond she had her photograph taken in various styles, many of which are characteristic of the fair authoress. In some half a dozen pictures Mrs. Chanler's collie dog, which she brought with her from Castle Hill, is represented standing on his hind feet, and his fair mistress grasping his forepaw.

Way, Wal, Gal (Vol. ii, p. 248; Vol. iii, p. 9).—Let me thank Mr. Chamberlain and R. G. B. for their scholarly answer to my query, also Mr. Pullen for his notice of it in a former number.

J. H.

A Guarded Invitation.—"After reading Mr. C. L. Pullen's article on 'Lady Godiva's Ride a Myth,' in *AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES*, Miss Higbee was prompted to extend the following guarded invitation to that gentleman :

'THE HIGBEE SCHOOL, }
MEMPHIS, TENN., April, 29, 1889. }

'MR. C. L. PULLEN.

'FRIEND:—On the 30th of April the Higbee School will commemorate the mythical story of the once celebrated George Washington. If he, indeed, never existed, we can still gather from so noble a conception of a Christian patriot many a lesson of the loftiest traits of humanity.

'Hoping you will consider the occasion worthy the attention of an antiquarian so distinguished as yourself, I am, sir, yours very truly,

'JENNIE M. HIGBEE.'

(*Sunday Times*, Memphis, Tenn.)

The Leaning Tower of Pisa (Vol. ii, p. 307).—You say, "It is not known whether it was intentionally built as a *leaning tower*, and the most probable explanation is that this peculiarity is due to the settling of the foundations."

There has been little to support this assumption of the cause of the obliquity beyond the allegation that a similar inclination in a neighboring belfry, and also an observatory, is due to sinking of the foun-

dations in a soft soil. But why was there no sinking or settling of the walls of the great duomo, which is closely adjacent to the campanile, or of the circular walls of the baptistery, which is only at the distance of a stone's throw? The excavations made four years ago at the base of the leaning tower—for what purpose I have forgotten—definitely settled the vexed question. The lower layers or substrata of the foundations were found to be as level as a floor, thus confirming the evidences of design which are shown in the colonnades, and proving the structure to be an architectural freak.

C. C. BOMBAUGH.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Ragman's Roll (Vol. ii, pp. 47, 59, 108).—In his collection of ancient poetry Mr. Hazlitt includes a bit of satire descriptive of women's foibles, found in a Fairfax MS. and formerly printed by Wynkyn de Worde, entitled *Ragmane Roell*, or, as given in the list of the contents of the MS., *The Rolles of Kynges Ragman*. In his prefatory note, the editor accounts for the strange title by explaining a mediæval game of the same name, as it is understood to have been played, from allusions found in several ancient works. It appears to have resembled one modern game of parlor "fortune-telling."

A series of character-descriptions were written in verse on a long strip of parchment and to each a seal was attached with a string. The whole was then rolled and placed upon a table around which the players were gathered, when each person, by choosing a seal, selected the character that should prove to belong to it when the paper was unfolded. Naturally, the chances of the game brought out many happy hits and ludicrous "misfits" to add to the fun of the play.

Mr. Hazlitt says, further: "From being thus a mere lottery, the roll, which was the essential feature of this game, acquired not unnaturally the name of *Ragman's Roll*, which may be treated as synonymous with *Devil's Roll* in '*Piers Plowman*' and elsewhere, *ragman* or *rageman* being employed to signify the Evil One. It was, it may be conjectured, to the peculiarity of this game

that the list of Scottish chiefs who took the oath of fealty to Edward I—from being written also on a long roll of parchment, and from the seal of each person being somewhat similarly appended opposite their signature or mark—owed its appellation of '*Ragman's Roll*,' a term at first not impossibly bestowed upon it in a sportive or contemptuous sense."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

London Stone (Vol. i, p. 149).—In Mr. Hazlitt's collection is a curious poetical fancy entitled, "*The Maryage of the bosse of Byllynges-gate vnto London Stone*." The location of this bosse, or spring, is given by Stowe when he says Bosse Alley was named "from a bosse of spring water continually running which standeth by Billingsgate against this alley."

A few lines of London Stone's rhapsody at the thought of his "fere" may be quoted:

"I knowe by the sterres that shone by the moone

That fayre Bosse hooly was in my syght,

And that to my nature she sholle be co-equall

And remayne as my fere euer in my syght,

By the purueyaunce of the goddes Imperyall

To my comforte shynynge as the sterres bryght."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

"**What's the matter with**" so and so?—In Pinkerton's *Scottish Ballads* one called "Get up and Bar the Door" gives the story of an obstinate couple who quarrel over who shall bar the door, but decide that the one who speaks first must do it. Two travelers come in the night, and, unable to get any answers to their questions, propose to shave off the old man's beard and to kiss the "gudewife." When the one who is to do the shaving objects that there is no water to be found, the other replies:

"*What ails ye at the pudding-bree*

That boils into the pan?"

This is only a form of the modern slang, "What's the matter with" "so and so?" meaning, "Why will it not answer the purpose?"

In his recent address on *Some Lessons of*

Antiquity, Max Müller said: "In language everything that is new is old and everything that is old is new;" and here is a practical illustration.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

L' état c'est moi (Vol. ii, p. 310).—The latest authorities are of the opinion that Louis XIV never used this expression. He lived it, and said things much to the effect, but the expression was coined for him.

J. H.

VIENNA, W. VIRGINIA.

Oil on Troubled Waters (Vol. i, pp. 151, 202; Vol. ii, p. 296).—The pouring of oil upon rough water to secure the safe passage of vessels was practiced by the ancients, as Plutarch and Pliny refer to it, but it is only within the last six years that our sea-going people have given it much serious attention. Benjamin Franklin made a study of the subject, and he has left on record the result of his experiments. This is how he explains the action of the oil:

The molecules of water move with freedom, and the friction of air in motion produces waves or undulations. These increase in size according to the depth of water, and other conditions. They are often the precursors of storms, and sometimes reach a height of forty feet. Yet a boat or a ship can ride them in safety. If, however, a sudden gale comes up, the swell becomes a raging sea.

The friction of the wind rapidly moving upon the exposed slope of the swell, produces little irregularities on the surface. These wavelets are then driven up the rear slope of the swell to its summit, while the forward slope has more and more protection from the wind, and becomes steeper and steeper. As the wind continues to blow, the crest of the storm wave constantly sharpens, until it is finally thrown over with irresistible force. A ship cannot rise up its abrupt front, and the water falls on the deck, sweeps everything before it, and often engulfs the vessel itself.

Now, the oil changes the storm wave into the heavy swell. It floats on the surface, spreads rapidly, and forms a film like an extremely thin rubber blanket over the

water. The friction of the wind cannot tear the film and send those wavelets up the slope of the swell, and the ship is enabled to ride it in safety.

So it is seen that the effect is purely a mechanical change in the form of the wave; there is no apparent chemical change.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The *CLEARANCE CATALOGUE* of Jarrold & Sons, antiquarian book merchants, Norwich, Yarmouth, Cromer, and 3 Paternoster Buildings, London, England, consists of 66 pages of rare and curious books.

The *Medical Summary* is a striking illustration of a technical journal edited and compiled with such skill as to fascinate even laymen. The May number is especially interesting. (The *Medical Summary*, R. H. Andrews, M. D., editor, Philadelphia, Pa.)

The *Epoch*, that started as an experiment, is a success, and deservedly so. It is literary in its tone, with just enough crispness to tickle the palate of its readers. (The *Epoch* Publishing Company, 36 Union Square, N. Y.)

Poet-Lore, well edited and well managed, appeals to all readers of the great masters of English verse. It is attractive in appearance, and its monthly budget of notes and suggestions is always welcome. *Poet-Lore*, published by the *Poet-Lore* Company, 223 S. Thirty-eighth Street.)

Book Chat is an honest literary guide, and its editor is to be congratulated. Its selections are admirable, its comments just, and the synopses of books are models of conscientious conciseness. The entire conception of the periodical is novel and the execution admirable. (*Book Chat*, Brentano's, 5 Union Square, N. Y.)

No magazine in the country is forging ahead so rapidly as *The Cosmopolitan*. It fills a field that is not touched by any other periodical, and to open its pages means to find something that is timely and interesting. The illustrations are admirable. (*The Cosmopolitan*, 363 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.)

List & Franke, Universitätsstrasse, Nr. 13, Leipzig, send us their *Verzeichniss antiquarischer Bücher*, 22 pages of which is devoted to Americana. Catalogues mailed upon application.

The American Newspaper Directory (George P. Rowell & Co., N. Y.), is so well known that it needs no comment. It contains accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States and Canada.

WANTED, FOR SALE, AND EXCHANGE.

WANTED—Stallbaum's "Plato" with Latin notes.

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FOR

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NOTES.

WHENCE THE WORD "CHESTNUTS" APPLIED TO OLD JESTS?

The classical reader, on hearing a well-worn jest, exclaims, "as old as the days of Hierocles!" the general reader, under the like circumstances, murmurs, "A Joe Miller!" but the ordinary listener of the present decade groans, "Chestnut!" and it is a singular fact that while all persons of any acquaintance whatever with books would be loth indeed to confess total ignorance in regard to the two names that have been so long associated with "jokeology," very few who use and appreciate the word "Chestnut" are aware of its true origin.

As is too often the case, as soon as the word was established and recognized as a valuable addition to our American vocabulary, stories were invented to account for

its existence and adoption. Some of these were clever, some only plausible, and others obviously unreal, and manufactured to fit the case. Mr. Joseph Jefferson, however, who should know whereof he speaks, is responsible for a recent explanation of the word "Chestnut," which to my mind is perfectly satisfactory. He attributes its introduction, in a slang sense, to Mr. William Warren, the veteran comedian of Boston.

To quote Jefferson's own words, "There is," he said, "a melodrama but little known to the present generation, written by William Dillon, called 'The Broken Sword.' There were two characters in it, one a Captain Xavier, and the other the comedy part of Pablo. The Captain is a sort of Baron Munchausen, and, in telling of his exploits, says: 'I entered the woods of Colloway, when suddenly from the boughs of a cork-tree'—Pablo interrupts him with the words, 'A chestnut, Captain, a chestnut.' 'Bah!' replies the Captain, 'Bobby I say a cork-tree!' 'A chestnut!' reiterates Pablo, 'I should know as well as you, having heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.'

"William Warren, who had often played the part of Pablo, was at a stag-dinner a few years ago, when one of the gentlemen present told a story of doubtful age and originality. 'A chestnut,' murmured Mr. Warren, quoting from the play, 'I have heard you tell the tale these twenty-seven times.' The application of the lines pleased the rest of the table, and when the party broke up each helped to spread the story and Mr. Warren's commentary. And this," Mr. Jefferson adds, "I really believe to be the origin of the word 'Chestnut.'"

Within a very recent period another feature has been added to this protest against antiquated jokes, in the shape of an imaginary bell which rings a quietus whenever the jest in process of telling begins to assume a familiar shape. This, it is said, is likewise of theatrical origin, and dates from an incident which occurred at one of our popular play-houses.

During the long run of a comic opera, when the "topical-song" man was nightly subjected to the fatigue of responding to frequent and enthusiastic encores, he one

night exhausted his repertoire long before the delighted audience was ready to relieve him. He therefore began to repeat his last verse; and continued the repetition as often as he responded to the recall, the audience entering with him into the humor of the thing. But, after it had lasted some time, his fellow-actors back of the scene called out "Chestnut!" loudly enough to reach his ear, and, giving the signal, the bell rang, and the curtain suddenly dropped on the exhausted songster. The episode behind the scene found its way into the papers, and since then the "Chestnut bell" has been a familiar factor in the recognition of old jests.

Another story is told as the origin of "Chestnut." It is said that on one occasion when a number of actors were on their way from New York to Philadelphia, being the only occupants of their car, they became somewhat boisterously merry. Many jests, new and old, were bandied about, the old ones being greeted by a shower of chestnuts, in which edible the party was indulging at the time. Having reached Philadelphia, they entered a street-car, and jests and chestnuts were alike forgotten, until the conductor suddenly called out, "Chestnut," meaning Chestnut street, which was received with shouts of laughter from the group, who declared that their old jokes were known even in Philadelphia. This incident, too, reappeared in print, and although a very poor solution of the query, I have heard it frequently quoted as the origin of the expression.

There is also a "Chestnut Club" in Boston which has been regarded by many as the suggestion for the expression, threadbare jests being recognized in Boston as having necessarily emanated from thence. And I have even heard it hinted that the expression was as old as Homer, and that the "bell" had its origin in some monkish practice of the Middle Ages. May this not refer to the old custom of ringing bells to dispel evil spirits, storms, and pestilence so prevalent at one time? As the Athenians used to beat on brazen kettles to scare away the "furies," or perhaps the meaning might lurk in the old defiant expression "to shake one's bells," in allusion to the little bells

tied to the feet of hawks. The expression, "ring down" is certainly of theatrical origin, meaning to *end at once*. Dickens says, "It is time to ring down on these remarks" (speech at the Dramatic Fête).

BROWNING'S DICTION.

(Vol. ii, p. 304).—The second part of Mr. Emerson's article is devoted to the coinage of Mr. Browning's new words.* He says: "Browning's diction is rich in new words coined with great freedom. They are of four classes—nouns, adjectives, adverbs, with the interjection "aie," oh, from the French. The principle of analogy will account for many forms, words being formed similar in function and in form, or similar in function, and implying contrast in a part dissimilar in form.† This will account for *branchage* with leafage, *out-sight* with insight, *thishow* with somehow, *omni-benevolence* with omniscience, *Pompilian* and *Guidonian*. *Horn-blind* is made from the thought of horn-mad; *unpope* and *repop* are contrasted forms from pope, *unhate* as a verb from hate, and so also *Ciceroize*, *ecclesiasticized* with Latinize.

The ease with which certain endings adapt themselves to the iambic metre may account, in some measure, for such words as end in *-ity*, *clericality*, *efficacy*, *detestability*, and *connubiality*. This may be an incidental reason for the adverbs *glimmeringly*, *correctively*, *forgivably*, *unmotherly*, *probatively*, and *ghastlily*. *Malleolable* has the extra syllable for the same reason, apparently. The Latin relative *qui*, used as a verb, takes *es* in the third sing., after the analogy of verbs ending in *y*.

Browning uses the common English prefixes and suffixes, so that the words coined

do not have a foreign ring, and may easily ingraft themselves upon the language. There is nothing peculiar in the forms *idyllist*, *clavacapist*, *wolfishness*, *unchariness*, *disemesh*, *dishabituat*, *undistend*, *unself*, *unpoisoned*, and *outhrob*. So we find *pollent*, *olent*, *garnishry*, *crumblement*, *usurpature*, *signorial*, *interfilleted*, *abashless*, *mollitious*, *evoluble*, *plenitudinous*. *Franceschinhood* and *clownship* are such words as might easily be coined in conversation, with no thought of their use in literature. Such also is the adjective *twitchy*. *Discept* is used as a verb in something of the sense of except, take exception to, connected with the obsolete disception, a controversy. In *unhusk* the *un* is intensive, not negative. *Gnawn* is an analogous form for gnawed, and *elucubrate* is used in a new meaning, unless it be for elucidate. The expressive onomatopoeic verb *clump-clumped* is made from the provincial English verb *clump*, to make a noise. *Cursewise* is strictly a compound, but is written, as are many similar words, without the hyphen. *Griesly*, used as adverb and adjective, is perhaps the same as *grisly* but with different spelling.

Orvieto and *Bilboa*, for *orvietan* and *bilbo*, are the names of places instead of the things originating at them, and may be considered metonymy. *Clericate* is used with the idea of reproach that clergy does not have. *Caudatory* is a most expressive title for a hanger-on, and *aboriginary* gives to aborigines a new singular, with a less extended meaning than aboriginal. *Adoniad*, the noun, and the adjectives *Canidian* (from a sorceress mentioned by Horace), *Marinesque* (from the name of an Italian painter), *Trebbian*, *Trian*, *Thallassian*, are good examples of the ease with which Browning forms new words. *Lathen* uses the old English suffix *en* as in *hempen*. *Doited*, from *doit*, a Shakespearean word, is employed by Browning in the expressive characterization "the doited crone." *Inconscious* is for unconscious. *Cinct* in the compound *white-cinct* is made directly from the supine stem of Latin *cingo*. *Extravasate* is an adjective with the same form as the verb. *Panciatric* is a punning adjective on the Italian name *Panciatichi*; it rhymes with English *lymphatic*. *Paynimrie* is at least more musical

*The basis of the study of new forms has been the dictionaries of Webster and Worcester, with reference to Hallowell's "Dictionary of Archaic words," Wright's "Obsolete and Provincial English," and the new dictionary of the Philological Society.

†The Philological Society's Dictionary adopts *abashless*, *branchage*, *aboriginary*, new forms from Browning, and *artistry* in a new sense. But it omits *Adoniad*, *Canidian*, *caritellas*, and *Capucins*, all belonging in the parts issued.

than heathendom. *Ombriuge* is strongly Latin in its make-up, while *paravent*, a screen, *volte-face*, a turn-coat, *scasons*, choliambics, are good French words. *Tern quatern*, anglicized from *terne quaterne*, is also a French expression in dice-throwing.

Here may be put the words from the Italian, with which Browning is so familiar from intimate association with the people, that we are not surprised at a long list from a single poem. Some of these are introduced without a change, some are shortened, and some take English endings. Of the first class are *festas*, holidays, *caritellas*, Caryatids, *sbirri*, bailiffs, *mannata*, the name of a sort of guillotine from the Italian for hatchet, *principessa*, *stinche*, prison, *soldo*, penny, *crasie*, plural of *crasia*, a small coin, *pieve* and *duomo*, church, *facchini*, porters. The second class is represented by *tarocs*, from Italian *tarocchi*, a game at cards; while in the expression *que baioc*, the first is an Italian word complete, and the second is shortened from *bajocco*, a coin of three farthings. Of the third class are *baracan*, from *baracane* or *barratan*, a strong cloth, *porporate*, from *porporato*, dressed in purple.

WHO WROTE THE BALLAD "WILD DARRELL," AND WHAT PARALLELS MAY BE FOUND IN LITERATURE AND FACT?

There is no ballad bearing this title, but Scott has introduced into the fifth canto of "Rokeby," a ballad which has for its hero this wild Lord of Littlecote. The tradition upon which the tale is based was communicated to the poet by his friend Lord Webb Seymour, who in the early part of this century had his residence in Edinburgh; though Aubrey, the antiquarian and historian of Wiltshire (about 1675), seems to have been the first to put into circulation the romantic story which in Elizabeth's time was attached to the old English manor-house, Littlecote Hall, in Wiltshire.

Let us first consider the legendary aspect of the story, as related by Scott in his notes to Rokeby; actual history tells quite another tale.

On a dark, rainy night in November, an old woman who supported herself by nurs-

ing the sick was startled by a knock at her door; on opening it she was confronted by a horseman who had ridden in hot haste to procure her services, he said, for a person of rank. There was an air of mystery about the whole proceeding, as the strictest secrecy was enjoined, and she was also obliged to permit herself to be blindfolded, during the journey. The promise of a rich reward, however, quieted her scruples, and mounting behind the messenger, they were soon on their way. After a long and silent ride over rough and dirty roads, she was conducted into a house which, despite her sightless condition, she recognized as one of wealth and importance. When the bandage was finally removed she found herself by the bedside of a beautiful young woman, near whom stood a man of severe and haughty appearance.

Shortly after her arrival the lady gave birth to a son, which the man immediately demanded, and seizing the child hastened across the apartment to a blazing fire, into which he threw it, heedless of its cries and struggles, and there held it until life was extinct. The nurse, after affording such relief as was possible to the distracted mother, was again blindfolded, and after receiving a large sum of money, was conveyed to her home in the same manner as that in which she had come.

Greatly horrified by the deed she had witnessed, she immediately related the circumstances to a magistrate. While in attendance upon her patient she had cut a bit of material out of the bed-curtain and sewed it in again, with a view to identifying the place afterward; and had also counted the steps as she descended the main staircase. These two facts helped to fix suspicion upon William Darrell, at that time proprietor of Littlecote Hall, to which was attached a large estate.

The house being examined, and the nurse's story verified, Darrell was brought to trial, but by corrupting his judge saved his neck, only to break it a few months afterward in a fall from his horse. The spot where his death occurred is still known as Darrell's stile, and is held in superstitious awe by the peasantry after night-fall. In Scott's ballad a gray friar is sent for to shrive

a dying woman; he is conducted to the mansion with his eyes bandaged, performs his holy function to one in apparent health, and the next day all the country mourns the sudden death of the mistress of Littlecote Hall.

This is what legend and romance have done for Wild Darrell. It is only common justice, therefore, to see what history has to say of a character which, in story, appears as a villain of deepest dye. In his recently published work on "Society in the Elizabethan Age" Mr. Hubert Hall claims the just merit of having rescued the name of Wild Darrell from the greater part of the odium which has always been attached to it.

It appears that when his father, Sir Edward Darrell, died, in 1549, William, a boy of but nine years, was left in a position of peculiar difficulties. The property to which he was heir was of vast extent and value for those times, but in order to secure it from the rapacity of unprincipled relatives, he was forced into litigation with those who should have been his best friends; and during the whole period of his minority he was an exile from the house of his ancestors. His mother had married again, and gone to reside in a foreign country, while at Littlecote a spurious Lady Darrell, a favorite of the late lord, reigned supreme, and enjoyed the rental of many a fair manor unmolested.

The family of Essex, in whose veins ran the same blood as his own, were responsible for most of his embarrassment, thinking to profit thereby, but in every instance Darrell's triumph was complete. The victory, however, was dearly bought, for his adversaries, enraged by defeat, from that time devoted themselves to his destruction. They incited his tenants to revolt, and plunged him into so many law-suits that to defray the additional expense he was forced to pawn his plate, and involve himself in new difficulties with usurers and friends who lent him money. This was entirely foreign to his proud spirit, which brooked no interference willingly.

His tastes were simple; he enjoyed good cheer, but not through the services of a French cook; he drank moderately, but smoked, perhaps, to excess. He did not ride forth to hunt his neighbor's deer with

a gay cavalcade, but dressed in gray fustian, like one of his own yeomen. A scientific and successful farmer, he could intelligently discuss the merits of the rarest tulip with his Dutch gardener, or, when not at law with them, treat his neighbors to learned disquisitions on the ancient fathers. He did not marry, but devoted the best years of his life to the service of the neglected wife of his father's youthful friend.

Sir Walter Hungerford abandoned his beautiful and accomplished wife and Darrell espoused her cause. This was an opportunity not to be lost, and the Essexes and their faction bestirred themselves; spies were employed, witnesses were suborned, and the matter was brought into court. While the case was on trial one of Darrell's servants was accused of the murder of a man named Blount; and, finally, Darrell himself was denounced as an accomplice in the crime. To this wild charge he replied with a mournful dignity which caused a visible embarrassment to his judges.

But he was a man marked for misfortune, and fell beneath the weight of the burden. For his guilty love, he atoned by bowing his haughty spirit to endure imprisonment and contumely worse to him than death. Overwhelmed with debt, at open warfare with friends and kinsmen, he was thrown into jail, and compelled to promise an enormous bribe of £3,000 to Pembroke, the lord-lieutenant of the county of Wilts, in order to obtain his release.

Reduced now to the extremity of sacrificing his estates and all hope of continuing his ancient line, he fled to the protection of the Court in London. There he was received with enthusiasm, and became a helpful participant in the preparations then in progress for the reception of the expected Armada. When this excitement had passed away he found himself with something like a dozen law-suits on his hands, which he fought blindly and hopelessly, but with a desperation characteristic of the man.

In July, 1589, he made his last visit home to Littlecote. Arriving in Newbury, he relieved the wants of the poor who flocked about him, the record of which outlay was the last transcription in the personal account books which have been so carefully preserved.

It is from this collection of private papers that Mr. Hall has drawn the material for his work. There is something strangely pathetic in the perusal of these simple details entered with his own hand, of one whom writers in all times have agreed to stamp as one of the blackest characters of his age.

Almost immediately after his return to his old home he was seized with a fatal illness, and died in the October following. Popham, faithful to the last, but wise only for himself, had an agent on the spot who seized the papers of the deceased, and dispatched them in chests to London to await examination. He soon took possession of Littlecote, which Elizabeth afterward deigned to honor with her presence, and if Darrell's frugal steward had remained in charge, he would have felt little joy at the scene of sumptuous extravagance and riotous splendor with which Popham replaced the sober cheerfulness of the old Elizabethan household.

Darrell's history, as related by Mr. Hall, is undoubtedly the only authentic account of this eventful, tempestuous life. There is in it much to censure and much to forgive, but one feels rather pity than scorn and detestation.

As to the other legends, which may be regarded as parallels to the poetic version of Wild Darrell's story, Scott has himself instanced one which was current in Edinburgh in his childhood.

In this case a clergyman was summoned hastily and secretly to the bedside of a young woman who desired the last offices. Having performed his part, and being threatened with death if he disclosed anything of the affair, he was taking his departure when he heard a pistol shot. The next morning he learned that a noble mansion at Canongate had been totally destroyed by fire during the night, and that the young and beautiful daughter of the house had perished in the flames. Many years afterward a fire again consumed the buildings which had been erected on that same spot. At the height of the excitement a female spectre appeared in the flames, and was distinctly heard to utter these fearful words: "*Anes* burned, *twice* burned, the *third* time I'll scare you all"; and ever afterward great anxiety was expressed if a fire occurred

anywhere in that vicinity, lest the apparition should make good her denunciation. And it is interesting to note that a great fire did happen in the place at the end of the seventeenth century.

Another story, somewhat similar, is related by Wraxall in his "Historical Memoirs"—as having been communicated to him by Lady Hamilton—which tells of an Irish physician named Ogilvie, residing in Rome in 1743, who was taken, with his eyes bandaged, to a house in the country, where he was called upon to bleed to death a young woman who had dishonored her family—the family proving, afterward, to be that of the Duke de Bracciano. Wraxall supports the credibility of this tale by relating another, the truth of which was vouched for in Vienna and other German cities.

About 1774, some unknown persons came to the house of a Strasburg executioner and engaged him to make with them a long and secret journey for the purpose of putting to death a person of rank and distinction. He departed with them, carrying the sword with which he was accustomed to behead malefactors. After traveling for several days they crossed a draw-bridge, and he was conducted into a castle and ushered into a spacious hall draped in mourning, where a scaffold had been erected and every preparation made for the performance of his accustomed duty. A woman soon made her appearance, dressed in black and heavily veiled, so that he could catch no glimpse of her features. Without a complaint or word she laid her head on the block, and at a given signal he struck it off with one blow; after which he was immediately hurried away, and taken back to Strasburg.

There is a very general impression that this story has some historical basis; and many incline to the opinion that the person thus summarily dealt with was the Princess Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of the Prince of Würtemberg. She had been married at an early age to Charles Anselm, Prince of Thurn and Taxis, with whom she lived very unhappily, many say, because of her vicious disposition. She was accused of having made several attempts upon her husband's life, and was kept in confinement many years previous to the announcement of her

death; and there is much reason to believe that she may have suffered in some such manner.

To return to Wild Darrell; Hall observes that many family histories bear a marked resemblance to that of Darrell, but he probably refers to those events of his career unnoticed in the legends, but set down in history. The feudal records of Dacre and Bracebridge in the North; of the Greshams in the East; of Foljambe and Byron in the Midland; of Corbet and Kynaston in the West; of Bray and Shelley in the South, will be found to contain exactly similar incidents, differing only, and that not always, in degree. It was at Littlecote that William Prince of Orange tarried for a day or two in his advance upon London, November, 1688; and in the old hall of the mansion he entertained King James' commissioners. In relating this fact, Macaulay speaks of the interest attached to the house on account of the horrible and mysterious crime perpetrated there in Elizabeth's time.

Scott has left us a charming description of this typical old English country seat. Surrounded on three sides by a park that spreads over an adjoining hill, and on the fourth side by a meadow which is watered by the River Kennet, the situation is most lonely, and admirably adapted to the legendary atmosphere of the place. The hall is spacious and hung with old military accoutrements, which have long been a prey to rust. Up-stairs in one of the bed-chambers is a bed with blue curtains, in which is shown the place where a bit of the material has been cut out and stitched in again—a relic of poor Wild Darrell.

THE WORD "FIASCO."

Three explanations are given of the word "Fiasco," applied to a musical or dramatic failure. All agree in deriving it from the Italian, though it is used in several languages. (Ger. *Fiasko machen*; Fr. *faire fiasco*; Ital. *far fiasco*.)

1. *Fiasco* in Italian means bottle or flask. Stainer and Barrett's "Dictionary of Musical Terms" has the following:

"The *fistula pastoricia* was blown by the

Romans to signify their dissatisfaction, and it is possible that the present term (*fiasco*) arose from the similarity between the shape of a flageolet (*flaschet*), and a flask. The Italians now blow sometimes into the pipe of a key, whence the expression *colla chiava*."

In like manner the Latin *ampulla*, originally a bottle, came by metonymy to mean bombast, hence the musical terms, *ampoloso*, *ampollosamente*, (Ital.)=in a bombastic, inflated style; and *ampoulé* (Fr.)=bombastic.

2. In making the beautiful Venetian glass, any piece which has the slightest flaw in the delicate work is turned into a common flask or fiasco, an article which the merest bungler can easily produce. Hence a failure is called a fiasco.

This theory seems the more probable, because the word comes from the Venetian dialect. Littré says of it—"Mais l'origine de la locution et le sens primitif ne sont indignés nulle part. L'Italien ne paraît pas avoir *faire fiasco*, du moins on ne trouve dans la Crusca que *applicare il fiasco*, attacher le grelot." But the phrase is found in the "Dizionario della Lingua Italiana" by Tommaseo e Bellini, defined—"Dicesi del non riescire in quello che si proponeva," and the Latin equivalent given, which certainly corresponds with the explanation above suggested: "Amphora corpit—urceus exit." And in Guiseppe Boeris' "Dizionario del Dialecto Veneziano," the phrase *far fiasco* is given as equivalent to the vulgar expressions for unsuccessful undertaking—*abortire*, *far un buco nell' acqua* (of which the latter, to make a hole in the water, is very graphic).

A French paper printed a story of a German who visited one of the Venetian glass establishments and, struck with the seeming ease of the process, asked permission to try his hand at glass-blowing. He found it more difficult work than it looked, and after many attempts, succeeded only in producing pear-shaped balloons or little flasks. The workmen, much amused, stood around him laughing and exclaiming at each successive failure "Altro fiasco! altro fiasco!" Some have thought this to be the origin of the phrase, which is doubtful.

The word is frequently used in Italian theatres to express dissatisfaction with an actor or singer. Even one false note will elicit the shout "Olà, olà, fiasco!"

"Suo progetto fece fiasco," and "riesci ad un fiasco completo" are common Italian phrases.

3. In 1547 Giovanni Luigi Fiesco, Count of Lavagna, entered into a conspiracy, the object of which was the assassination of Andrea Doria and his family, who then held the reins of power in Genoa. Everything was prepared for the attempt, when, before a blow was struck, the Count Fiesco, while crossing a plank to a galley in the harbor, missed his footing, fell into the sea, and was drowned. His confederates failed in their attempt on Doria; his brother was deserted and his whole family were punished for their ambition by ruin and proscription. It seems not improbable that this failure of Fiesco may have caused the word "fiasco" to be coined from his name.

N. B.—I have just come across two other explanations:

4. From the Spanish *chasco*, defined in Neuman and Baret's Dictionary, "foil, frustration, disappointment, an unexpected contrary event."

5. The fiasco or flask of Venetian glass is so slender and fragile as to be easily broken. Hence an easily shattered dramatic or musical reputation. This seems less probable than the second theory.

QUERIES.

Eggs at Easter.—Will you kindly tell me through your paper the origin of eggs being associated with Easter, and when first spoken of or used in that connection.

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The use of Easter eggs is common to all Christendom, and seems to be a symbolic tradition of the primitive Church. It is explained in various ways. Some maintain, on the testimony of Ælius Lampidius, that it is a memorial of a red egg laid by a hen belonging to the parents of the Emperor Alexander Severus on the day of his birth.

Others see in the custom a commemoration of that form of martyrdom known as *ova ignita*.

Among the Pagans the egg had a mystical symbolism relating to the origin of the universe.

The most probable theory, however, is that because of the phenomenon of hatching it was chosen as a symbol of the resurrection. At first the Easter eggs were taken to the temple and blessed by the priest, and then distributed to one's friends and family. But after awhile they came to stand merely for a festival, when they could eat the eggs that had been denied them during Lent.

In the thirteenth century the clerks, the university students, and other young people formed long processions, headed with banners, and marched to the cathedral, where they sang the *Laudes*, after which they asked for Easter eggs, which they sent to their families and friends.

In the course of the next two centuries they carried a basket full of gilded eggs to the king's ante-chamber, where he distributed them.

Both Lancret and Watteau painted Easter eggs, still preserved in the library at Versailles.

It is impossible to say when the first mention is made of them.

The Book of Gold.—What four poems are included in Trowbridge's "Book of Gold?"

RESTLESS.

"The Book of Gold," "The Wreck of the Ferry Boat," "Aunt Hannah," "Tom's Come Home," "The Ballad of Arabella."

"Eheu Fugaces, etc."—Can you inform me where I can obtain a copy of the elegy written on Father Prout by some English author whose name I do not know? The first line of the poem is:

"Eheu fugaces—you are the graces."

If you can obtain this information for me you will confer a great favor on

JOS. I. HEALY.

WEST WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following lines may be found in "Fly Leaves," by C. S. Calverly. The

poem in which they occur is called a "Dirge," but there is no reference to Father Prout:

"Oh! Posthumus 'Fugaces labuntur anni' still,
Time robs us of our graces, evade him as we will."

Suicides and Willows.—There is a popular idea that willow-trees are always planted at the head of suicides' graves. What are the facts? RESTLESS.

The willow-tree has always been associated with the idea of sadness, as you can see by referring to old songs in which the "willow" is the burden.

"She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her; she had a song of—willow."
(Othello, Act iv, Scene 3.)

"I will play the swan,
And die in music—[Singing] Willow, willow."
(Othello, Act v, Scene 2.)

And again:

"In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks,"
(Merchant of Venice, Act v, Scene 1.)

Donce says that this idea may have come from the cxxxvii psalm, verse 2, "We hanged our harp upon the willows," or else from the *weeping* willow and falling tears.

It was formerly the custom to bury suicides at the meeting of roads, with a stake driven through the body. It is possible that the stake was of willow which grows readily and would, therefore, mark the burial spot.

The Arrow and the Song.—Complete Longfellow's couplet beginning,

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where,"

the next two lines run:

"For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight."

REPLIES.

Execution by Electricity (Vol. iii, p. 21).—The following suggestions have been received for the word to express execution by electricity:

Electrophon.

Electrophon would be a good Greek formation (*φόνος* "homicide"), but has the disadvantage that it suggests *phone*, which is something very different.

W. D. WHITNEY,
Yale College.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Electricize.

How would *electricize* fill the bill for the required word? It is from *L. electrum* and *cado, casum*, and seems to me a neater compound than anything from Greek *electrom* and *tuein*.

JAMES HUNTER,
Editor "Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary."
Supplement to "Worcester's Dictionary."
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Electroctony.

Perhaps *electroctony* (as if *ἡλεκτροκτονία*) might answer. *κτείνειν* means to execute judicially, and we have a classical *μητροκτονία*, "the slaying of a mother."

The word will be a hideous one, however compounded. Volapük would give you "lektinafunam."

WM. HAND BROWNE,
Johns Hopkins University.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Electrophony.

I am not sure but that the word has been proposed, though I do not find it in the dictionaries.

I should in any case propose *electrophony*, electro *φόνος*.

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON,
Cornell University.

ITHACA, N. Y.

Thanelectrize or *Thanatelectrize.*

In compliance with your request, the staff of *The Popular Science Monthly* has considered the query for a word to express execution by electricity, and the result of a few minutes cogitation and lexicon work is the word *thanelectrize* or *thanatelectrize*, the Greek verb *θανάτω* meaning to put to death judicially.

EDITOR POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Thanatelectrasis.

In response to your request for suggestions for a word that shall express "execution by electricity," I would suggest "*thanatelectrasis*," from *θανατω*, to condemn to death, and *ηλεκτρον*, the word from which is derived "electricity." If this word be considered unwieldy, we might use the Latin derivative "*electricide*," from *electrum* and *cadere*.

D. W. NEAD,
The Harrisburg Call.

HARRISBURG, PA.

Electromort will, I suppose, occur to any number of your correspondents. But it is ungainly and unsatisfactory. W. J. P.
CAMDEN, N. J.

Electroctony or Electroctasy.

Why would not *Electroctony* (*Elektro-ctonus*—killing by electricity), or *Electroctasy* (*Elektro-ctasia*—drawing out by electricity), express the idea. I suppose an electrocide would be one who killed himself by means of electricity.

W. A. BARDWELL,
Librarian Brooklyn Library.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Fulmen.

Why not use the word *Fulmen*, "a thunderbolt," as a name for the apparatus? To make a jaw-breaking combination of polysyllabic blasphemy, merely to drag in both electricity and death, as *electromort*, *electro-leth*, *dynamopath*, etc., as have been suggested, is not at all necessary. *Fulmen* is short and not unmusical; it means well and will, if properly applied, do well.

"And the sentence of this court is that you be taken to Auburn prison, there to be confined until—, when you will, within the yard of said prison, or the inclosure adjoining thereto, suffer death by the *fulmen*, and may God have mercy on your soul."

HENRY GUY CARLETON,
New York World.

NEW YORK.

Electricide.

M. VOOLE.
CHICAGO, ILL. Newberry Library, Chicago.

Electropanize.

For execution by electricity I would suggest *Electropany* (noun), *Electropanize* (verb).
F. A. FERNALD.

NEW YORK CITY.

Electrothenese.

How would *Electrothenesis* and *Electrothenese* do? Analogous to *athanasia* and *euthanasia*, but with the vowel changed to mark the terms as distinct from words whose significance is pleasant.

W. H. LARRABEE.

NEW YORK CITY.

Electrocution.

How will "*electrocution*" answer?

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Electromor.

"*Electromor*" might answer as one word for "execution by electricity."

ANON.

CAMDEN, N. J.

Electromort.

It is somewhat difficult to suggest a euphonious term for execution by electricity. I think that "*electromort*" might answer the purpose.

T. WHITING BANCROFT,
Brown University.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Electricide.

Your request was received to-day. By every law of analogy and usage *electricide* seems to me to be the word.

Will you please let me know the result of your inquiry?

W. M. BASKEVILL,
Vanderbilt University.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Electroctony.

How would *electroctony* (Greek *electron* and *κτεivo*) do?

JOHN G. R. McELROY,
University of Pennsylvania.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Electroed.

Why not *electroed*? What say you?

"Electrode" is its only competitor, and it is a noun and spelled differently.

J. W. MOUSER,
Librarian Missouri State Library.
COLUMBIA, Mo.

Electrostrike.

Since, practically, the fact that a word is a hybrid does not necessarily prove fatal to it, provided it have by its force or *obviousness* strong claims to popular favor, I would venture to suggest for the idea of "execution by electricity" the word *electrostroke*, with its cognate forms *electrostrike*—*struck*, etc. Such an expression would be more likely to make its way into general use than a more learned derivative.

MELVILLE B. ANDERSON,
IOWA CITY, IA. State University of Iowa.

Joltacuss or Voltacuss.

How would this do? Verb, *Joltacuss*; noun, *Joltacussion*. Jolt is a shock. May be *Voltacussion* would be better, however.
NEW YORK CITY. E. W. (BILL) NYE.

All the World, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 21).—General Taylor was made ridiculous for a time by the sentence which occurred near the beginning of his message to the Thirty-first Congress, December, 1849, as follows: "We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations of amity *with the rest of mankind*." But Mr. Buchanan also matched it in a speech which he made at the South, in which he said, "I do believe, gentlemen, that *mankind* as well as the *people of the United States*, are interested in the preservation of this Union." It is also a matter of record that John C. Calhoun, in commenting upon the clause in the Declaration of Independence to the effect that all men are created equal, remarked that "only two men were created, and *one of these was a woman*." H. W. B.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cocoa for Yams.—What is the origin and original application of the expression—

of West Indian derivation, I suspect—to "give one Cocoa for Yams"?

P. S. H.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"**Cinching Up.**"—The frontispiece of the *May Century* is a picture, entitled "Cinching up," by Mary Halleck Foote. In the descriptive article that follows the readers are told everything about the picture except what it means.

The word *cinch* (Latin *cingo*) is a word like *sombrero* and *chaprero* that has found its way into our language through the Spanish, and refers to the peculiar way in which the saddle is put on a Western horse. There are no buckles on the belly-band, and their place is supplied by two rings through which is passed the *cinch*-strap, which is tied by the *cinch*-knot.

To "*cinch up*," therefore, means as a reference to the picture will show, to tighten the girth. [ED.]

Telling the Bees (Vol. i, p. 312; Vol. ii, pp. 238, 274).—This old superstition seems to have been pretty well spread all over the British Isles, as well as France and other countries.

In Lithuania, when the master or mistress of the house dies, it is considered necessary to give notice of the fact to the bees, horses, and cows, by rattling a bunch of keys; and it is believed that if this were omitted, the bees and cattle would die. See the *Journal of Agriculture, Highland, and Agricultural Society of Scotland*, October, 1848, p. 538.

Oliver, in his account of Cherry Burton ("History of Beverly," p. 499), speaks thus on the superstitious practice of informing bees, and putting them in mourning on the occasion of a death in the family:

"The inhabitants entertain a superstitious belief that when the head of a family dies it is necessary to clothe the bees in mourning on the funeral day to ensure future prosperity of the hive."

In a note, he accounts for the ceremony's origin by a quotation from Porphy ("De Ant. Nymph," p. 261), in which honey is

spoken of as being "anciently a symbol of death."

* * * * *

I find quoted in London *Notes and Queries* from "Der Zauber von Rom," the following: "A strange custom here at home, to cause the death of the master of the house to be announced by the servant man to the bees, going amongst the bee-hives with these words: 'The mistress sends her best compliments and the master has died.'" —Ed. 1863, Leipzig, Brockhaus, Vol. i, pp. 82, 83.

I have found numerous other articles mentioning the custom, but nothing definite as to the origin. Cannot some of the readers of NOTES AND QUERIES tell me?

JOSEPH H. PULLEN.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Original Indian name of Philadelphia (Vol. ii, p. 310).—Samuel Smith speaks of the Indian name of Philadelphia in the "History of New Jersey," 1765. See p. 108, where the author says: "In the 10th month O. S., 1678, arrived the Shield from Hull, Daniel Towes commander, one of the ships mentioned in the above letter, and dropped anchor before Burlington, being the first ship that came so far up the Delaware. Against Coaquanock,* being a bold shore, she went so near in turning that part of the tackling struck the trees; some one on board then remarked it was a fine spot for a town."

* "The Indian name of the place where Philadelphia now stands." Some other authority, I think Westcott, in his "History of Philadelphia," gives the meaning of Coaquanock as something similar to the definition of your correspondent.

W. J. P.

CAMDEN, N. J.

Hawthorne and Bishop Porteus (Vol. ii, p. 263).—Goethe has the very same thought—beautifully expressed in a minor poem, but poetry is the object of the comparison, not Christianity. The poem is translated by Aytoun and Bowring—the copy I give is Bowring's version:

"Songs are like painted window panes.
In darkness wrapped the church remains,
If from the market-place we view it;
Thus sees the ignoramus thro' it.

No wonder that he deems it tame,
And all his life 'twill be the same.
But let us now inside repair,
And greet the holy chapel there!
At once the whole seems clear and bright,
Each ornament is bathed in light,
And fraught with meaning to the sight.
God's children! thus your fortune prize,
Be edified, and feast your eyes."

Aytoun's version is longer and even more decided and clear. The idea is precisely the same, and a very beautiful one.

E. PRIOLEAU.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

America is a journal for Americans. It is devoted to Honest Politics and Good Literature. Its weekly digest is always readable, and the cartoons of Thomas Nast are more than welcome. (*America*, weekly, \$3.00 per annum, Slason, Thompson & Co., publishers, 180, 182 Monroe St., Chicago.)

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American Notes & Queries:

A MEDIUM OF INTERCOMMUNICATION

FOR

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NOTES.

WHENCE THE NAME "WELSH RABBIT"?

It used to be a common habit with etymologists when the meaning of a word was not obvious, to remedy the difficulty by altering it a little, so as to make it reasonable; to do, in fact, with scientific pretension just what costermongers and street Arabs do for colloquial purposes. One of these clever scholars (philologists are sometimes run away with by their inventive genius), puzzled that a "Welsh rabbit" should be invariably represented by a piece of toasted cheese, decided that time and the corruptions which time affects, must have been at work at the name of this edible, and that it was probably originally a Welsh *rare-bit*.

The public was only too glad to have the matter settled so satisfactorily, and took to

spelling it accordingly, so that even now, the best edition of Webster (Bell and Daldy's) gives it as, "properly *Welsh rare-bit*." Now Mr. Taylor, who is learned in the philology of slang, declares this is "all stuff and nonsense;" the very name rare-bit, is, he says, a fiction; for "Welsh rabbit" is a genuine slang term, belonging to a large and numerous class which describe in a humorous manner the special dish, product, or peculiarity of a particular district. Hawthorne once declared that during a certain sea voyage he had consumed a "whole warrenful of Welsh rabbits."

This mode of expression is the mock heroic of the ordinary eating-house, whereby some homely viand is served up under the name of some dainty article of food which it is facetiously supposed to supersede or equal. Thus, a sheep's head stewed with onions—a dish much affected by the German sugar-bakers in the East End of London—is called a "German duck," or a "Field-lane duck;" a "Leicestershire plover" is a bag-pudding (rag); in West India, a favorite dish is a certain species of dried fish popularly known as a "Bombay duck;" "Glasgow magistrates," "Gourock hams," "Dunbar wethers," and "Norfolk capons" are but red herrings in disguise.

"Mummer's feed" is a herring, which we call a "pheasant," says a strolling actor in Mayhew's "London Labor and London Poverty" (III, 151), and in French, it again appears as "poulet de carême." In French slang, a crust of bread rubbed with garlic is a "capon," and Fuller says, in the "Worthies of England," "I understand that the Italian Friars (when disposed to eat fish on Fridays) call a capon a 'pisca è corte'—a 'fish out of the coop.'"

"Bristol milk"—by which is meant sherry-sack—is the usual refreshment which the courteous Bristolians present to strangers when first visiting their city. The Cambridgeshire laborer feasts on a "cobbler's lobster," and cares not that it is in reality but a bit of cow's-heel. Potatoes are euphemistically called "Irish apricots" and "Munster plums;" "Gravesend sweet-meats" are shrimps; "Cape Cod turkeys" are codfish; and "Albany beef" is sturgeon; or, an "Essex stile" is a ditch; an "Essex

lion," a calf; while a "Jerusalem pony" is a donkey.

The name Welsh rabbit recalls many festive scenes in "The Newcomes," when the Colonel and his boy sat around a cozy little table at the club, with a Welsh rabbit, a pipe each, jolly companionship, and a good song all round. The primitive chop-house which they frequented made no effort to pass off the bit of toasted cheese as a "delicious morsel," a "rare-bit;" but some of the superfine restaurants display their learning in the menus which announce "Wouelche Rabette," or "Scapin Gallin." The Welsh love for "cawse boby" (toasted cheese) is well known; but we are, nevertheless, to smile at this simplicity, and remember that "one of the besetting sins of philologists is the determination to find an etymology in everything whether it has any or not."

WHAT WELL-KNOWN POET WAS CALLED "THE COOL OF THE EVENING," AND BY WHAT FAMOUS HUMORIST?

It was Charles Lamb who first called Wordsworth the "Cool of the Evening," but the nickname is now somewhat more famous as one of Sydney Smith's *bon mots*. The anecdote which relates the circumstances under which he used it is entitled "Youth and Familiarity."

One evening, while dining with Theodore Hook and others, at the house of Mr. H., Smith was excessively annoyed by a young fop who insisted upon calling him *Smith*; as, "Smith pass the wine," etc. Presently the young man announced that he had received an invitation to dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and asked the reverend canon "what sort of a fellow is he?" "Oh! very good sort of fellow, indeed," replied the satirist; "only let me give you a piece of advice! don't call him Howley!" This rebuff amused the company vastly, but the object of it, being a "fool at all points," did not see this point, and rattled on in happy unconsciousness.

Soon afterward one of the party rose to depart, pleading an engagement at a soirée at Gore House. "Take me with you," roars out young Hopeful. "I've the great-

est possible desire to know Lady Blessington." This request was very naturally demurred to, on the ground that a visitor was not authorized to introduce uninvited guests. "Oh!" said Sydney Smith, "never mind, I am sure her Ladyship will be delighted to see our young friend; the weather's uncommonly hot, and you can say that you have brought with you the '*Cool of the Evening*.'" The same story is repeated by Barham, in a slightly different manner.

It seems strange that so witty a nickname should appear to be such common property. In enumerating the political sobriquets applied to people of eminence, by the English press, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is quoted as furnishing the following specimens: "The late Lord George Bentinck was always spoken of as 'The Bo'sun,' from his affection for the sea and all that floats thereon; Lord Henry Lennox's posturings made 'Miss Lennox' particularly appropriate; Lord Beauchamp, when he sat in the lower House, was 'Miss Fanny;' and Lord Elcho, now Earl of Wemyss was invested with the title of '*The Cool of the Evening*,' so smilingly complacent was he in his corner below the gangway."

WHENCE THE NAME "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS"?

The name "Mother Carey's Chickens" and "Stormy Petrel" are applied by sailors to the bird known to ornithologists as the *Thalasidroma pelagica*. Despite its name, it is a tiny creature, scarcely larger than a lark, the very smallest web-footed bird known; of a sooty-black color, with a little white on its wings and tail, and so thoroughly given up to an Esquimau diet of fish and whale blubber as to be extremely unpleasant to approach.

According to Yarrell (a close student of bird life, and an enthusiastic inquirer into the myths and legends connected with different species), the name "Mother Carey's Chickens" was first bestowed upon the stormy petrel by Captain Carteret's sailors, and he suggests that it may have been the name of some celebrated old hag whose memory they thus jocosely perpetuated. It seems much more probable, however, that

the name may be regarded as an English corruption of "Mater Cara" (Dear Mother), the appellation bestowed by Italians upon the Virgin, who from time immemorial has been regarded as the special patroness of mariners.

The halcyon, which has been in a measure identified with the petrel, is familiarly known on the Mediterranean coast by the French as "l'oiseau de Notre Dame," "avis Sanctae Maria," and by the Sardinians as "ucello pescatora Santa Maria." Birds of this class, which are thought to give friendly warning at sea of approaching storms, are naturally regarded as birds or messengers of the Virgin, who, in the character of their patroness, has the safety of the mariner in her special keeping.

This is the more probable, when we bear in mind the great power over the sea attributed by the Romish Church to the Holy Mother, who is the sailor's "Stella Maris," whose protection he invokes in song when danger threatens on the deep:

"Salve splendor firmamenti!
Tu caliginosae menti
Placa mare, maris stella,
* * * * *
Ne involvat nos procella
Et tempestas obvia."

The modern sailor is, as every one knows, full of the oddest superstitions, which have survived among seafaring men from the earliest ages of navigation. And Jack Tar of to-day pays his respects to auguries in the same manner as did the Greek sailor of Aristophanes' time, more than two thousand years ago. Peisthetairus, in "The Birds," says: "Some one of the birds shall always foretell to him that consults them about the voyage; 'now sail not, there will be a tempest; now sail, gain will ensue.'" We have read that Alexander was led on to a victory over his great adversary, Darius, by the encouraging flight of an eagle, and that Romulus "builded his kingdom by flying of fowls and soothsaying."

Pennant, in his "Zoology," says that the great auk having been observed by seamen never to wander beyond soundings, they are accustomed to direct their vessels by its appearance, being assured they are not very remote from land. Thus it is that the sud-

den sight of a flock of stormy petrels fills the sailor with forebodings. Observation has taught him that when this bird (which receives this one of its many names in allusion to its apparent walking along the surface of the water as *Saint Peter* essayed to do) becomes unusually rapid in its movements it is providently bestirring itself to gather food, that it may return to its home on the shore before the storm breaks.

Quantities of these birds, therefore, although invisible at other times, during or just before a storm, surround the vessel in lengthened trains to catch any particles of food which may be thrown overboard, or to pick up the small fish, molluscs, and other animals which the agitated ocean brings in abundance to the surface of the water. Sweeping about like a flight of arrows, now descending into the deep valleys of the abyss, and now scarcely touching the foamy crest of the highest wave, they dart hither and thither, in apparent delight, unmindful of the misgivings with which the poor sailor is watching their performances.

Although universally regarded as ominous of evil, all have a superstitious dread of injuring them, many believing that they are witches, or that each one contains the soul of some shipwrecked mariner. And as they are always in motion, never resting, they are sometimes called by the French "*Ames damnées*."

As these small birds are known as "Mother Carey's Chickens," it is but a natural consequence that the great black petrel, belonging to the same family, frequent in the Pacific Ocean, and a ravenous feeder upon dead whales, should be called "Mother Carey's Goose;" and when it snows the sailors say "Mother Carey is plucking her goose," supposed to be a facetious interpretation of the old German legend that described the snow as the feathers falling from the bed of the benignant goddess Hulda, when she shook it up in making it.

The name "Mother Carey's Chickens" came to be also applied to the mobs which thronged the streets of Paris during the first great French Revolution; they were so called because their appearance, like that of the "stormy petrel," was the foreboding of woe, the heralding of a tumult and polit-

ical stormy weather. Carlyle, in his chapter on the "Insurrection of Women," pictures one of these crowds which issued from the guard-house "Like snow-break from the mountains, every staircase a melted brook; it storms tumultuous and wild-shrilling; in the rear stones already fly; women, copiously escorted by hunger and rascality, press on, while guidance there is none but two drumsticks—a slow-moving chaos, the modern saturnalia of the ancients."

A GALIC VIEW OF BROWNING.

"Even Homer sometimes nods." Witness the following from that most admirable book of reference, Larousse's Dictionary. At the end of the article on Robert Browning, it says: "*Selon les meilleurs critiques, il y a plus de similitude entre la nature du talent de M. Browning et celle des Américains contemporains Emerton (sic: presumably Emerson), Wendell Holmes et Bigelow (this must be James Russell Lowell) qu'avec celle de n'importe quel poète anglais.*"

MSS. OF ANSWERS TO PRIZE QUESTIONS.

There are still a number of answers to Prize Questions remaining unclaimed in this office.

If not sent for by July 1st, they will be destroyed.

"THE SPECTRAL HOUND."

The phrase is found in Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spoke the Spectre-Hound of Man."

For the superstition which it represents we must go far back into early mythologies, both Roman and Aryan, and notice the place held there by the dog.

In Fiske's "Myths and Mythmakers," Odin is classed among Psychopomps, or leaders of souls, and we are told that often he figured as a dog. "By the Aryans the howling wind was conceived of as a great dog or wolf. As he was heard speeding by

the windows or over the house-top, each trembled lest his own soul might be required of him. Hence the portent of a dog howling under the window. It is the fleet greyhound of Hermes come to escort the soul to the river Styx." When death occurs among the Parsees, a dog is brought in to look upon the body, as in India he is brought to the bedside of those dying, apparently to ensure an escort for the departing soul.

This custom is probably connected with the Parsi tradition, and the similar Indian myth, that the two dogs of Yama or Yima, the Lord of Death, "the first lightning-born mortal who discovered the way to the other world," go through the earth seeking those who are marked for death, in order to accompany their souls to the eternal realms.

In these dogs—*Cerbura*, the spotted, and *Syama*, the black—we see a connection in name as well as in nature with Cerberus, the watchful guard of the infernal regions. In Middle-age legends these dogs become the coursers of the Wild Huntsman, Hackleburg, or Hacklebarend, and with fearful yelpings accompany their lord in his spectral chase through the air, during all the year, except the twelve nights between Christmas and Twelfth Night, when their hunt is on the earth. If any door is left open on the night when Hackleburg goes by, one of the dogs will run in, and taking his place on the hearth refuse to be dislodged until the night when the hunt comes round again and he joins it, and during the whole year misfortune follows that household. This Wild Huntsman, we may pause to say, was, according to one version of the legend, the chief huntsman of the Duke of Brunswick, who preferred, even on his death-bed, the noise of his hounds to the consolations of Holy Writ, and was doomed by the attendant priest to hunt on until the Judgment. Another story makes him a wicked lord who would willingly have forced his peasants to assist in his hunts, even on the Sabbath, and who, being joined one day by two horsemen, one mild, the other fierce and unholy, turned deliberately to the Evil One; and now, driven by the fiend, is doomed

"To chase forever on aerial ground."

Among the Egyptians, the dog-headed Anubis accompanied Isis in her search for the grave of Osiris.

At first the mission of these dogs to mortals called from earth was beneficent and protective. The dogs of Odin the All-wise—Geri and Freki—stood beside his throne in Asgard, but, as always, when the old heathen religion was displaced by Christianity, the degradation of the olden divinities followed; Odin became a malevolent fiend, and his dogs the leaders of a pack of hell-hounds. The Scandinavian superstition has mingled with the Saxon, and left its traces in England.

In Devonshire we find the spectral hounds called "Yeth-hounds," in Lancashire, "Gabriel hounds," or "ratchets;" in Cornwall, "the devil and his dandy-dogs;" in Wales, "Cwn Aunwn" or "hell-hounds," "Cwn bendith en Mamau," "Dogs of the Fairies," and "Sky-hounds." But wherever heard—over the wastes of Dartmoor, the meadows of Devonshire, or the hills of Wales; in England or in Germany, they are ever evil spirits hunting for the souls of the dead, or the omen of disaster in some way. No explanation that the supposed yelping of the Gabriel hounds is really the *honk* of wild geese—the "bean goose," *Anser Segetum*—flying at night will drive the superstitious dread from the peasantry. *En passant*, Charles Reade introduced the Gabriel hounds into "Put Yourself in his Place" with good effect.

These ominous hounds are oftener heard than seen, and when visible, usually but a single dog presents itself as a veritable demon. That Satan and evil spirits generally assumed the form of a black dog is a fact made familiar in many an old story and monastic legend. A well-known example is in "Faust," where Mephistopheles assumes the form of a spectral dog with such wonderful effect. On his first appearance, when Wagner perceives "nothing but a poor fool of a poodle," Faust, sadly wiser, says:

"Do you see that black dog?"

* * * * *

Do you observe how in wide serpent circles
He courses round us? Nearer and yet nearer,

Each turn—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched.”
(Austin's Translation.)

The superstition is current in many places that before death or calamity of some kind, a spectral dog is seen, not haunting one locality, but showing himself from time to time at different points. It is described in Wales as “a shaggy dog of wondrous size.” In an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, afterward republished in the *Living Age* in May, 1880, entitled, “The Dog and its Folk-lore,” Mr. Thistleton Dyer says this spectral dog “is described as often larger than a Newfoundland, shaggy and black, with large ears and tail. Its form, however, is so decided, and its look and movements are so thoroughly natural, that many, we are informed, have often mistaken it for a natural dog.”

In Lancashire, this dog is called “Trash” or “Striker,” the first name in allusion to the *plashing* sound of its feet in walking; the last to the sound of its voice to those unable to perceive its form. It is always the forerunner of disaster. If any follow it, it retreats, facing the pursuer, and vanishes when his attention is momentarily diverted.

In Yorkshire and in Cambridgeshire the apparition is called “Shack” or “Shock;” in Wales, the “Manthe” or “Manthe Doog.” Timbs's “Abbeys and Castles of England and Wales” gives an account of a “Manthe Doog” in the shape of a shaggy spaniel that haunted Peele Castle, on the Isle of Man, and particularly favored the guard-chamber, where it often came to lie by the fire in the evening. The soldiers refused to be left alone with their spectral visitant, but one man, made courageous by liquor, followed the apparition into the passage whence it came. His comrades heard a great noise, but dared not go to his rescue, and when the man returned he was unable to speak, and soon died in great agony. It is probably to this or a similar legend that Scott's lines refer.

These canine apparitions are sometimes thought to be perceptible to their own species when invisible to men, but dogs, as well as other animals, are credited with the power of seeing spectral or spiritual visitants when human beings cannot discern them.

It is by this faculty that many who accept the omen of a dog howling beneath the windows of a dying person, would account for it—that the dog sees the spirits waiting to convoy the departing soul.

WHAT IS THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD “SPINSTER”?

Blount in his “Law Dictionary” says, “It is a term or addition in our law-dialect given in evidence and writings to a *femme sole*, as it were calling her a spinner, and this is the only addition for all unmarried women from the Viscount's daughter downward;” and Lord Coke writes, “If a gentlewoman be named spinster in any original writ, etc., she may abate the same, for she hath as good right to that addition as Viscountesse, Dutchess, etc., have to theirs.” Ladies entitled to armorial bearings carry them on a lozenge or spindle-shaped shield. But time rules all things, and the term is now only applied to females not of gentle birth. These distinctions cannot be traced to their source, but they indicate a great change of feeling among the upper classes in the sixteenth century. One reason, doubtless, was that the name was applied to women of evil life, who were set to enforced labor of spinning in the Spittal or House of Correction, and thus were spinsters. (See note at end.) Perhaps, among other causes, the art of printing helped to bring it about. Women of condition now devoted themselves to reading, and the wheel and distaff being left to humbler hands, the time-honored name of spinster was considered too homely for a maiden above the common rank.

Originally, words ending in *ster* were limited to females, as opposed to words in *er*; the single word spinster still retains its feminine force. The *spear* side and the *distaff* side were legal terms to distinguish the inheritance of male from that of female children. Alfred the Great uses the distinction in his will; and the distaff became a synonym for woman herself, the Salic law giving rise to the French proverb, “The crown of France never falls to the distaff.” The spindle and distaff are necessarily co-

eval with the first efforts of the human race to clothe themselves, and are found on the monuments of Egypt, in ancient mythology and literature, and always considered as the insignia of womanhood. They were at first very simple arrangements to form the thread, the distaff upon which to hang the flax or tow held under the arm, and the spindle, a loaded pin or stick, dangling or turning in the fingers, and forming an axis around which to wind the thread as soon as made. They are still used in Hindostan. Small perforated stones, called *whorls*, are to be seen in museums, the earliest form, in use among the Laps and other barbarous tribes. Solomon, Prov. xxxi, 19, speaks of woman as laying her hands on the distaff. Homer and Herodotus allude to the implements. Homer's princesses had theirs gilt. Hector set Andromache to spinning. The Three Fates, spinning the thread of destiny, is one of the oldest mythological ideas. Hercules merited the title of spinster when he plied Omphale's spindle. King Edward, *the Elder*, commanded his daughter to be instructed in the use of the distaff, and Chaucer, ungallantly says:

"Deceit, weeping, spinning, God hath given
To women kindly, while they may live."

The lady carried her distaff in her jeweled girdle and her spindle in her hand when she visited a neighbor, and Burn's "bonny Jean" used them too.

Among our frugal forefathers, Pulleyn says, it was a maxim that a young woman should not be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed-linen. In contradistinction to spinster, a married woman was termed a wife, or "one who has been a spinner." Saxon *wif*, from *wyfan* or *wefan*, to weave, that process being in general attended to by the mistress of the family, the pattern or *weave* often being an heirloom from mother to daughter.

"The princess in the fairy-tale, destined to die by a spindle piercing her hand, might now wander from Land's End to John o' Groat's House and never encounter one, save in an archæological museum."

R. CHAMBERS.

A young woman was presented to King James I as an English prodigy of learning, speaking several languages and with considerable knowledge of other branches. The King expressed himself as favorably impressed with the damsel's accomplishments, "but," he said, "can she spin?"

St. Distaff's Day (January 7th) was at one time kept with considerable rough play between the maids and working men, but has long since fallen into innocuous desuetude.

Note to page 54. Many would never be indited spinsters were they spinners indeed, nor come to so public and shameful punishments if painfully employed in that vocation.

Fuller: "The worthies of England."

Geta: "These women are still troublesome. There be houses provided for such wretched women, to set ye a spinning."

Drusilla: "Sir, we are no *spinsters*, nor, if ye look upon us, so wretched as ye take us."

BEAUMONT FLETCHER.

The Prophetess (Act 3, scene 1).

John Northbrooke, 1579, says: "It was the custom in olde times there was carried before a mayde when she should be married and come to dwell in her Husbande's house, a Distaffe charged with Flaxe, and a Spyndle hanging at it, that she might be myndfull to lyve by her labour."

In our day the word spinster has become almost a term of reproach, being applied chiefly to old maids.

QUERIES.

American Dialect Society.—Is there a society of this name?

M. N. HARWOOD.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The *American Dialect Society* was organized on the 13th of March last, in Sever Hall (Harvard College), Cambridge, Mass., with these officers: Professor F. J. Child (Harvard University), President; Professor J. M. Hart (University of Cincinnati), Vice-President; Professor Edward S. Shel-

don (Harvard University), Secretary; Professor C. H. Grandgent (Harvard University), Treasurer; Professors G. L. Kittredge (Cambridge), and Sylvester Primer (College of Charleston), as colleagues of the Secretary on the Editing Committee; and as further members of the Executive Committee, Professors F. D. Allen (Cambridge), B. I. Wheeler (Cornell University), and C. F. Smith (Vanderbilt University).

Any person may become a member of the society by sending one dollar, with his name and address, to the Treasurer, and may continue his membership by payment of the same amount annually thereafter, this payment being due on the first of January.

Its object is "to collect and publish, from time to time, material relating to dialects" limiting these dialects to the "spoken English of the United States and Canada, and incidentally of other non-aboriginal dialects spoken in the same countries."

Medici Family.—For what eminent good and what great evil is the world indebted to the Medici family? C. W. A.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Medici family are celebrated as patrons of arts and letters, and it is also stated that under their *régime* pawnbroking was first tolerated.

Two-foot or Two-feet.—Is it correct to say a two-feet or a two-foot measure?

QUERIST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Two-foot, by all means. The tendency in all of such compound adjective phrases is to retain the singular number—*e. g.*, "A ten-thousand-dollar house," "a three-quarter photograph," etc.

Foot-passengers.—Will you tell me why the portion of a bridge devoted to pedestrians and the pedestrians themselves are frequently spoken of as "foot-passengers?" Here is an example: "The bridge will provide for railroad tracks and below will be accommodations for foot-passengers." QUERIST.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The word *passenger* has properly a passive sense, meaning one is carried or passed

along, but, inasmuch as the bridge acts so as to pass the pedestrian over, the word has lost its original meaning in this phrase.

Destruction of Polish Nationality.—The passing of what law insured the destruction of Polish nationality? C. W. A.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The ukase of 1867 declared Poland to be an integral part of the Russian Empire, and its inhabitants one and the same as the people of Russia.

King saved by a cobweb.—What monarch's life was saved by a cobweb, and what were the circumstances connected with it? C. W. A.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Talmud says that when David was fleeing from Saul he took refuge in the cave of Adullam, and while he was there a spider spun its web over the mouth of the cave. When Saul in pursuit came to the cave he passed by without looking in, because the spider-web seemed to show that no one had recently entered the cave.

The same story is told of Mahomet and also of St. Felix, who is sometimes represented in art with a spider spinning its web.

Fan-Tan.—How is the Chinese game of fan-tan played? X. X. X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fan-tan is a game of odd and even. The method of playing is as follows: The banker sits at the head of a table and in front of him are placed a panful of "cash" (small brass coins with a hole in the centre). Before any bets are made he takes from the pan a quantity of these coins and covers them with a brazen cover. The players then place their bets on a small sheet of tin that is divided into different sections. When all bets are made the cover is raised, and the banker with a long stick begins to count the "cash" under the brazen cover, counting four at a time, and touching them only with the stick, which he puts in the hole in the centre of the coin. The final count will show whether the whole number was odd or even, and the banker then pays even money. Betting is also allowed as to

the exact number left in the last group, one, two, and three, with proper odds.

Highbinder.—What is the origin and meaning of the word? X. X. X.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Highbinders are the authorized secret police of the Six-Companies. They are to the Six-Companies what the Danites were to the early Mormon Church. It is said that they got their name from their peculiar method of assassination, namely, by strangling the victim.

Spellbinder.—What is the origin and exact meaning of this word? X. X. X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The name of "Spellbinder" was first given to the enthusiastic speakers of the Republican party, each one of whom came to headquarters full of enthusiasm because he had held his audiences "spellbound." The Spellbinders' association was subsequently formed, and a periodical—"The Spellbinder"—was inaugurated.

REPLIES.

Execution by Electricity (Vol. iii, p. 45).—As to execution by electricity, why should not we submit to the circumlocution? It is better, at least, than submitting to the thing itself. If this method of execution becomes general, it will be enough to say "execute," if not, "electrified" would do; or, if you please, get the name of the chief inventor of the device, or of the first executioner, or executionee, and concoct a word on the "guillotine" principle. Very likely some chance inspiration of slang may settle the matter.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.

Electronecate or Electronate.

Since the force of the general terms "to execute" and "execution," applied to capital punishment, is not altered by the exchange of the hangman's noose for the electric battery, and the phrase "execution by electricity" is not a grievous circumlocution, any demand for a new word to express the new mode of inflicting the death

penalty would seem to come rather from the liking of the age both for specification and for brevity than from our present paucity of language. If such a word is to be coined it should not be an awkward one, it should be reasonably short, and should be more or less expressive of its meaning, not only to a learned few but to the people in general, with whom its final acceptance rests. Needless to say, also, its initial component must represent electricity. I do not flatter myself that I can offer the right word, but as a contribution toward its selection I suggest a compound of Greek *ἤλεκτρον*, or Latin *electrum*, with the Greek verb *νεκροῦν*, or the Latin *necare*, to put to death.

Such a compound, meaning "to put to death by electricity," might be *electronecate* or *electronate*, but as these words seem too long I propose to abbreviate them and to form *electronate*.

The noun expressing the mode of execution, using Greek *νεκρὸς*, or Latin *nex*, might be *electronexis* or *electronesis*, with the vowel of the penult long.

Such a word would show its derivation, but probably popular usage would prefer *electronecation*, and would shorten it to *electronation*.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

NOUN.

Superelectrification,
Galvanification,
Electrostroke,
Electronization,
Electronation,
Galvanation,
Elecroktone,

VERB.

superelectrify.
galvanify.
electrostrike.
electronize.
electronate.
galvanate.
electroktine,
(κτείνω).

Electrification, (un)to
death,

electrify (un)to
death.

I send the above for what they may be worth. I like the last the best.

H. C. G. BRANDT,
Hamilton College.

CLINTON, N. Y.

Voltaicize.

I would suggest *voltaicize*, *dynamoad*, or *ohmed*.

J. E. WINNER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Projudice (Vol. ii, p. 214).—When Will Burlace said that the external work is but a *prejudice* of the mind, he probably refers to the philosophical theory that the realm of physics is an illusion of sense; in other words, that our so-called physical existence is a preparatory state of the mind in which it is subject to certain illusions (or *prejudices*) designed to educate or prepare it for that future spiritual environment when it shall have to deal with the permanent realities, whereof material phenomena are the adumbration. *Prejudice* is therefore used here in a broad sense, to sharpen a conversational epigram. Such is the conversational habit of budding metaphysicians. Burlace had his faults, but I must still decline to believe that the coining of such a word as *projudice* was among them. I ascribe it rather to my own abominable chirography, and to the consequent despairing struggles of the printer.

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

SCOTCH PLAINS, N. J.

"When we've been there" (Vol. iii, p. 21).—I have heard this stanza sung many times in Methodist meetings as an addition to Watts's familiar hymn of four stanzas, beginning, "When I can read my title clear," but never saw it in print before.

FORDHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

Four persons, etc. (Vol. ii, p. 204).—The answer is, I think, that the players were musicians, and the guinea was the sum that they were paid for playing.

ED.

"Sold up" (Vol. ii, pp. 262, 311).—Similar phrases are common in some parts of New England. In one community I heard constantly "sold up," "failed up," and "married up."

FORDHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

If my bark sinks, etc. (Vol. ii, p. 225).—The verse, "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea," closes the poem "The Poet's Hope," by Wm. Ellery Channing, of Concord, Mass. It may be found in "Parnassus."

FORDHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

Solid South (Vol. iii, p. 34).—Colonel John S. Mosby first used this expression in his letter to the *New York Herald*, advocating the election of R. B. Hayes, in 1876. It was taken up immediately by *The Sun* and other papers.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

There's a Spirit above, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 33).—I think the original verse runs:

"There's a spirit above and a spirit below,
There's a spirit of love and a spirit of woe,
And the spirit above is the spirit divine,
And the spirit below is the spirit of wine."

S. L. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Sun Set on United States (Vol. i, p. 59).—Does the sun ever set on the United States?

L. O.

Yes, on the United States proper; but it never sets on the United States and its possessions.

Rhyming History (Vol. ii, pp. 18, 179).—The *Boston Globe* prints the following:

THE PRESIDENTS IN "RHYME."

"George Washington first to the White House came,
And next on the list is John Adams' name;
Tom Jefferson then filled the honored place;
The name of James Madison next we trace.
The fifth in succession was James Monroe,
And John Quincy Adams the next below;
And then Andrew Jackson was placed in the chair;
Then next we find Martin Van Buren there;
Now William H. Harrison's name we meet,
Whose death gave John Tyler the coveted seat.
Then James K. Polk was the nation's choice;
Next for Zachary Taylor she gave her voice,
Whose premature death brought in Millard Fillmore,
And next Franklin Pierce the distinction wore.
The fifteenth was James Buchanan, they say,
Who for Abraham Lincoln prepared the way,
Whose martyrdom gave Andrew Johnson a chance;
The eighteenth name was Ulysses S. Grant's.
By means of various and sundry ways,
The nineteenth then was R. B. Hayes.
James A. Garfield next took his seat,
And very soon after his death did meet,
Chester A. Arthur filled out the term,
Then made way for Grover Cleveland, we learn;
And Benjamin Harrison now we greet,
Who so ably fills his grandsire's seat."

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sub Rosa (Vol. ii, p. 282).—I have seen the following lines, etched with a border of *roses*, used as a motto in a dining-room:

"Let no one bear beyond this threshold hence
Words uttered here in friendly confidence."

Can any one tell me who wrote them?

BACHELOR.

NEW YORK CITY.

The same lines are also to be found in the State-in-Schuykill Club-house, at Wissahickon.—[Ed.]

Spirit of Love, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 33).—In reference to my remarks in "Spirit of Love," etc., I recall very faintly a somewhat analogous *jeu d'esprit* anent the "Spirit of Wine," and "Spirit Divine." It, too, may have been of Edinburgh origin.

I further remember that there were two famous hostelries at the "foot" of Flesh-market Close, one kept by Paterson, and the other by a Frenchman, both famous for "litory orgies."

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Beautiful Home, etc.—Authorship of the following wanted:

"Beautiful home where my childhood was spent,
Beautiful skies where the rainbow was bent;
Beautiful hills echoing whip-poor-will's song;
Beautiful streams running zig-zag along."

RESTLESS.

A Figurative God, etc.—Who is the author of a sentence beginning "A figurative God made by a figurative man," etc.?

RESTLESS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"A Baker's Dozen" (Vol. ii, p. 222).

Mr. Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"), in his mosaic-like work, *Life on the Mississippi*, relates how in New Orleans the word *lagniappe* is used, and states the singular fact that its use is restricted to that one city, and is not heard or understood elsewhere. This reminded me that in Savannah, Georgia, where my boyhood was passed, there is a word whose *habi-*

tat is limited to that one town, and, perhaps, its immediate vicinity. I never heard it anywhere else, though I lived for several years in the interior of that State. The word is *brottus*. I spell it as it is pronounced, for I never heard it spelled, or saw it in print or writing. Its use is confined almost exclusively to children and negroes. In this respect, as well as its meaning, it resembles *lagniappe*. It means a little something over or in excess of a given quantity, and partakes of the nature of a gratuity. I can best illustrate its exact definition by explaining in what circumstances it is used. If a child or a negro, either upon their own account or in the performance of an errand for parents or employers, makes a purchase at a grocery or other store, the child or negro will usually ask, "What are you going to give me for *brottus*?" or "Aren't you going to give me something for *brottus*?" This is a request for a small present or good-will offering, in return for the purchaser's patronage. The shop-keeper seldom refuses to honor this draft upon his generosity, but adds to the commodity purchased a little more of the same, or perhaps some other small article of trifling value. In the case of children, this little gift usually takes the form of a bit of candy, or a "specked" apple or orange. Of course, a request for *brottus* is beneath the dignity of the adult white person; hence its use only by children and negroes.

The origin of this word is entirely unknown to me. I suppose that, like *buccra* (white person), or *goober* (peanut, or "ground-nut," as it is commonly called at the South), it belongs to some African dialect, imported with slaves from the Dark Continent.

E. M. DAY, in *North American Review*.

Trial of Rats (Vol. ii, p. 272).—See also Lea's "Studies in Church History," p. 430. [Ed.]

A Pretty Kettle of Fish (Vol. ii, p. 265).—Kington Oliphant thinks that the expression, a "kettle of fish," is to be first found in the translation of "Gil Blas," made in 1749, and attributed to Smollett.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, p. 34).—The *Independent* says, "Apropos of Charles II's love of dogs, the following advertisement from the *Mercurius Publicus* of June 28–July 5, 1660, may be of interest to your readers. It is supposed to have been written by the Merry Monarch himself, and to refer to 'a dog that the King loved,' which landed with Pepys at Dover (*vide* 'Diary,' May 25, 1660):

"We must call upon you again [a previous advertisement had appeared] for a black Dog, between a

Grayhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his Brest, and his Tayl a little bobbed. It is his Majesties own Dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master, Whosoever findes him may acquaint any at Whitehal, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. *Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a Dog?* This Dog's place (though better than some imagine) is the only place which nobody offers to beg.

Whether the dog was found history, unfortunately, does not tell." M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Famous Definition (Vol. ii, p. 5).

—There is a certain pleasure to some persons—myself among them—in discovering that editors do sometimes make mistakes. When the French Academy, the "Forty Immortals," were engaged upon the great dictionary of the French language, it was not the word "crab," but "lobster," which received as definition, "A little red fish that walks backward." Fusetière, one of the number, objected. He said: "Gentlemen, the definition is, no doubt, a very clever one, but it is open to three objections. In the first place, the little animal in question is not a fish; in the second place, it is only red when boiled; in the third place, it walks straight forward, though it may not do so very rapidly." Another definition was substituted—the "famous" one not being introduced into the dictionary.

M. N. ROBINSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

"She" Anticipated (Vol. iii, p. 20).

—When I was a little boy I lived in the South, and all the books to read I got I took off the shelves, for the blockade did not favor additions to the supply. Therefore I retain a vivid recollection of the delightful magazines and papers that poured in after the surrender. Fancy a new *Harpers'* when your newest was four years old! In one of these welcome papers, I think *Frank Leslie's*, appeared a story far more like Mr. Haggard's "She" than is "The Epicurean." The scene was realistically laid in New York, and I resolved to find the house described at the first opportunity. There was a handsome young hero, and his old

friend, who tells the tale. The hero is engaged to a blonde and lovely maiden, nevertheless, he becomes wretched, and at last confides to Mentor his overwhelming passion for a rare and radiant creature; dilates on her charms, powers, and promises, and persuades his friend to see her. He finds a magnificent brunette, glowing with beauty and intellect, who performs marvels compared to which those of the magicians of Egypt were nothing. Unhurt amidst the war of elements, she for centuries has "flourished in immortal youth." Through several chapters the perplexities increase, but finally Mentor bethinks himself of a particularly holy priest, and the three men seek the incomparable witch. The priest employs some exorcism—or holy water—and over the dazzling face of the wondrous woman, instinct with life, falls suddenly a shadow of stupendous, unimaginable age. Before their eyes she withers and sinks into a heap of ashes at their feet! The unhallowed magic that enabled her to defy time and change being overcome by a superior force, the outraged laws of nature take instant effect. Does not this sound very familiar to us since the reign of "She"?

While there is none of the romantic setting and brilliant imagination that distinguish Haggard's work, the similarities are many, and the catastrophe, albeit brought about by hackneyed machinery, is surely in better taste. (Let the unknown author declare himself!) There is nothing ludicrous or disgusting, which is more than can be said of the fate of the unfortunate siren, who, *bald* and hideous, "turns into a monkey," and (naturally) frightens poor Job to death.

These literary coincidences are very curious. The Baltimore *Sunday American* of May 8, 1887, had a notice of one equally striking between a forgotten story and Miss McClelland's "Oblivion," which achieved such immediate popularity.

M. L. C. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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NOTES.

BROWNING'S DICTION.

(Vol. ii, p. 304; Vol. iii, p. 39).—Mr. Emerson concludes his paper by citing these words used with uncommon meanings:

"*Artistry* is used for artistic touch, not works of art; *sconces*, in 'mirror-sconces,' has the meaning protection for a mirror, instead of for a candle; *cramp* in 'Latin cramp enough' means concise. *Fisc* is used for the treasury official not the treasury, *chirograph* is for chirography, *retort*, in the expression 'tort, retort,' is injury returned. *Heading* has the meaning decapitation, and *sliver* is applied to a living branch. *Temporality* is used for the Church rather than the laity. *Red-letters* is made a verb, *preside* and *mued* to molt are made transitive, while *finish* has an intransitive meaning in the

sense of end. *Atom* is an adjective in 'any atom width' and *misunderstanding* in 'misunderstanding creatures.' The most remarkable use of a word in a new sense is that of *Molinists*, applied not as usually to the followers of Molina but to those of Molinos. The word from the latter name should have the accent on the penult syllable, but it follows the other word in being accented on the antepenult, as shown by the metre.

"Besides words entirely new, Browning recovers many now rare or obsolete. This is done unconsciously, owing to the poet's extensive acquaintance with the English of all periods. Examples of rare words are *repristination*, *rivelled*, *carke*, *quag*, *smugly*, *executant*, *endlong*, *dubiety*, *unsucces*; as verbs *repugns*, *inched*, *root* (causative sense), *exenterate*, *regularize*. *Brangled*, and the adjective *mumping*, are provincial English. The obsolete words are even more numerous. Of verbs there are old forms *smoothen*, *holpen*, *clomb*; *stale* is used actively and there are *spire*, to breathe, *round*, to whisper, *confer*, to compare, *unwomans*, *apposed*, in sense of opposed, *determine*, in the sense of end. Among nouns are *rondure*, *commodity*, advantage, *mumps* melancholy, *sib*, a relative, *spilth*, *pomander*, *byblow*, *slap*, a puddle, *purtenance*, part of an animal, *penfeather*, *jakes*, *feminity*; *letch* is used for passion, *smatch* for taste, *misprision* in sense of misconception, *wasture*, *mansuetude*, *lapidation*, *attent*, *pickthank*, *forthright*, *exemplarity*, *sustainment*, and *revealment*. Among adjectives are *purpled*, from obsolete verb *purfle*, *louted* and *foredone*, *eximious*, *thwart*, *perverse*, *conglobed*, *arressed*. '*Shuddikins*, the old interjection, is revived, *on* in the expression 'on tremble' (a-tremble), and *as* in the obsolete sense of 'that' in

'Impute ye as the action were prepense.'

"Peculiar spellings give a new appearance to several words. The Italian spelling of *capucins* is given, but the French '*just-au-corps*' is anglicized to '*just-a-corps*.' In *pick-a-back* and *tit-up* the dissimilated form is used instead of *pick-a-pack* and *tip-up*. The following words differ somewhat from the accepted spelling: *djereed*, *scurril*, *scatheless*, *decads*, *omoplat*, *clodpole*, *conniv-*

ancy, *antimasque*, *halbert*, and *premiss*. The old English prefix *a*, in or on, is used with great frequency, as *a-journeying*, *a-simmer*, *a-bubble*, *a-smoke*, *a-tiptoe*. It may be added also that the prefix *over* (*o'er*) is employed with freedom in making concise compounds, and *mid* has a similar use in such words as *mid-cirque*, *mid-protestation*, like *midway*, *mid-summer*."

WHO WAS BISHOP HATTO?

Bishop Hatto (Vol. ii, p. 138), like many another, has been made the hero of a tradition which, discreditable as it is to his cloth and humanity, has proved of deep interest to historians, antiquarians, myth-makers, and etymologists. The poet Southey has most admirably set forth the famous story of this wicked prelate, in his poem of "God's Judgment on a Wicked Bishop," and we will adopt his outlines, supported by such recognized authorities as Gould, Fiske, Coryatt, and others.

It happened in the year 914, when Otto the Great was Emperor, that there was a great famine in Germany which sorely distressed the poor peasants of the country in which Hatto had jurisdiction as Archbishop of Menz; and the people came flocking from far and near to crave a share of the Bishop's ample and well-filled granaries. Wearing out by the importunities of that famished multitude, the Bishop appointed a day whereon to satisfy their wants, and when the time had arrived he bade all who were without bread and the means to purchase it at its high rate, to repair to his great barn at Kaub.

The poor hungry creatures were packed closely into the barn, as many as could stand, but, when they were once secured, this "most accursed and merciless caitiff," as Coryatt calls him, set fire to the building and burned up these poor innocent souls, who, so far from suspecting a trap, had rather hoped for comfort and relief. Coryatt, as if seeking to modify his former harshness of speech, now explains this execrable act by saying that the Bishop thought to preserve the lives of the deserving by dispatching the unprofitable beggars who consumed more bread than they were "worthy to eat,"

and that the country should be grateful to him for ridding it of "mice who were only good to devour the corn."

It is said that the Bishop thereupon returned to his luxurious palace on the banks of the Rhine, and ate a merry supper, after which he slept all night like an innocent man. But his crime did not go unavenged; for when he awoke and entered his spacious halls, behold! his picture upon the wall had been eaten out of its frame by rats (or mice); and presently there came servants running to him with the news that all the corn in his granaries had been devoured by rats, and that a legion of them was then on its way to the palace. Looking from his windows the terrified and guilty man beheld the roads black with a multitude of moving forms. Now, in the midst of the river was a little island belonging to the Bishop, upon which stood a tower. Fleeing by the postern, he seized a boat and had himself rowed to this place of refuge from his enemies.

But his escape from land availed nothing; down into the water marched the rats, and with fell purpose swam across the river, then scaled the walls of his sanctuary by thousands. Up, up, they went, gnawing through the stones, which only made their teeth the sharper, and clambering over the top of the tower, until they reached the shrieking Bishop. Deaf to his prayers, unmindful of his beads, they fell upon him and devoured his flesh, bones and all; "for they were sent to do judgment on him."

The tower wherein he was eaten up is shown to this day, as a perpetual monument to the succeeding ages of this barbarous and inhuman tyrant; being situated on a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to the town of Bing (Bingen), and is commonly called in the German tongue the "Mäüsethurm."

It is at this point that the myth-slaying etymologist arises and gives us a practical solution of what seems, on the surface, to be a tale of supernatural influences and results. The name "Mäüsethurm" (Mouse Tower) was originally "Mauthurm," or toll-house, from mauth, toll; so-called because the duty on goods passing up the river used to be collected at this spot. The toll ex-

acted for the passage of corn being very unpopular, and the corrupted form of the word being suggestive of *mice*, a fitting legend was created, and Hatto was said to have here met his horrible fate.

There is documentary evidence that the "Mäüsethurm" was built for commercial purposes, but the exact date of its erection seems uncertain, although Brewer asserts, with some confidence, that it was built by Bishop Siegfried in 969, about two hundred years after Hatto's death. It is comforting to know that popular fiction has maligned our poor Hatto, and that all historians do not describe him as a deep-dyed villain. It is true that one chronicler speaks of him as a noted statesman, proverbial for his perfidy; but others represent him as one of the chief directors of his sovereign, an upright and successful administrator, and a zealous reformer.

As to the analysis of the meaning and moral of Hatto's story, Mr. Fiske thinks there can be no doubt that the rats and mice, being regarded in Aryan mythologies as sacred animals, are intended to represent the souls of those whom the Bishop had murdered.

There are many versions of this myth in different Teutonic lands, and in some of them the rats and mice issue, by a strange metamorphosis, as in this case, directly from the corpses of the victims. St. Gertrude, the heathen Helda or Freya, was symbolized as a mouse, and was thought to lead an army of these animals. (May we, perhaps, trace to this source the proverbial feminine terror manifested at the sight of a mouse?) Odin, too, led a multitude of rats. As a rat or soul-god, it is not unlikely that sacrifices to him may have been made by placing the victim on an island infested by water-rats. Wolfus, who tells the story of Hatto, accompanies it with a curious picture of a tower whose walls are covered with rats, and out of whose turreted top the Bishop is emerging with his mitre and crosier.

The similarity of the Hatto legend with many others is shown by the fact that this same illustration is made to do duty in Könighofen's story of the dreadful death of Widerolf, Bishop of Strasburg, who in 997, in the seventh year of his episcopate, was

attacked and devoured by mice; a punishment imposed for having suppressed the convent of Seltzen on the Rhine, and the same tale is related of Bishop Adolph, of Cologne, who died in 1112.

From Switzerland comes the story of Freiherr von Güttingen, who, like Hatto, assembled the people during a famine, shut them up in a great barn and then consumed them with fire, mocking their agonizing cries by exclaiming, "Hark! how the rats and mice are squeaking!" He, too, fled afterward from an army of mice to a stronghold in the waters of Lake Constance, but was finally devoured, his castle sinking into the lake, where its ruins may be discerned at times by the credulous.

In Bavaria we find the Wörthsee, called also "Mouse Lake," where once a Count of Seefeld confined his starving poor in a dungeon, and was himself devoured in his lake-tower, although his bed was suspended by iron chains from the roof, in order to protect him from the assaults of the mice. In the old historical writers occurs a Polish version of the story, told by Majolus. He says that the Poles murmured at the unwise administration of their king, and that the latter, summoning the malcontents to his palace on the pretense that he was ill, caused them all to be poisoned, and ordered their bodies to be flung into the Lake Gopolo. But, while celebrating at a feast his deliverance from these troublesome subjects, an enormous number of mice rushed upon him and his family. Popiel, the king, took refuge within a circle of fire, but the mice, undaunted, attacked him, and following him to his castle in the sea, destroyed him and his entire family.

William, of Malmsbury, relates a curious story of a man, who, while reclining at a banquet, was suddenly overpowered by an innumerable quantity of these little animals, who tormented him so that he had to be carried out to sea to escape them, but they swam after him and so gnawed the planks of the vessel that, to preserve their own lives, the servants returned and deposited their master on the shore, where he was immediately dispatched by his determined adversaries. Cambrensis tells that a certain unjust man was persecuted by the

larger sort of mice, which are commonly called *raiti*, thus accounting for the fact that in these varied renderings of the same story, the animals are sometimes called rats, and sometimes mice.

Beside the well-known story of Count Graff, who, in order to enrich himself, bought up all the corn in the land and lost it, and afterward his own life, by the attacks of an army of mice, the instances of men devoured by vermin might be multiplied indefinitely. They all help to show how prevalent the idea of this particular mode of retribution was to Northern nations. Gould believes that the myth owes its origin to the old heathen human sacrifice in the time of famine, and, indeed, if we may credit some mythologists in different parts of Germany, offerings of rats and mice are still made by the peasantry.

In Bohemia it is the custom to lay out crumbs for the mice, that they may be moved by gratitude to spare the wheat. If rats and mice are human souls, the part these animals play in the story of the "Pied Piper" is explained. That they have from the earliest ages been regarded with unusual veneration is evident from their frequent appearance on coins, and in the old days of Greece the Delian god himself was depicted with a mouse at his feet. And Herodotus says that in his day might be seen in the temple of Vulcan at Pelusium a statue of Sennacherib, King of Assyria, with a mouse and an inscription to the following effect: "Whoever looks on me, let him revere the gods."

QUERIES.

The Hare and Easter.—Whence comes the legend of the Hare in connection with Easter?

R. W. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In Germany and among the Pennsylvania Germans toy rabbits or hares made of cotton flannel stuffed with cotton are given as gifts on Easter morning. The children are told that this *Osti' ter* has laid the Easter eggs.

This curious idea is thus explained: The

hare was originally a bird, and was changed into a quadruped by the goddess *Ostara*; in gratitude to Ostara or Eastre the hare exercises its original bird function to lay eggs for the goddess on her festal day.

Huntington.—Who was Lord Huntington of the time of James I, of England? Was he a descendant of Tollmack, Lord of Bentley, Suffolk, England, who lived in the fifth century?

HENRY G. TALMADGE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Walthrop, Earl of Huntingdon, was beheaded in 1075. His daughter Maud married first, Simon de St. Liz, and second, David, afterward King of Scotland, who bore thenceforward the title. On his death it passed to David's son Henry, then at his death to his half-brother, Simon de St. Liz. It then reverted to David's grandson, Malcolm, and afterward to William. William was divested about 1174, and Simon, the son of the last-named, became Earl. The title then became extinct with the death of the son of David, King of Scotland.

A new earldom was created (1337), and William of Clinton held the title. It lapsed for lack of heirs. In 1387 John Holand, afterward Duke of Exeter, recovered the earldom. This title was forfeited in 1461, when his grandson was attainted.

Shantee or Chanty.—Whence comes the term "Shantee" or "Chanty," as applied to the songs of sailors? Stevenson, in his "Treasure Island," mentions some of these songs, particularly the following:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,

Yo, ho, and a bottle of rum,

Drink, and the Devil lead down for the rest,

Yeo, ho, and a bottle of rum."

MACQUE.

Possibly from the French verb *chanter*, to sing.

St. Roderigues.—Will some one give some account of St. Roderigues (Spanish); a photograph represents him as a middle-aged saint in good condition (not at all ascetic),

embroidered robes, palm in his left hand, evidently in a vision, receiving a wreath of flowers from a chubby angel in a corner.

His martyrdom is indicated by a large gash in his throat.

Inquiries have been made in various quarters, but no information has been received.

No-NAME.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The photograph probably represents Roderigo Diaz the Cid Campeador—i. e., Lord Champion, who is supposed to have been born in 1026, and to have died at Valencia in 1099.

After having won Valencia from the Moors, the story goes that there was peace for five years until the invasion of King Bucar of Morocco. At this time Roderigo banished all the Moors then living in Valencia, and in the night he had a vision in which St. Peter appeared and said, "I come to thee with more urgent tidings than those for which thou art taking thought concerning King Bucar, and it is that thou art to leave this world and go to that which hath no end, and this will be in thirty days. But God will show favor unto thee, so that thy people shall discomfite King Bucar, and thou, being dead, shall win this battle."

The prophecy of the vision was fulfilled. The Cid died, was bound in full armor on his horse, and by his spectral presence dismayed the Moors so that they fled and the battle was won.

Inty, Minty, etc.—Can you inform me what was the original of the play rhyme so popular among children in selecting the odd one in a game, viz.:

Inty, minty, cuty, corn,
Apple seeds and brier thorn,
Brier, wire, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
One flies east and one flies west,
And one it flies to the cockoo's nest,
O—U—T spells "out,"
And with a dirty dish-cloth
You're "out."

MIGNON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is supposed to have its origin in the incantations of the ancients. For a full discussion see "Counting-out" Rhymes, by Dr. H. Carrington Bolton.

Dr. Bolton says: "The idea that European and American children engaged in 'counting out' for games are repeating in innocent ignorance the practices and language of a sorcerer of a dark age is perhaps startling, but can be shown to a high degree of probability."

REPLIES.

Electrocide (Vol. iii, pp. 21, 45).—About January last, to meet the exigency of writing a head that would fit over the conviction of a murderer in New York State, I coined the word "Electricide," under the misapprehension that the murderer would suffer the death penalty under the new law. The word was printed in the *Philadelphia Press*, and I was very much tickled with it because of its euphony until the N. Y. *World* came out next day and showed that the word was improperly constructed, as "to kill a man by electricity did not kill the electricity." There was some reason for this objection if we look at matricide, fratricide, parricide, and homicide, meaning to kill a mother, brother, father, or man.

I thought a moment, and found that by changing a single letter the objection would be remedied. In compounding words in the English language the form "electro" is used to denote that a thing is done *by* electricity. For instance electroplate, electrotype, electropathy. As "Electro" is a Latin as well as a Greek derivative, why not compound "Electro" and *caedere*—**electrocide**—to kill by electricity.

I have written you at length in this matter because so many of your correspondents have suggested electricide. You will probably make some comments on the subject, and, therefore, I suggest "Electrocide" as a philologically correct and euphonious word. I have already used it in print.

JAMES O. G. F. DUFY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Electrothanatos.

It is by no means an easy matter to form

a word which shall express "execution by electricity," and which shall be open to no objection, either from the philologist or the people. The following considerations, however, bear upon the settlement of the question as I conceive it:

1. The word must be a compound, one element of which shall express the idea of "execution," not of "murder," nor "slaughter," nor "punishment," while the other denotes the agency employed—that is, electricity.

2. In accordance with analogy, the element denoting agency should precede the other, and could scarcely be represented by anything else than *Electro*.

3. *Electro* being of Greek origin, the second component should, if possible, be derived from that language.

4. The Greek word regularly employed by the Greeks themselves to denote "execution" was *Thanatos*, which, transferred into English without change, would form with *Electro*, a harmonious and intelligible compound.

5. That *Thanatos* would be immediately intelligible in English, or would speedily become so, is rendered probable by the five or more recognized compounds or derivatives beginning with this word, not to speak of the somewhat more familiar *Euthanasia*.

6. *Electrothanatos* would be a better word than *Electrothanasia*, for two reasons: first, it would be easier to pronounce, the accents being more suitably distributed; and, secondly, it would be more accurate in meaning, since *Thanasia* does not signify "execution," and all of its associations in English (through *Euthanasia*) are of the agreeable order.

7. Even if it were admissible to seek a Latin word for the second element, the choice must be restricted to either *Mors* or *Supplicium*; of these the latter is indefinite in meaning, and its associations are all with derivatives like *supplication*, while the former is scarcely known to our language as a noun, except in the Latin phrase "post-mortem," or in the archaic term *Mort*, which is liable to confusion with four other words of the same form. No one, I believe, would seri-

ously think of *Electromors* or *Electromort* as a coinage for this purpose.

8. Until further light is thrown upon the question, *Electrothanatos* would therefore seem to be the least objectionable compound to denote "execution by electricity."

ALBERT S. COOK,
University of California.

BERKELEY, CAL.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Palace of Forty Pillars.—Where is the Palace of Forty Pillars?

"ADMIRER."

BALTIMORE, MD.

Authorship wanted of the following:

"*Thought, a Sage Unhonored, etc.*"—

"Thought, a sage unhonored, turned
From the onrushing crew;
Song her starry legend spurn'd
Art her glass down threw."

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Singer's Loss, etc.—

"The singer's loss were more than match'd by
Time's."

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

No Matter What Men Say, etc.—

"No matter what men say in their blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth."

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

If I were a Cassowary, etc.—Will somebody give the author (name mislaid in some corner of my memory) of this:

"If I were a Cassowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo;
I would eat a missionary,
Skin and bones, and hymn-book, too."

McM.

Our fullest wisdom, etc.—

"Our fullest wisdom still enfolds the child."

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Where days and years are lost, etc.—

"Where days and years are lost, our souls awake."

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

"*Take the bright shell,*" *etc.*—Can you or any of your readers locate the following quotation for me:

"Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
So take the fond heart from its home and hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth."

A. C. CHASE.

CHICAGO, ILL.

"*'Twill be all the same,*" *etc.*—Who is the author of "*'Twill be all the same* in a hundred years," a poem published anonymously in Dublin, I believe, some years ago; also, where can I obtain a copy?

H. S.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Has it come? They said, etc.—Can you supply the author of the poem beginning:

"Has it come? They said it on the banks of the Nile
As they looked in vain for the long-promised day."

Where can the poem be found?

H. S.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Truths half drawn, etc.—

"Truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath guessed,
While heeding his own heart alone."

"PERSIS."

Dear Jesus, can it be?

I would also like to know the writer and history of the following lines:

"Dear Jesus, can it be?
Wait we till all things go from us or e'er we turn to
Thee?"

Ay sooth! We feel such strength in weal
Thy love may seem withstood,
But what are we in agony?
Dumb, if we cry not 'God!'"

"Then breaking into tears she cried,
'Dear God, and must we see

All blissful things depart from us,
 Or e'er we go to Thee?
 We cannot guess them in the wood,
 Or hear them in the wind;
 Our cedars must fall round us ere
 We see the light behind.
 Ay, sooth! We feel too strong in weal
 To meet them in that road,
 But woe being come, the soul is dumb
 That crieth not on God!"

E. PRIOLEAU.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

The Castle at Penrith.—Reference to the Musgraves of Eden Hall, Penrith, Cumberland, England (Vol. ii, p. 257), prompts me to ask NOTES AND QUERIES who was primarily responsible for the destruction of the ancient castle. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" says it was dismantled by order of Charles I, while local tradition—as I learned from some of the "oldest inhabitants"—credits Cromwell with authorship of the mischief. There is a prevalent disposition in England to charge to Cromwell's account a large proportion of the work of demolishing the castles, abbeys, and churches of the kingdom which are in ruins, and that, too, not as a military necessity, but through sheer diabolism. True, there is no lack of evidence in framing an indictment against the Protector. We do not question the measure of damage that was done to the Durham Cathedral during its conversion into barracks for his vandal soldiers. Nor do we gainsay the authenticity of history when it declares that it was his cannon on the banks of the Tweed that shattered the walls of Melrose Abbey, and turned them into a quarry for supplying the neighboring lairds with building material. But at the same time we should not forget his share in the work of restoration. Edinburgh, for example, gratefully remembers that when Holyrood Palace was destroyed by fire (1650), it was rebuilt by Cromwell (1659), "to the full integrity." Let us give to each his due, and that I may not, in some investigations I am pursuing, give to Charles what belongs to Oliver, or *vice versa*, I hope that AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES will answer the query at the outset of this communication.

C. C. BOMBAUGH.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
 CENSUS OFFICE.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., May 1, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR OF AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES:

The publication in your valuable paper of the accompanying letter to the medical profession will aid the Census Office in one of its most important and difficult investigations.

"TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

"The various medical associations and the medical profession will be glad to learn that Dr. John S. Billings, Surgeon U. S. Army, has consented to take charge of the Report on the Mortality and Vital Statistics of the United States as returned by the Eleventh Census.

"As the United States has no system of registration of vital statistics, such as is relied upon by other civilized nations for the purpose of ascertaining the actual movement of population, our census affords the only opportunity of obtaining near an approximate estimate of the birth and death rates of much the larger part of the country, which is entirely unprovided with any satisfactory system of State and municipal registration.

"In view of this, the Census Office, during the month of May this year, will issue to the medical profession throughout the country 'Physician's Registers' for the purpose of obtaining more accurate returns of deaths than it is possible for the enumerators to make. It is earnestly hoped that physicians in every part of the country will co-operate with the Census Office in this important work. The record should be kept from June 1, 1889, to May 31, 1890. Nearly 26,000 of these registration books were filled up and returned to the office in 1880, and nearly all of them used for statistical purposes. It is hoped that double this number will be obtained for the Eleventh Census.

"Physicians not receiving Registers can obtain them by sending their names and addresses to the Census Office, and with the Register an official envelope which requires no stamp will be provided for their return to Washington.

"If all medical and surgical practitioners throughout the country will lend their aid, the mortality and vital statistics of the Eleventh Census will be more comprehensive and complete than they have ever been. Every physician should take a personal pride in having this report as full and accurate as it is possible to make it.

"It is hereby promised that all information obtained through this source shall be held strictly confidential.

"ROBERT P. PORTER,
 "Superintendent of Census."

Franklin's Epitaph.—A curious coincidence, noted by the late Mr. Sibley in his "Harvard Graduates," exists between Ben. Franklin's famous epitaph, composed by himself, and the concluding lines of an elegy on John Foster, the first printer in Boston, composed by John Capen in 1681. Franklin's epitaph runs:

The Body
of

Benjamin Franklin, Printer,
(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding,)

Lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,
For it will, (as he believed,) appear once more

In a new
and more beautiful Edition,
Corrected and Amended

By
The Author.

Capen's lines on Franklin's predecessor are as follows:

Thy body, which no activeness did lack
Now's laid aside like an old Almanack;
But for the present only's out of date—
'Twill have at length a far more active State.

Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the Resurrection we shall see
A fair EDITION, and of matchless worth,
Free from ERRATAS, new in Heaven set forth:
'Tis but a word from God the great Creatour,
It shall be done when He saith

Imprimatur.

Foster was born in 1648 and graduated at Harvard in 1667: he wrote at least two almanacs, those for 1675 and 1680, and printed many others; he died in 1681. Capen was a graduate of the class of 1677.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sub Rosa (Vol. ii, p. 282).—The following is from the New York *Sun's* account of a dinner of the Fellowcraft Club:

"After the coffee had been served the steward of the club with considerable *empressement* carried to the President two huge artificial roses. Mr. Gilder reminded those present of the meaning of the rose as a sign of secrecy, and the flowers were

fastened aloft to signify that everything said at the board was indeed *sub-rosa*."

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309).—Alexander the Great had Bucephalus; Cæsar rode in Gaul a favorite horse which he himself had trained; Charles I. loved dogs; Frederick the Great loved dogs, and his favorites, together with a favorite war-horse, are buried at Potsdam. Mahomet is said to have had a favorite cat; Isaac Newton's dog "Diamond" is well known: a dog is said to have saved William of Orange from death. Mrs. Carlyle owned "Chico," a pet canary. R. G. B.
NEW YORK CITY.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, p. 34).—Pope had a pet dog named Bounce.

Byron, beside his favorite Newfoundland, "Boatswain," for whose epitaph he wrote—

"To mark a friend's remains these stones
arise,

I never knew but *one*, and here he lies"—
had as pets at various times a bear, a wolf,
and a monkey. M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

The New Tale of a Tub (Vol. ii, p. 78).—Your account does not quite finish the poem. After the Bengalese have tied the tiger's tail in a knot through the bunghole of the barrel they go away; the poem concludes:

"Yet two years after we plainly see

That nature sometimes loves a spree."

The illustration shows the old tiger with the barrel still upon its tail, playing with a family of tiger kittens, each of which has a half-barrel tied upon its tail! R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sophie Cruvelli (Vol. iii, p. 19).—The *Independent* gives the following account of Sophie Cruvelli, the recipient of the "Golden Rose" in 1874:

"Often are we reminded that those artists of song or the dance from whom popularity and the gay world may long since have turned away are not gone over to the majority, in spite of the flight of decades. The beautiful Palm-Tree Villa on the shores

of the Mediterranean shelters a stout and blonde old lady, who was once the brilliant prima donna, Sophie Cruvelli, now the widowed Viscountess Vigier. Her peculiar craze in old age still is her music, as that of the Countess de Chambrun is the drama. She is very devoted to the arts of the toilet, and delights in the most eccentric of hats and bonnets, as well as the most aerial and youthful of ball dresses. To see her in pale pink tulle and roses in the evening, or in a Directoire hat with a brim as big as a parasol in the daytime, is a sight to behold. Though she is over sixty, she insists upon continuing young, not with the youth of womanhood, but with that of immature girlhood. She is sweetly playful, goes to fancy balls as Goethe's Gretchen, or Shakespeare's Ophelia, and if she continues in her present course may end by assuming the character of a ten-month-old baby. Withal, she is a good-natured and kindly soul, very hospitable, and only too eager to offer the remnants of her once splendid but now vanished talent to the service of charity. We have recently heard respecting her performance of Marguerite at Nice for the benefit of the poor. Her costumes, made by Worth, and all in the richest materials, cost \$240 each. Her son, the present Viscount, is greatly annoyed by his mother's freaks. Cruvelli was, probably, the most capricious and extravagant singer of her date."

Blizzard.—This word we have claimed for "a National Americanism," as the *Nation* characterized it a few years ago, and Murray's "New Dictionary" yields it to us. It is there described as "a modern word, more or less onomatopœic," coming into general use so recently as 1880, though used earlier colloquially. One quotation only dates back to 1834, when Colonel Crockett used it in the sense of "a poser."

A recent article in "Murray's Magazine," copied into the "Living Age," contains the word in a way that possibly casts a doubt upon this origin. The article, entitled "Quite Out of the Way," professes to give some of the peculiarities of speech and thought noted among the old inhabitants of a quiet Yorkshire village, and one old dame of eighty is quoted as saying, "When I was

a gell we used to say for our prayers what seems to have no meaning now; it was—

'From wizards, and blizzards, and long-tailed buzzards,

From things as flies, and things as creeps through other folks' hedges,

Good Lord, deliver us.'"

If this is a true account of a "charm" veritably repeated under the circumstances described, it looks as though we should have to give up this "Americanism," like so many others, to the cottage speech of England a century or two ago. There is nothing to define the word as used here, but it was apparently *not* a "snow-squall," though it may have been something that came flying to do swift harm.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

God Save the King (Vol. iii, p. 1).—In the many discussions upon the origin of the English national air, I do not remember seeing it anywhere noted that Pepy's "Diary" mentions a song upon the theme, "God Save the King." Although it was undoubtedly not a prototype of the Royal anthem in any true sense, it deserves notice in connection with the history of that song. Under date of February 21, 1659–60, Mr. Pepys speaks of being at the Coffee House with two celebrated musical composers, "Mr. Lock and Pursell, Master of Musique." He continues: "Here we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words, '*Domine, saluum fac regem.*'"

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Poem about Plants (Vol. iii, p. 31).—Perhaps Dr. Erasmus Darwin's poems—"The Botanic Garden" and "The Loves of the Plants"—may also answer this query.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Caribou, the origin and various meanings of the word (Vol. i, p. 270).—This word is certainly French Canadian, and is generally thought to be from an Algonkin source. But in a volume of travels, not now at hand, the writer has seen the word stated to be a corruption of *cerf-bauf* (ox-deer, or bull-stag). The Spaniards of Manila call the Oriental or true buffalo *car-*

abao; and a U. S. consular report (1888), speaks of the use of "caribous" in plowing near Manila. A third meaning appears to be afforded in a late pamphlet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which seems to call the Rocky Mountain sheep by the name of *caribou*.

C. W. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Can there be any connection between the name *cariacou*, sometimes given in books to the common N. American deer, and that of the little island of Carriacou in the British West Indies? These islands seem to have had no deer by nature. But names sometimes get strangely misapplied.

Cockles of the Heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298, 312; Vol. iii, pp. 8, 9).—Why should not the shell-like auricles (or "deaf-ears") of the heart be called *cockles*? The cavity of the external ear is called *concha* (Gray's "Anatomy," p. 601); and the interior part of the labyrinth of the ear is called *cochlea* (Ibid., p. 611). Some poet calls the ear the "aural shell."

C. W. G.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Way, Wal, Gal (Vol. ii, pp. 248, 310; Vol. iii, pp. 9, 10, 34).—To the names here cited may be added that of Cornouailles in France; possibly that of the canton of Valais; the *Rothwälsch* of the German gypsies; Wallgau in the Tyrol; Wälschland as a name for Italy; Wälschland meaning the *pays de Vaud*; Vaud itself; and many more.

C. W. G.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Monax.—Linnæus named the common woodchuck or ground-hog, *Arctomys monax*; and the books tell us that *monax* comes from *μονός*, solitary. But *monax* is neither Greek nor Latin. John Burroughs informs us that about Washington, D. C., the woodchuck is called *moonack*. Is it not possible that some American correspondent may have sent this word *moonack* to Linnæus, as a name of the animal, and that he Latinized it into *monax*?

C. W. G.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Mispronunciation of Names (Vol. i, pp. 211, 227, 263, 274, 285, 300; Vol. ii,

pp. 238, 250; Vol. iii, p. 11).—The writer recalls the following vulgar mispronunciation of family names: Garrison, changed to Gallishan; Crowninshield, to Grunzle; Shumway, to Jummer; Cunningham, to Kinnicum; Jernyngham, to Jernigan. He would like to have other examples of the kind furnished.

C. W. G.

MERCHANTVILLE, N. J.

Harpoon.—Bishop Bompas in his lately published "Diocese of Mackenzie River" (London, 1888), p. 53, states: "From the Esquimau tongue one word has been naturalized in English, namely, *harpoon*, which is Esquimau for a fish-spear." It would be interesting to learn what authority the learned prelate has for this assertion, which runs counter to Skeat, Lettré, Scheler, and the lexicographers of lesser note. There appears to be no Eskimo word for fish-spear from which "harpoon" could come, let alone the great improbability of any such derivation.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Indian Linguists.—A. Simson says ("On the Piojes of the Putumayo," Journ. Anthropol. Instit. Gr. Brit. and Ireld., Vol. viii, 1878, p. 216): "One [Pioje Indian] I know who could speak *seven* languages, Spanish, Portuguese, Pioje, Tupi, Quichua, Oregon, and Mouroi, and another the same number, only in place of the last he had learned San Miguel. It must not be thought that the Indian tongues named are mere dialects; they are *completely* and notably distinct. According to Mr. Washington Matthews ("Hidatsa Grammar and Dictionary," 1873, p. xii), "these Indians must have excellent memories and even 'good capacity for study,' for it is *not uncommon* to find persons among them, some even under twenty years of age, who can speak fluently *four or five* different languages."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Mispronunciation of Names (Vol. i, pp. 211, 227, 263, 274, 285, 300; Vol. ii, pp. 238, 250).—The Newark *Sunday Call* says: "Some of the local pronunciations of the names of New Jersey places are puzzling. For instance, Hibernia is called

Highbarney, Charlotteburgh is spoken of by old-timers as Slottenburgh, Sparta is called Sparty, Newfoundland is called New fun land, with the accent on the land. Wequahick is Wake Cake, Chesquahick is Cheesequake, Acquackanonck is Quack-nack, and Wanaque is Why-nockie, with the accent on the why; Caldwell is Callwell, and Parsippany is Persipny, Plaquemin (French) has become Pluckamin, even in spelling, while our city is Noork or Newick."

The Original Name of Philadelphia (Vol. iii, pp. 8, 48).—In Vol. i, of Watson's "Annals of Philadelphia," page 10, the following interesting extracts may be found in regard to the above query, asked by "D. B. B." in Vol. iii, p. 310:

"The first ship that ever visited Burlington was the 'Shield of Stockton,' from Hull, in 1678. Then the site of the present Philadelphia was a bold and high shore called *Coaquanock*, but more properly spelt *Kuequenaku*."

Then, again, the author says, "Were to transport the fancy back to the original site of Coaquanock—so called from its borderline, along the margin of the river bank, of lofty spruce-pines, rivaling in majesty the adjacent common woodland foliage of oaks and underbrush; thus giving the place a peculiarity and rarity even in the eyes of the untutored savage, which lovers of the marvelous might now regard as something propitious."

In a note at the bottom of this same page (35) it is said that "the Indians called it *Quequenaku*, which means, the 'grove of tall pines.' This, for sake of euphony, we have contracted into *Coaquanock*. Such pines among other forest trees is an admitted rarity." And Taylor says in the "Astrological Signs of Philadelphia:—"

"A city, built with such propitious rays,
Will stand to see old walls and happy days."

In a description of the "Shippen House" on page 369 of this same volume of Watson's "Annals," these *pines* are beautifully described as being "Long conspicuous from many points of the city," and "aged men have seen them sheltering flocks of black-

birds" and "crows occupying their nests on those very trees," etc.

These very pine trees, it is also stated, were destroyed by fire, communicated to them from the burning stables in the rear of them on Laurel Court, not so very many years ago.

"IPSE."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

In the June *Century*, Mr. Keenan begins his account of the most important investigations made by him into the Exile System, viz., his visit to the Convict Mines at Kara. Two striking pictures are those of "Convicts at Work in one of the Kara Gold Placers," and "Convicts Returning at Night from the Mines." The frontispiece of this number of *The Century* is a portrait of the famous French artist, Corot, whose work has had such immense influence on the art of the day, and has been subjected to such fierce controversy. The article is by Mrs. van Rensselaer, and along with the letter-press is another portrait of "Corot at Work," drawn from a photograph by Wyatt Eaton. The rest of the magazine is filled with the interesting articles that we are led to expect in this periodical.

This, the June number of *Current Literature*, completes the second volume. The publication has lived "the fatal year," and comes to its first birthday healthy and prosperous—firmly on its feet. The cordial reception given the idea from the start has been remarkable, and the newspapers have been particularly appreciative of the work, and more than generous in helpful suggestion and praise. The endeavor of the editor has been to be universal in range, liberal in tone, careful in credit, honest in respect to copyright, instructive and readable over all, and the effort has been remarkably successful.

"The Highest Structure in the World," in other words, the Eiffel Tower, is the subject of the first article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. It is devoted to an account of the methods of construction of the tower, and comparison with other buildings of great height. This article is written by Mr. Wm. A. Eddy. "Bonny Hugh of Ironbrook," a story of life among the miners, is contributed by Edith Brower. Charles Eliot Norton gives an account of Mr. Rawdon Brown and his discovery of the gravestone of "Banished Norfolk" at Venice. This curiously interesting article is embellished with a picture of the carved stone itself. Mr. George Moritz Wahl gives an account of "The German Gymnasium in its Working Order," showing the course of studies and discipline pursued in these schools. "The Thousand and One Nights" "Reflections after a Wandering Life in Australasia," "Brevet Martyrs," "A City of Refuge," "The Begum's Daughter," "Tragic Muse," are all entertaining and readable.

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NOTES.

WHAT IS THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS?

The word *hundred*, in this sense, signifies a division or part of a county in England, supposed to have originally consisted of one hundred families; and the Chiltern Hundreds were those lands extending over the long chalk range of the Chiltern Hills in Buckinghamshire. In former times these hills were thickly covered with forests of beech trees, whose impenetrable depths afforded a safe hiding-place to the bandits and outlaws with which the country was infested.

At an early period the depredations of these robbers so disturbed the peaceful inhabitants of the neighborhood that the Crown was obliged to appoint a special officer for their protection, who was known as

the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. The necessity for such an appointment has long since disappeared, but the office which has ceased to serve its primary purpose now serves for another object.

The Chiltern Hundreds, which comprise those of Burnham, Stoken, and Desborough, still retain their old name, and a steward is still nominated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and receives a salary of twenty shillings a year and the "fees of the office." The sole importance attached to this sinecure is the fact that the acceptance of it enables a member of the House of Commons to resign his seat, on the plea that he holds a place of honor and profit under the Crown.

Resignation from the House of Commons is not permissible unless a member be disqualified by the acceptance of such office, or from some more serious cause. The Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds being the only office of which the Chancellor of the Exchequer has the patronage—the divisions called hundreds having been parcelled out by the wise Alfred, and afterward annexed to the Crown—a member accepts it with its merely nominal duties and emoluments, when wishing to resign his seat in Parliament.

As soon as the stewardship is obtained, it is immediately resigned, in order that it may be vacant whenever required for this same purpose by another member. If it should happen that the resignation of this stewardship had not taken place at once—in case of need—the stewardship of the manors of East Hundred, Northshead, and Hempholme, may be made to serve the same purpose.

This appropriation of the post dates only from the middle of the 18th century, about 1750, and its strict legality has been often called in question, on the ground that it is not an office of the kind requisite to vacate a seat; but the custom is now completely legitimated by a long line of precedents. There is one instance on record of an application for this office being refused by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose gift it is.

It occurred in 1842, after some very awkward disclosures had been made before an

investigating committee of the House of Commons, in regard to some corrupt compromises which had been entered into for the purpose of avoiding inquiry into the gross bribery in the election of certain boroughs, of which Reading was one. The member from Reading having applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the Chancellor declined to grant it, being of the opinion that if he did so he would in some sort make himself a party to transactions which he did not approve, and of which the House of Commons had expressed its open condemnation. All lovers of Trollope will remember the important part played by the Chiltern Hundreds in poor Phineas Finn's parliamentary career.

WHAT WAS THE TRUTH ABOUT PAUL REVERE'S RIDE?

Every reader is familiar with Longfellow's spirited account of the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere, and it is noticeable that, what is unusual in versifying historical incidents, the facts of the matter have been rather closely adhered to. The poet says nothing of the interview with Hancock and Adams, which in reality was the one great object of Revere's mission, rather than the general knocking at every door as he sped past, this latter being a poetical touch quite too unimportant to warrant adverse criticism. The story, as related by most of our historians, runs somewhat in this wise: Boston, in the early part of April, 1775, was still garrisoned by three thousand of the British troops under General Gage, and it was the only place in the Massachusetts colony where the royal governor exercised authority.

The result was that the energy of the patriots was paralyzed, and though other colonies were watching with great impatience for some riotous demonstration from Boston, the popular leaders in that city were making the utmost endeavor to prevent any premature outbreak. The responsibility of the first shot, they determined, should rest upon the royal troops, and so far was this carried that the British honestly attributed their inaction to cowardice alone.

The provincial authorities, however, were quietly and steadily collecting provisions, arms, and ammunition, and storing them at Concord, sixteen miles from Boston. But the news of this preparation finally reached Gage, and he determined to seize the supplies, and at the same time arrest Hancock and Adams, whom he regarded as "arch-rebels," and who were then staying at the house of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, in Lexington.

On the night of Tuesday, April 18, 1775, to this intent, he secretly dispatched the expedition under Smith and Pitcairn, who crossed the river to East Cambridge, and after wading through wet marshes now covered by a stately town, began their march upon Concord. But the patriots had been looking for just such an event, and a scheme of signals had been agreed upon to announce the first movement toward Concord. Some one who had observed the departure of the British troops remarked to another, "They will miss their aim." "What aim?" asked Lord Percy, who overheard the remark. "The cannon at Concord," was the reply. Percy hastened to Gage, who had supposed his plans entirely unknown, and the latter instantly directed that no one should be suffered to leave the town.

But the precaution came too late. The vigilant Dr. Joseph Warren, President of the Committee of Safety, had received intelligence of the expedition early in the evening, and by the time the troops had begun their march Paul Revere, with Dawes and Prescott for companions, was "riding fast in the bright moonlight to carry the signal for the independence of a nation."

Just at this point, the details of the journey differ somewhat with various writers. There seems nothing to indicate positively, as Longfellow does, that Revere traveled alone, nor was his long ride a continuous one, as in the poem. According to Longfellow, having agreed with a friend (history says the *sexton*) to

"Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light.
One if by land, and two if by sea;"

he crossed the river, and when on the opposite shore, waited * * *

"Till full on his sight

A second lamp in the belfry burns,"

then, mounting his steed, he gallops ahead, reaching Medford at twelve o'clock, Lexington at one, and Concord at two, just in time to alarm the inhabitants before the British troops appear at the bridge.

There seems some uncertainty as to whether, as Bancroft states, Revere went by one route and Dawes by another, or they two, with Prescott, made the journey in concert, as is asserted by other authorities. The general impression seems to be that Revere was rowed across the Charles River by two friends, five minutes before the sentinels received orders to prevent any crossing, and was there left alone, or with one of them, to carry the message on to Lexington.

"All was still, as suited the hour. The 'Somerset' man-of-war was winding with the young flood, ready to transport the royal troops across the river; the waning moon peered above a clear horizon, while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of North Church the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel." Revere now turned his face toward the north. A little beyond Charleston Neck he was intercepted by two British officers on horseback; but being well mounted on Deacon Larkin's swift horse, he turned suddenly, and leading one of them into a clay pond, escaped from the other by the road to Medford.

There he awakened the captain of the minute men, and continued to rouse the inhabitants with his shouts all the way to Lexington. At a little past midnight he rode up to Clarke's house, which was surrounded by a guard under Sergeant Monroe. In hurried words Revere asked for Hancock. "The family have retired," was the answer, "and I have received orders not to let them be disturbed by any noise." "Noise!" exclaimed Revere, "you'll have noise enough before long; the regulars are coming out." Hancock, who was not asleep, recognized Revere's voice, and called out, "Come in, Revere, we are not afraid of

you." The warning was given, and the two "arch-rebels" were persuaded to retire to a more secure retreat, followed by Dorothy Quincy, whom Hancock married in the following September.

Revere (and Dawes?) now pushed on to Concord, but at Lincoln fell in with a party of British officers. "Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were soon released; and Prescott leaped over a stone wall and galloped on for Concord." But the object of the British expedition had been defeated, and the next morning, the memorable 19th of April, 1775, when Pitcairn reached Lexington, he was confronted by the gallant little band who gave their blood as the first to be spilled in the great Revolution.

WHENCE THE NAME "UNCLE SAM"?

This familiar phrase is used as a cant designation of the United States Government, just as John Bull is made to represent the English nation, Johnny Crapeaud, the French people, etc. The name is said to have originated in the following manner:

At the time of the War of Independence, there lived at Troy, N. Y., a man named Samuel Wilson, familiarly known to the inhabitants of that vicinity as Uncle Sam, who, together with Ebenezer, his brother, performed the duties of government inspector of the pork and beef purchased by the administration. Among others to purchase provisions for the army, came a certain Elbert Anderson of New York, who, having concluded a large contract, ordered the cases to be marked with his own initials, addressed to the United States.

It was the habit of Uncle Sam Wilson to superintend large shipments in person, and his appearance among the workmen in his employ was always the signal for an interchange of good-natured jocularities. On this occasion it fell to the lot of a facetious young Yankee to do the lettering on the cases containing the provisions; and he accordingly marked them all very carefully in white paint, with the letters "E. A.—U. S." Being interrogated by some of his fellow-workmen as to the significance of the

initials (for at that time the abbreviation U. S. for United States was still a novelty), he replied that he did not know, unless it meant *Elbert Anderson* and *Uncle Sam*, meaning by the latter, his good-natured employer. This pleasantry occurring in the presence of "Uncle Sam" himself, "took" immediately among the workmen, who, repeating the joke in various forms on every subsequent purchase, were never weary of rallying him upon the rapidly increasing extent of his property.

Many of these same men, being staunch patriots, were shortly afterward numbered among the recruits, and pushed forward to the frontier lines, for the double purpose of meeting the enemy and of helping to devour the provisions they had labored to prepare. They carried with them their old jokes, especially their favorite story of "Uncle Sam"; and before the first campaign had ended, it made its first appearance in print. Spreading rapidly, and encountering universal recognition as "a good thing," the expression took firm root, and will doubtless continue to flourish as long as the government itself.

As the common personification of the U. S. Government, "Sam" became the popular synonym for the "Know-nothing" or "American" party, the controlling principles of which organization seem to have been a sublime ignorance in all matters concerning the inner workings of their society, combined with a general impression that "Americans must rule America."

The adoption of the letters U. S. on the knapsacks of the soldiers, gave rise to the well-known Americanism, "to stand 'Sam,'" meaning that the government of Uncle Sam must pay, or bear, the expenses of all those who wear his livery; and a song, current at that period, further developed this idea of dignified dependence, in its refrain, "Uncle Sam is rich enough to buy us all a farm." When Samuel Wilson, the "hero of a hundred"—tales, died at his home in Troy, in August, 1854, at the age of 84, the Albany *Argus* referred to and recalled the circumstances which had led to the adoption of his name as a sobriquet of the U. S.

In the cartoons of "Uncle Sam," frequently displayed in current illustrated

newspapers, he is depicted as a tall, spare man, with a long, slim, straggling beard on his chin, attired in a dress-coat of blue, bespangled with white stars, and a pair of red and white striped trousers, fastened to his boots with straps; he has long outgrown his clothing, and the straps have stretched half way up his leg; on his head, at an angle perilous to safety, rests a white hat of cylindrical shape, known in vulgar parlance as a "stove-pipe"; a limp and generously expansive collar, confined by a loose redundancy of neckcloth, completes this figure of a typical Yankee.

Although in reality the prop and mainstay of a mighty nation, "Uncle Sam," when not engaged in offering some gallant service to the National Goddess, is generally represented as entirely absorbed in whittling a piece of wood. But this assumed indifference is deceptive. Let the British Lion be heard to roar never so timidly on the remotest confines of his territory, and Uncle Sam casts away his jack-knife in a trice, and stands ready to do doughty service for his country and his country's liberty.

QUERIES.

Sobriquets of Maryland and Alabama.

—Are there sobriquets for the names of these States? If so what are they?

ADMIRER.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Alabama is the "Cotton Plantation" State. Its inhabitants are called "lizards." Maryland is the "Monumental," and the inhabitants are "clam-humpers."

Olor Iscanus.—Who was Olor Iscanus (quoted by Whittier in the dedication of his poem "In War Time," 1863)? ZEBUX.

Olor Iscanus, "the Swan of Usk," is a designation of the poet Vaughan, the Silurist. Properly, it is the name of one of his poems.

Cowan.—Please give me the definition of "Cowan." I cannot find the word in Webster or Worcester's dictionary.

J. C. A.

MALONE, N. Y.

The *Cowan* is a plant of the family of dryads; it grows in Mexico.

Isle of Dogs.—Is there such an island as "Isle of Dogs?" If so where? ?

ALBANY, N. Y.

There is an "Isle of Dogs" in the English Antilles, latitude 18° 20' N. longitude 65° 50'.

There is also an island of this name which is a part of London, England.

It was formerly a peninsula, but in 1800 it was made an island by a canal. The name is supposed to be a corruption of the Isle of *Ducks*.

Carlyle alludes to it: "tell us first whether his voyage has been round the globe or only to Ramsgate and the *Isle of Dogs*."

House that Jack built.—What is the origin of the nursery rhyme, "The House that Jack built"? ?

ALBANY, N. Y.

It is impossible to say. Dr. Doran gives a Hebrew story that is similarly cumulative, and Dr. Brower says that the Kafirs of South Africa have a like story which they tell their children. The Hebrew version is:

[*This is*] the kid that my father bought for two zuzim,
 " " the cat that eat . . .
 " " the dog that bit . . .
 " " the stick that beat . . .
 " " the fire that burnt . . .
 " " the water that quenched . . .
 " " the ox that drank . . .
 " " the butcher that killed . . .
 " " the angel of death.

Compare the story of the old woman who found the sixpence.

Sign of a Pompeian Wine-Shop.—What sign did a wine-shop at Pompeii use? ?

ALBANY, N. Y.

The sign represented an enormous bunch of grapes carried on a stick which lay on the shoulders of two men walking one in front of the other.

Smallest Coin issued in England.—What was the smallest silver coin ever issued by the British Government?

Did they ever coin a silver penny?

E. R.

ALBANY, N. Y.

The smallest coin ever issued by the British was the silver penny which was used as "*Maundy money*."

Pepper tree.—What is the botanical name of the so-called pepper tree so commonly planted in California? The subscriber has the name of three or more West Indian pepper-woods (so-called), but none of these seem likely to be the one in question. One pepper tree is said to be the Peruvian *Schinus molle*. BORAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Larousse says "*Poivre d'Amerique* nom vulgaire du *Schinus molle*."

I held it truth, etc.—The opening lines in Tennyson's "In Memoriam" are as follows:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
'That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.'"

Whom does the poet quote from?

In my edition the last ten lines are in quotation; in others that I have seen the lines are not in quotation.

Who "sang to one clear harp in divers tones?" C. D. P. HAMILTON.

EASTON, PA.

See AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. i, p. 152.

State Salt Cellar.—What is the State Salt Cellar kept in the Tower of London? L. M. O.

McCONNELLSTOWN, PA.

The salt-vat or salt cellar was formerly used to mark the line on the table below which the tenants and dependents might sit. Bishop Hull writes:

"Second that he do on no default
Ever presume to *sit above the salt*."

And an old ballad says:

"Thou art a carle of mean degree,
The *salt* it doth stand between you and me."

REPLIES.

Cocoa for Yams (Vol. iii, p. 47).—This expression should probably read: "*Cocco* for yams." The *cocco* (see "Chambers' Encyclopædia," art. *cocco*) is a highly val-

ued root, while the yam is a cheap and poor one.

ADDAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Eheu Fugaces, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 44).—The elegy on Father Prout, inquired for by Mr. Joseph J. Healy, was first printed in the "Round Table," now defunct.

I am unable to supply the lines called for, but send you copy of a poem which originally appeared in "Saunders' News Letter," and which is generally thought to be superior to any effusion on the death of the noted wit and poet.

The following is all I can remember of the poem called for:

"Eheu fugaces—the scholar's graces
And void thy place is, O Prout, of thee,
While the bells of Shandon
Still sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

To the memory of Father Prout.

"In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes.
When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
Of Water-grass Hill, O renowned P. P.,
May the bells of Shandon
Toll blithe and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory.

"Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then,
With the glass before me, how the dream comes o'er
me,
Of those attic suppers, and those vanished men.
But no song hath woken, whether sung or spoken,
Or hath left a token, of such joy to me
As 'The Bells of Shandon'
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

"The song's melodious, which a new Harmodius,
'Young Ireland' wreathed round its rebel sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board.
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee,
Of the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

"There's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devises,
Where more lie sleeping from his land afar,
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes,
In the quiet cloister by Temple Bar.

So where thou sleepest, with a love that's deepest,
 Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee
 While the bells of Shandon
 Shall sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee."

Better Wall-fired Hell, etc. (Vol. ii, p. 69).
 —The query of X. Y. as to the authorship of these lines has not yet been answered. The querist is evidently thinking of the following passage in Whittier's poem "Tauler":

" 'Then,' said the stranger cheerily, 'be it so.
 What Hell may be I know not; this I know—
 I cannot lose the presence of the Lord,
 One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
 His dear humanity; the other, Love,
 Clasps His divinity. So where I go
 He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him
 Than golden-gated Paradise without.' "

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Point device (Vol. ii, pp. 58, 83, 132).—Would it not be possible to derive this expression, in its old sense of "faultless," from the French *point de vice*, using *point* as a negative adverb and *vice* in the sense of "a fault"? Whether the expression was ever used by the French with this meaning I do not know.

OLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Pets of famous people (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 34, 59).—Cowper, rabbits or hares; Louis XVI, dogs; Daniel Webster, oxen.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Authorship Wanted.—*Old Stone School-house, etc.*

"Old Stone School-house, thou art still the same,
 There's the very steps so oft I've mounted,
 And the window creaking in its frame,
 And the notches that I cut and counted
 For the game;
 Old Stone School-house, thou art still the same.

' Those two gateway sycamores you see,
 By me were planted. Just so far
 asunder,

Yon long well-pole from the road to free,
 And the wagons to pass safely under,
 Ninety-three,
 Those two gateway sycamores you see."
 S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

We Parted in Silence.

"We parted in silence, we parted at night,
 On the banks of that lonely river;
 Beneath the moonbeam's silvery light,
 We met and we parted forever."

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Smallest Republic in the World.—Will some one kindly supplement this reference?

The smallest Republic of the world. The *Frankfurt Times* writes: "That this is not San Marins, nor Andorra, nor Moresnet, but the tiny Republic of *Goust*, in the Pyrenees, which contains less than one hundred inhabitants, all of whom are Romanists.

"The sole occupation of these people is the weaving of wool and silk. Their government consists of an assembly of old men, called the Council. They pay no taxes nor imposts of any kind, and therefore have need of no collectors. They have neither mayor, priest, nor physician. They baptize their children, bury their dead, and perform their marriage ceremonies all beyond the boundaries of the town, or in the neighboring village of Laruns. If any one wishes to espouse a wife he must go away from home to find her.

"Among the peaceful residents of this microscopic republic are several centenarians. No one is really poor, and none are rich. The language which they speak is a mixture of French and Spanish, and their numbers, manners, and customs have remained unchanged for several centuries."

M. H. G.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

Hackamore.—What is the origin of this word? It means a halter or rope for a horse, and is much used in the West.

ANTHRAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Vocabularies (Vol. ii, p. 44).—How

many words are there in the vocabulary of Scott, Dickens, and Shakespeare?

C. D. P. H.

EASTON, PA.

Shakespeare, about 15,000.—[ED.]

Charlemagne and the Stag.—Where can I find the tradition about Charlemagne and the Stag, thus referred to by De Quincy: "Here [forests of Domr  my] was seen (if anywhere seen) that ancient stag who was already nine hundred years old, but possibly a hundred or two more, when met by Charlemagne; and the thing was put beyond doubt by the inscription upon his golden collar."

I shall be obliged for this information through your columns.

J. W. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Lord Pakenham's Burial Place.—Where is Lord Pakenham buried?

L. M. O.

MCCONNELLSTOWN, PA.

The Chian Hath Bought, etc.—What is the meaning of "The Chian hath bought himself a master"?

CYRUS VANSYCKLE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Woman Who Killed Ten Kings.—What woman was accused of killing ten kings, and who were they?

CYRUS VANSYCKLE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Three Churches Over One.—In what city are three churches built over another?

CYRUS VANSYCKLE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Mysterious Smoke (Vol. ii, p. 306; Vol. iii, p. 11).—This interesting subject recalls the mysterious music of the Perdido and Pascagoula Rivers. What is the latest explanation? Some writers believe that some fish or amphibian causes the musical notes. Can any one suggest any explanation of the Burrisaul (or Barisal) guns? These are mysterious explosive noises heard in parts of the Ganges delta. See Hunter's "Statistical Account of Bengal," Vol. v, p. 175. * * *

COMMUNICATIONS.

Hawthorne and Bishop Porteus (Vol. iii, p. 48).—It may be well to point out that Goethe's poem "Gedichte sind gemalte Fenster-scheiben," was composed in the year 1827, quite a long period after the death of Bishop Porteus. This case is but another of those striking coincidences of thought and expression that are so often met with in literature.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Cockles of the Heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298, 312).—In connection with this much discussed expression the following notes may be of value: The "Catholicon Anglicum" (1483, A. D.), E. E. T. S., has, "A *colke*, erula (interior pars pomi)." The word is not found in the "Promptorium Paroulorum." At page 174, line 6445 of the "Pricke of Conscience" (Philological Society, ed. 1863), we read:

"For alle erthe by skill may likened be
Til a round apple of a tre,
That even in myddes has a *colke*.
And swa it may be till an egge yholke."

And the "Glossary" defines *colke* as "core, heart."

In the "Towneley Mysteries" (Surtees Society, ed. 1836), p. 281, we find:

"It is full roten inwardly
At the *colke* within."

It is possible that from *colke* may come *cockle*, by a not very serious metathesis.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Smallest Church (Vol. ii, p. 310).—Moncure D. Conway in "South Coast Saunterings in England," *Harper* for March, 1870, describes two churches. The first, at Bonchurch, is about eight centuries old. "It cannot be ten yards long, and is only three or four wide; it has seven pews and two galleries, and might hold about twenty people. The style is Norman and the ceiling circular, and the chancel separated from the body of the church by a stone partition. Some years ago, as the wall was being cleaned for a fresh coating of whitewash, a very good painting of the Last Judgment was discovered."

ered on the wall. An ancient cross carved out of black oak stands on the altar. There is still regular preaching here, the larger part of the congregation being seated outside" (p. 527). "The village of St. Lawrence, notable for its queer little church, the smallest in the world. It is twenty-five feet long, eleven feet wide, and about as high as a tall man. Its walls are Saxon, and very old" (p. 530). The moss and lichen have long since covered its stony walls, so that it presents a curious, ancient appearance. Every Sunday morning its doors and windows are opened, and the good people of the village (on the Isle of Wight) gather to its services, the majority of the congregation remaining outside.

M. N. ROBINSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

Cinderella's Glass Slipper.—The little "glass slipper" of Cinderella has an odd history. The story belongs to old, mediæval folk-lore, whether German or French it is hard to say, but the "glass" slipper is undoubtedly French. At one period the use of the fur called "*vair*" was confined by law to the nobles, by whom it was used for trimming both gowns and shoes. When, then, Cinderella's fairy godmother equipped her for the ball she gave her godchild slippers of "*vair*." But *vair* has exactly the same sound in French as *verre*, glass. As the tale was handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation, the fur was forgotten, and the slipper of the noble fur "*vair*," was turned into a slipper of *verre*, or glass. In the latest American spectacular production the shoe or *vair* has become the "Crystal Slipper."

Balzac says: "Certaines fourrures rares, comme le *vair*, qui sans aucun doute fut la zibeline impériale, ne pouvaient être portées que par les rois." The etymology of the word is from Latin *varius*.

"What's the Matter with so and so" (Vol. iii, p. 35).—The exact Scotch equivalent for this is simply "What ails so and so?" "What ails you?" is subjective—that is, it applies to the individual dissatisfied, not to the object. A half-dozen children are seated at breakfast and one eats his porridge shyly or not at all. The

mother asks, "What ails *you* at the porridge?" really asking the child, probably, whether he is sick. When I observe a friend behaving rudely or dryly to an acquaintance, I ask him, "What ails you at so and so?" meaning, "Why have you a grudge against him?" When I say, "What ails so and so?" I ask what is wrong with him, or "what is the matter" with him objectively. Sometimes, however, the expressions are nearly equivalent, as in that quoted in NOTES AND QUERIES, "What ails you at the pudding bree?" that is, what fault have *you* to find with it, I have none.

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

There's a Spirit, etc. (Vol. iii, pp. 33, 58).—I don't know as to its authorship, but thirty years ago in the library of "the old house at home" was a temperance work purporting to be a report of a temperance convention of the Beasts and Birds, and I don't know but Fishes also. In the course of it a church was referred to which was so constructed that a revenue was derived from the rental of the basement for storage. And stored therein was quite an amount of liquor. My memory (perhaps a little treacherous thirty years after) is that it was the owl who recited the following:

There's a spirit above
And a spirit below,
The spirit of love
And the spirit of woe,
The spirit above
Is the spirit of love,
And the spirit below
Is the spirit of woe;
The spirit above
Is a spirit divine,
And the spirit below
Is the spirit of wine.

Possibly this may jog some one's memory who will know if the lines were original in the work mentioned.

T. H. SMITH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, p. 34).—The *Court Journal* says: "Mr. Henry Irving had once a friend. He did not ask for orders, but, nevertheless,

took the deepest interest in the great actor's performance. He sat on the stage night after night till it was time to ring up the curtain, and then went up to Mr. Irving's dressing-room, which he did not leave till the curtain was about to be rung down. He could not go with him everywhere, but accompanied him to Southampton when Mr. Irving was leaving for the Continent. Half heartbroken, he saw him go off in the boat, and in an hour after was missed by his companions, whose company was evidently of no consequence to him. They were in a great state of anxiety as to what had happened to Mr. Irving's devoted friend. Three days after he turned up on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre, having evidently done the journey on foot, for his feet were bleeding and his coat was covered with mud. How the poor dog discovered his way is among the mysteries. Mr. Irving's friend is dead."

Eating Crow (Vol. i, p. 160).—M. Achille Murat would doubtless sympathize with the man who hankered not for crow. While a citizen of this country he seemed resolved to study its food resources, but reported, "*Buzzard is not good; I have no prejudices at all, I try everything, but buzzard is not good.*" M. L. C. G.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Charivari (Vol. i, pp. 8, 263, 288, 296, 297, 311, 312; Vol. ii, pp. 9, 12).—A description of "Charivari" is given in "Roughing it in the Bush," a vivid account of life in Canada fifty years ago by Mrs. Moody, sister of the historian, Miss Strickland. Though apparently of French origin, it seems akin to the "Skimelten Ride," described by Hardy in "The Mayor of Casterbridge." M. L. C. G.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

The Eagle and "She" (Vol. i, p. 32; Vol. iii, p. 20).—In *Little Folks* of this month there is an allusion to the ancient superstition that "the eagle every ten years soars into a *fiery region* and plunges thence into the sea, where, moulting its feathers, it acquires new life." And it quotes from the Book of Psalms, "Thy youth is renewed

like the eagles." And from Spencer's "Faerie Queen,"

"As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And decks himself with feathers youthly gay."

Might there not have been in this a suggestion for "She"? M. L. C. G.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

That the eagle lives to a very great age is a very ancient tradition, but Apemantus says:

"Will these moss'd trees,
That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou poin'st out?"
(Timon of Athens, Act iv, Scene 3.)

The "Booke of Falconrie," by Turberville (1575), says that the great age of the eagle was discovered from the fact that it always builds its eyrie in the same place.

[Ed.]

Susan Pye (Vol. iii, p. 30).—The latest Susan Pye had a prototype in Washington thirty years ago. To the house of a well-known clergyman there came a handsome young man, an attaché of a European Legation. He was accompanied by a veiled woman, and they requested that the marriage ceremony be performed. Unlike the Camden minister, the clergyman did not tear the veil from the woman's face, but she finally yielded to his representations and removed it, revealing an unmistakable African face. In answer to the young man's entreaties that he would proceed, the clergyman stated the law of the country, and the couple departed, the lover pronouncing a bitter diatribe against such a law! Their subsequent history is unknown.

M. L. C. G.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Idyls of the King (Vol. iii, p. 20).—Your answer to the inquiry for a complete list of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" is neither complete nor accurate. Balin and Balan being omitted, and Gareth and Pelleas being misprinted Gereth and Peleas.

WM. D. ARMES.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Month's Mind (Vol. i, p. 245).—The original sense of this expression still subsists. In several instances in recent years the "month's mind" has been observed in various Roman Catholic churches in Philadelphia.

SENEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Gore (Vol. i, p. 262).—*Gore*, as applied to a district, is a piece of land overlooked by the original surveyors, and which, therefore, does not fall into the limits of any township. Vermont is the principal State where *gores* are found. But there are plenty of *gores* between farms in other parts of the country. Strictly, a *gore* is an odd-shaped piece of cloth in a garment; its extension to a piece of unsurveyed land was very easy and natural.

CISCOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Cuspidor (Vol. i, p. 310).—*Cuspidor* is Portuguese; it comes from *cuspir*, or *cospir*, to spit; Latin *conspuere*, to spit. It has nothing whatever to do with *cuspis*, a spit.

VITEX.

Bimini (Vol. ii, p. 100).—You say that "Bimini was a fabulous island, etc. But there really is a Bimini in the Bahama Group called Bemini in Green's "Caribbean Sea," Vol. i, p. 113. It really consists of two low and sandy islets, with a harbor, port, and a resident magistrate.

RUMEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Prestidigitateur (Vol. ii, p. 115).—This word, the direct etymology of which is given as above, is more remotely an extension or expansion of the Latin *præstigator*, a juggler; *præstigium*, a deception. Like many others, this word has a double origin.

POLLEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Croatan (Vol. i, pp. 7, 95, 275).—Besides the place of this name in Craven county, N. C., the U. S. census makes note of a township in Dare county, N. C., of the same name.

A. B. C. X.

NEW JERSEY.

Danneburg (Vol. i, p. 7).—This word defined *loco citato* as "the Dane's stronghold," really means (so I am informed by a

Dane) "the Danish banner," or more literally "the Danish cloth."

G. X.

NEW JERSEY.

Sunken Cities (Vol. i, p. 89).—Besides those mentioned as above we may refer to *Amalfi*, the sinking of which is celebrated in a poem by Longfellow; and *Savanna-lamar* in the West Indies, on the sinking of which in an earthquake De Quincey wrote a very remarkable paper.

G. X.

NEW JERSEY.

Sweetness and Light (Vol. i, p. 119).—In addition to the citations made above, I remember seeing *lumen et dulcedo* quoted from the writings of St. Bonaventura.

G. X.

NEW JERSEY.

Bug-eaters (Vol. i, pp. 140, 155).—I imagine this name as applied to the people of Nebraska comes from the fact that at a time when that State was in part overrun by locusts (or "hoppers"), the proposal was made to turn the insects to good account by making them an article of food, after the manner of the Arabs. Several entomologists and journalists actually got up a dinner at which the locusts were served up in various styles.

C. G.

NEW JERSEY.

Billy Barlow (Vol. iii, p. 13).—I remember hearing sung in my childhood the following doggerel, to a very plaintive air:

"The timperance s'iety—I jined it twice,
And those were the happiest days of my life;
But the mimbers got dhrunk, and bechas they did so
They turned from their s'iety Billy Barlow.
An' it's oh! dear! I'm ragged I know,
Now, isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow?"

I fancy this was one of a number of improvised additions to the original song.

FORDHAM.

BOSTON, MASS.

Bloody Shirt.—Among the various versions of the origin of the phrase "Bloody Shirt," which I have read, none has gone so far back as what seems to be the original source, "The Gesta Romanorum" (Tale lxvi). Mr. Joseph Knight, in his biography of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, illustrates that

poet's methods by quoting one of the mediæval tales on which Rossetti found his poem "The Staff and Scrip." The excerpt is from the early English translation of the "Gesta Romanorum," which was edited for the Roxburghe Club, by Sir Edward Madden. The tale is called "The Bloody Shirt: of a Knight who restored a Princess to her Kingdom, and of her gratitude to him." It relates that the Emperor Fredericus, of Rome, bequeathed, on his death-bed, his entire empire to his daughter, and proceeds:

"Sowhat time that a certayne Erle hurde of this, after the death of the Emperour, he come to the dameselle and stered hire to squene, and anon the dameselle enclined to his wordis. So whan the dameselle was filid (defiled), he put hire out of hire empire, and than she made lamentacion more thon ony man can trowe, and gede (went) unto an other kingdom or cuntre."

Sitting in her sorrow she receives the visits of a "faire yong knyghte sitting up on a faire hors," who asks the cause of her grief, and receives the full history. On the promise that she will be his love he undertakes to recover her heritage. Before setting out on the enterprise he imposes these conditions:

"If it happe me to dye for the(e) in batill and not to have victory, that thou sette out my bloody serke (shirt) on a perch afore for twey skilis (two reasons); the first is that the sighte of my serke may meve the(e) to wepe as ofte tyme as thou lokist thereon; the secunde skile is, for I woll, that whenne ony man comyth to the(e) for to have the(e) for wife, that thou renne (run) to the serke and sey to thyself, 'God forbode that euer I sholde take ony to my husband, after the deth of this lord, which deyde for my love and recoveryd myne heritage.'"

The lover won the victory and restored the Princess her heritage, but "gate his deth" in so doing. His shirt, soaked in his life's blood, was brought to the Princess. "All her bowelis was troubelyd more than tunge may telle." She observed the conditions imposed by the dead knight, and when suitors came she rushed into the chamber and with a "lamentabill voys" cried out the

words he directed. "And so she answered to all that come to hire for that erende and fayre endid hire lyfe."

See Vol. I, p. 66 - "Every man" not "thing"
That this is the origin of the phrase I have no doubt.

J. O. G. DUFFY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Horace Walpole and Mr. Evarts.—I find in Horace Walpole a possible ancestor of one of Mr. Evarts' most pungent witticisms. The medal to the "306" who stood solid for Grant's renomination, he suggested should be made of "beaten brass." Walpole, writing to General Conway, June 29, 1744, says, "Every night I go to Ranelagh—everybody goes there. If you had never seen it, I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of *beaten princes*—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland." Perhaps Mr. Evarts' beaten brass is stronger than the beaten *gold* implied by Walpole, but the relationship seems close.

M. L. C. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Torloisk (Vol. ii, p. 247).—Mr. J. W. Redway has slightly changed my query from the way I sent it. I asked you to describe and locate *Torloisk*. He infers that it is a town, and at the time I sent the communication supposed so myself, although I did not mention it as a town. Subsequent investigation, however, shows that it is a place in the Isle of Mull, N. B. It is the family-seat of a branch of the Macleans. At the present time Earl Compton resides there. He was heir to his maternal grandmother of the estate of *Torloisk*, and at her death assumed the name and arms of Maclean. It is on the north shore of Loch Tuadh, opposite Gometra.

THOS. CLEPHANE.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Petunia (Vol. ii, p. 63).—It is a rather remarkable fact that this familiar flower-name is a Latinized form of the Brazilian word *petun*, tobacco, explained in Vol. ii, p. 63.

BECK XX.

NEW JERSEY.

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NOTES.

HIAWATHA IN FLEMISH.

Perhaps some particulars of an early attempt at rendering Longfellow's American epic in a foreign tongue may be of interest to his many admirers. In 1858, only a few years after the publication of the "Song of Hiawatha," Guido Gezelle, Pbr. (Professor in't Kleen Seminarie, te Rousselaere), published a volume, entitled "Vlaemsche Dichtoefeningen" (Brussel & Rousselaere, 1858, pp. i-x, 11-216). The author is a Roman Catholic, and the poems are, in the main, devout and religious in character. Pages 127-136 are, however, occupied by "Mondamin. Amerikaensch Verdichtsel over den oorsprong van het Maïs of Indisch kooren. Letterlyk uit het Engelsch van Longfellow "

(Mondamin. An American legend of the origin of maize or Indian corn. [Translated] literally from the English of Longfellow). This poem is interesting in many ways. It shows how Longfellow was appreciated abroad, and the extent to which "Hiawatha" was read and admired so shortly after its publication. Moreover, it is an excellent rendering of an English poem into a cognate language of Low German stock, and is valuable as showing the close relationship of modern English and Flemish. It is, as the author claims it to be, quite a literal translation, and a work of considerable merit.

It translates the fifth section of the "Song of Hiawatha," known as "Hiawatha's Fasting," the author having simply substituted for the latter title "Mondamin," the Indian name for maize or Indian corn.

It is truly surprising with what ease and accuracy the poet has reproduced in the original metre the flowing musical lines of Longfellow. As Gezelle's work has probably not been often cited on this side the Atlantic, I append a few of the more striking passages, with a literal translation of the Flemish :

"Eerst, en om aldaer te vasten,
Bouwd 'hy bin' den bossche een wig-wam,
Naest het blinkend Grootzee-water,
In het blyde en lustig voorjaer,
Binst de mane van de blären.
Menig wondren droom aenschouwd' hy
Binst dien zevendaegschen Vasten."
[First, and in order there to fast,
Built he in the bush (forest) a wigwam,
Next the shining Big-Sea-Water,
In the blithe and pleasant springtime,
In the moon of the leaves.
Many a wondrous dream viewed he
In this seven days' fasting.]

Another portion of the poem very accurately rendered is:

"Op den derden van de dagen
Zat hy naest het meer en peisde,
Naest het stil doorschynend water;
Zag den steurvisch, Na-ma, smakkend,
Droppels slaen lyk wampom kralen,
Zag den gulden baers, den Sa-wa,
Lyk een zonnestråle in 't water,
Zag den snoek, den Mas-ke-no-sa.
Zag den haring, O-ka-ha-wis,
Met de sja-ga-sjil, de kriffe:
Heer des levens, riep hy treurig,

Moet een mensche daermet leven?"

[On the third of the days
Sat he by the lake and pondered,
By the still transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping,
Scatter drops like wampum beads,
Saw the golden perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sun-beam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Saw the herring, Okahahwis,
With the Shawgashee, the craw-fish:
Lord of life, cried he sadly,
Must a man on these things live!]

The waiting of Hiawatha and the coming of Mondamin are thus described:

"Hiawada zat en beidde
Naer de komste van Mondamin,
En als 't schadubeeld der boomen
Langzaam naer den Oosten langde,
Met het vallen van de zonne,
Die lyk 't Rooblad in het najaer
Op het water viel, en wegzonk,
In den boezem van de waetren,
Hei! Mondamin, jong en jeugdig,
Met zyn gulden lyzig hoofdhair.
Met zyn groen en geluw kleed aen,
Met zyn langen lieven pluimbos,
Stond en wenkte voor den deurweg,
En lyk een die slapend wandelt,
Bleek, verwezend, doch onschrikbaer,
Kwam te voorschyn Hiawada:
Kwam en worstelde Mondamin."
[Hiawatha sat and bided
For the coming of Mondamin,
And as the shadow of the trees
Slowly towards the east did reach,
With the sinking of the sun,
That, like the red leaf in the autumn
On the water fell, and down sank,
In the bosom of the waters,
Lo! Mondamin, young and lively,
With his golden, soft tresses (head of hair),
With his green and yellow clothes on,
With his long, glossy plumage,
Stood and beckoned at the doorway,
And, like one that sleeping walketh,
Pale, haggard, but undaunted,
Came forth Hiawatha,
Came and wrestled with Mondamin.]

The above citations will give one a fair idea of the translation, and cause regret that the author had not seen fit to render the whole epic into his native tongue.

A few of the names occurring in Longfellow's poem, mostly for the sake of conforming to the phonology of the Flemish language, have suffered slight changes. *Hiawatha* appears as *Hiawada*, to get rid of the troublesome English *th*. The wild-

rice (Mahnomonie) figures as *Mano Monie*, while *Odahmin*, the strawberry, becomes *O-do-nim*.

It would be interesting if all the attempts to translate "Hiawatha" could be referred to and compared with the one under discussion. The same volume contains a poem entitled "Excelsior," which is an elaboration of Longfellow's composition with the same name. I hope to discuss it in another communication.

TORONTO, CAN. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

WHO WERE THE DELLA CRUSCANS, AND HOW DID THEY BECOME FAMOUS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE?

In the year 1582 the Academia Della Crusca was founded at Florence. Its object was the preservation of the Italian language in its purity; and hence it derived its rather fanciful appellation, the word *crusca* in Italian signifying *chaff* or *bran*. About the year 1785 a number of English residents at Florence endeavored to amuse themselves by writing verses, which they published in a volume called "The Florence Miscellany." Silly, insipid, and affected though these effusions were, yet such was the poetic destitution of the period that they soon found many admirers and imitators. One of the founders of this school of poetry, Mr. Robert Merry, had traveled for some years on the continent, and, having resided for a long time in Florence, had been elected a member of the famous academy mentioned above. He came to England, and immediately announced himself by a sonnet to Love, over the signature "Della Crusca." Prior to this, however, the effusions of these sentimentalists had been published chiefly in two daily papers, called *The World* and *The Oracle*, from which they were soon collected, and with fulsome praise recommended to public attention in a volume called "The Album," by Bell, the printer. Merry's signature gave a name to the mutual admiration society of versifiers. His sonnet to Love was answered by one "Anna Matilda" in "an incomparable piece of nonsense," and these two great "luminaries of the age," as Bell calls them, fell desperately in love with each other. The epidemic spread

"from fool to fool; the fever turned to frenzy," many "caught the infection, and from one end of the kingdom to the other all was nonsense and Della Crusca." Among the writers of the school whose names have been preserved are Mr. Bertie Greathead, a man of wealth and good family; Mr. William Parsons, also a man of means; Edward Jerningham, author of numerous plays and poems; Miles Peter Andrews, a writer of prologues and epilogues; Mr. Edward Topham, proprietor of *The World*; Rev. Charles Este, its editor; Joseph Weston, a small magazine critic of the day; James Cobbe, a now forgotten farce writer; Frederick Pilon, said to have been an actor; a Mr. Timothy or Thomas Adney, whose anagrammatic pseudonym was Mit or Mot Yenda; Mr. Thomas Vaughan (Edwin); Mr. John Williams (Tony Pasquin); James Boswell, who had not yet written his life of Johnson; and the dramatists O'Keefe, Morton, Reynolds, Holcroft, Sheridan, and the younger Coleman, who survived and recovered from their connection with the Della Cruscan folly. Among the female scribblers the principal names are those of Mrs. Piozzi, better known as Mrs. Thrale; Mrs. H. Cowley (Anna Matilda), authoress of "The Belle's Stratagem;" and the notorious Mrs. Robinson.

But the Della Cruscans were destined to enjoy a very brief existence. William Gifford (1756-1826) appeared as an author in 1794. His first production, a poem called "The Baviad," a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius, was directed against the unlucky poetasters. In the following year its continuation, "The Maviad," an imitation of Horace, leveled at the corruptors of dramatic poetry, appeared. In these powerful and popular satires Gifford lashed the Della Crusca authors, who attempted dramas as well as poems, with merciless but deserved severity. His exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Lichfield. He speaks thus of Mrs. Piozzi:

"See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her labored nothings home."

But he errs in including Kotzebue and Schiller in his list.

In the preface to the "Maviad,"* Gifford intimates that he had been charged with "breaking butterflies upon a wheel;" but "many a man, who now affects to pity me for wasting my strength upon unresisting imbecility would not long since have heard these poems with applause and their praises with delight." The Della Cruscans sank into instant and irretrievable contempt, and the worst of them, Williams, was non-suited in an action against Gifford, publisher. Della Crusca appeared no more in *The Oracle*. Rarely has literature witnessed such a scalping. It completely killed the school, and indeed, it is only in Gifford's two poems that the memory of most of the unhappy Della Cruscan songsters has been preserved; an immortality which may be compared with that conferred by the *Newgate Calendar*:

"Though *Crusca's* bards no more our journals fill,
Some stragglers skirmish round the columns still."
Byron.

JENKINS'S EAR.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, Spain held, and in her narrow policy endeavored to keep, a monopoly of the trade with her New World colonies, and in every treaty with England her right was jealously guarded. England admitted the claim legally, but as a matter of practice it was constantly evaded, and a large illicit traffic carried on with these colonies. Spain, to prevent this, claimed the right to search all English vessels sailing near Spanish colonial ports, and finally even upon the high seas, by her *guarda costas*, or guard ships, growing continually angry and violent, so that the search was often conducted with insolence and barbarity, while English merchants waxed furious, and English sailors longed for combat. The British people generally, not entering into the legal merits of the case, grew indignant against the severity used in exercising the right of search, and a strong pressure was brought to bear upon the Premier, Sir Robert Walpole, to

declare war with Spain. The press and the opposition leaders fomented the indignation of the people in every possible way; English sailors, returned from captivity, told stories of their cruel treatment; specimens of the loathsome food furnished them were exhibited, petitions, complaining of Spanish outrages, were sent to the House, and the excitement daily grew greater. Finally the narration of Captain Robert Jenkins of a grievance suffered seven years before wrought up the people to frenzy, and Walpole was obliged to yield. On the 16th of March, 1738, the House of Commons ordered that "Captain Robert Jenkins do attend this House immediately," and repeated "That Captain Robert Jenkins do attend on Tuesday morning." Captain Jenkins had told his story seven years previous, in June, 1731, to the Duke of Newcastle without success, and was not now loth to repeat it. He was in April, 1731, homeward bound with a cargo from Jamaica, when, near Havana, he was boarded by a Spanish *guarda costa* and searched. Nothing contraband being discovered, he was threatened with death if he did not disclose his hidden treasures; was struck with a cutlass, half severing one of his ears from his head; was strung up to the yard-arm and cut down before he was quite exhausted; then, when this extorted no confession, his injured ear was torn from his head and flung in his face with the taunt, "Carry that to your king; we would do the same to him."

When Jenkins appeared before the House he exhibited this ear, that he always carried with him wrapped in cotton. When asked concerning his feelings during the ordeal, he replied: "he had commended his soul to God and his cause to his country." The whole country rang with the affair. "Jenkins's ear," and Jenkins's patriotic trust in his country formed party watch-words, and were echoed and re-echoed throughout the land.

There is much doubt about the story, but it answered its purpose.

Burke called it, in "A Regicide Peace," "the fable of Jenkins's ear;" Walpole's biographer said it was a "ridiculous story;" Carlyle says: "The ear of Jenkins is a singular thing. Might have mounted to be a

* These two poems derived their names from Bavius and Maevius, two wretched poets in Virgil's time.

constellation, like Berenice's hair;" Pope wrote:

"The Spaniards own they did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears and sent them to the king."

Glover and Johnson both refer to it. Tindal said: "Jenkins lost his ear, or part of his ear, on another occasion, and pretended it had been cut off by a *guarda costa*." "Lost it in the pillory," said others. Finally, according to Horace Walpole, when Jenkins died it was found his ear had never been cut off at all! But, whatever was the real truth of the matter, the result was war between England and Spain.

BANBURY CROSS.

Banbury, in Domesday called Bansberrie, is a little town in the North of Oxfordshire, thought once to have been a Roman station. Like every other town, it had its cross or crosses, where business was performed, proclamation made, or, often, religious doctrine preached. In fact, these crosses seem to have been to an English town what its "gates" were to a Jewish city. Banbury, as a market town, had more than one cross—certainly four—the largest distinguished as the High Cross. It seems not to have been one of those erected to commemorate Queen Eleanor's funeral cortege, but it is supposed to have been a memorial of Queen Philippa, the wife of Edward III.

In old times Banbury was famous for its "cheese, cakes, and zeal," and, although the "zeal" is explained to have been first credited to it through a mistake, the townsfolk appear to have deserved their reputation. In his manuscript supplement to the "Britannia," Camden says the word was not in his Latin copy, but was foisted into the translation by a blunder. In Gibson's edition of Camden a note explains the blunder thus: Mr. Camden noticed, when the sheets came from the press, that the translator had added "cakes and ale" to his own observation that Banbury was famous for cheese, and, thinking the expression too light, he changed *ale* to *zeal*.

For some time it was supposed that Banbury cakes were first noticed in the "Britannia" (1607), but "Banberrie cakes" are

included, in a "Treatise on Melancholie," 1586, among things that produce "plentie of melancholie." Very indigestible, one supposes. Shakespeare mentions Banbury cheese, but it is no longer made.

The Puritan element was strong in Banbury, and when, after the death of Essex, in 1601, Elizabeth fell into a kind of *melancholia*, and Roman Catholics, becoming bolder, began to reinstate the long-suppressed shows and processions, the attempt at Banbury met with fierce opposition. The revellers had reached the High Cross and begun a scenic play when the Puritan element of the town mustered in force to prevent the representation. A conflict ensued when the Papists were overborne and driven from the town. Then the Protestants turned their anger against what they deemed papistical symbols, hewed down not only the High Cross but at least three smaller ones, and scattered the fragments through the market-place. Rage grew to unreasoning fury at the devastation, and, turning to the beautiful old church, the frantic throng wreaked their wrath upon stained glass, statuary, and sculpture; nothing was spared that could witness to the ancient faith. Corbett says, "They left not a leg nor an arm of an apostle," and of the fine mural decorations only the names of the church wardens remained. This drew upon the town much ridicule, and Ben Jonson, Davenant, and Braithwaite all made the zeal of the Banbury folk the butt of their wit. Braithwaite makes "Drunken Barnaby" tell of seeing a Puritan hang his cat on Monday for catching a mouse on Sunday.

The legend accounting for this fair lady and her finery has been put into ballad form, and an abstract of it is given in Timb's "Abbeys and Castles." Still further condensed, it is this:

"'Twas in the Second Edward's reign
A knight of much renown,
Yclept Lord Herbert, chanced to live
Near famous Banbury town."

This knight's only son, young Edward, fell desperately in love with a good and beautiful maiden of the neighborhood, the fair Amelia. A tournament was held at Banbury, to which came many knights from

far and near, and Edward, tilting with one in whom he fancied he discerned a rival, but who was really Amelia's brother, was sorely wounded. Despite his lady's careful nursing, he did not rally, and when Amelia consulted a holy monk in his behalf, she was told :

"To-morrow, at the midnight hour,
Go to the cross alone,
For Edward's rash and hasty deed
Perchance thou mayst atone."

She went obediently, rode around the cross, and Edward was cured. Then a festival was ordered, where—

"Upon a milk-white steed
A lady doth appear;
By all she's welcomed lustily
In one tremendous cheer;
With rings of brilliant lustre
Her fingers are bedecked,
And bells upon her palfrey hung,
To give the whole effect.

"And even to the present time
The custom's not forgot,
But few there are who know the tale
Connected with the spot,
Though to each baby in the land
The nursery rhymes are told
About the lady robed in white,
And Banbury Cross of old."

Whether the legend is really old or manufactured to explain the pageant, it is certain that, at least until comparatively recent times, a procession and festivity took place periodically at Banbury, in which a lady "gaily dight" took the principal part, just as in Coventry there was Lady Godiva's procession. In modern days this lady was represented as a Maid Marian, accompanied by Robin Hood and Friar Tuck, and scattering from her bejeweled hands Banbury cakes through the crowd, but it has been suggested that originally she may have personated Queen Philippa.

To return to the cross and our commemorative rhyme, does it occur to most of us, when repeating the latter, to inquire as to that zoological monstrosity a cock-horse? No dictionaries recognize it as a legitimate member of the animal kingdom, but it is mentioned in Aristophanes' "Frogs" and "Peace;" and we see it portrayed on an ancient Etruscan vase, and learn that the

Greeks copied it from the old Persian tapestries. How did Mother Goose come by such a venerable, classical, and archæological piece of horse-flesh?

QUERIES.

Margutte.—Who was Margutte, and in what work does he appear?

S. L. LOFTUS.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Margutte (*Morgante, Maggiore*, 1481) is the first unmitigated blackguard in fiction, and is the greatest as well as first. Pulci is conjectured, with great probability, to have designed him as a caricature of some real person: for Margutte is a Greek who, in point of morals, had been horribly brought up, and some of the Greek refugees in Italy were greatly disliked for the cynicism of their manners and the grossness of their lives. Margutte is a glutton, a drunkard, a liar, a thief, and a blasphemer. He boasts of having every vice, and no virtue except fidelity, which is meant to reconcile Morgante to his company; but, though the latter endures and even likes it for his amusement, he gives him to understand that he looks on his fidelity as only securable by the bastinado, and makes him the subject of his practical jokes. The respectable Morgante dies of the bite of a crab, as if to show on what trivial chances depends the life of the strongest. Margutte laughs himself to death at sight of a monkey putting his shoes on and off, as though the good-natured poet meant at once to express his contempt of a merely and grossly anti-serious mode of existence, and his consideration, nevertheless, toward the poor selfish wretch who had no better training.

St. Ursula.—Will you please to give a brief account of the legend of Saint Ursula in some future issue. Does this legend rest on a historical basis, or is it wholly a myth? Was there such a person as Ursula?

INQUIRER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

St. Ursula was the daughter of Theonotus, King of Cornwall, and Daria, a Christian

princess of Sicily. She was asked in marriage by Conon, a prince of Little Britain, but having vowed herself to chastity, she, to gain time, started on a pilgrimage to Rome accompanied by "eleven thousand virgins." On her return she was driven by adverse winds to Cologne, where she and her attendant maidens were murdered by the Huns and Picts (October 21, 237). The relics are still shown at Cologne. If Ursula be connected with the Swabian *ursul* or *hörsel* (the moon), then the virgins who were her company are to be explained as the stars.

If, however, there was a real personage, the following are the names of the virgins:

Ursula, Sencia, Gregoria, Pinnosa, Martha, Saula, Brittola, Saturnina, Rabacia, Satoria, Palladia.

It will be noticed that here are only eleven instead of eleven thousand. This fact is explained thus: In the "Freisingen Codex" the calendar runs. "SS. XI. M. VIRGINUM," which is "Eleven holy martyr virgins," but if the M which in Roman notation equal one thousand is so construed, you get XIM=1,1000.

Rosegarden at Worms (Vol ii, p. 190).
—What is the Rosegarden at Worms?

READER.

HARRISBURG, PA.

"Rosegarden at Worms" is an anonymous German poem of the last half of the thirteenth century, which in its best-known form constitutes the third part of the *Heldenbuch* or *Book of Heroes*. Kriemhild has a beautiful Rosegarden at Worms, fenced only by a silken thread, which is under the guardianship of Siegfried, her betrothed, and eleven other knights. She boasts that there are no knights in the world who can overcome these heroes, and, learning of the prowess of Dietrich, challenges him to pick out eleven companions and do battle against her knights. Dietrich, stung by the insolent tone of the challenge, does as he is bid. The preliminaries of the combat are soon arranged, there are to be twelve successive duels, each challenger being expected to find his match, and the reward is to be a crown of roses and a kiss from Kriemhild. One after the other Kriemhild's champions are vanquished and

disabled until at last it comes to the turn of Siegfried and Dietrich to do battle. Dietrich is at first badly worsted, the great reputation of the dragon slayer has unnerved him. But one of his knights, knowing his temper, manages to whisper in his ear the false information that his friend Hildebrand has been slain. Then he bursts into one of his terrible passions, belches out fire and flame which melt the horny hide of Siegfried and presses so fiercely upon him that Siegfried turns and flies. Kriemhild, forgetting her pride, rushes forward and throws her veil over him and so saves his life. The best-drawn character in the poem is Monk Ilse, the truculent fighting friar, one of Dietrich's champions, who, after he has vanquished his chosen opponent, calls out in succession fifty-two other idle champions of the garden, part of them giants, and routs the whole number, thereby earning fifty-two more garlands and as many kisses, so that Kriemhild's cheek was scratched to the drawing of blood by his rough beard.

The Great Expunger.—Can you inform me what American statesman was called "The Great Expunger," and why?

H. R.

Daniel Webster was known as the "Great Expounder," referring to his exposition of the Constitution. Perhaps this is what is meant by the query.

Finns in Delaware.—Among the "Swedes and Finns" who settled Delaware and vicinity were there any true Finns (Turanians), or only Finland-born Swedes, misnamed Finns?

CARFAX.

NEW JERSEY.

See the "Penna. Magazine of History and Biography," Vol. iii, pp. 406-7, p. 464, and Vol. vii, p. 406, and Vol. viii, p. 40, and p. 249, esp. note 4.

From the above reference it appears that some of the emigrants, at least, were from Finland.

The Broken Pitcher.—What is the story of the Broken Pitcher, and who wrote it?

P. C. T.

KANSAS CITY, IOWA.

"The Broken Pitcher" is the title of a satire by Wieland, a tale by Zschokke, and a one-

act comedy in verse by Heinrich Von Kleist, all written in 1803 under the following circumstances: In that year Zschokke was entertaining the other writers at his house in Berne. He had an engraving hanging in his parlor, and the three friends held many amicable discussions over its meaning. Finally it was decided that each should treat the subject in such literary form as he chose to adopt. Wieland's satire is lost. Zschokke's tale is a delightful little idyll, full of a sly and kindly humor that defies analysis. A translation may be found in Parke Goodwin's "*Tales from Zschokke*" (New York).

Kleist's comedy had a curious history. In 1807 Goethe brought it out at his theatre in Weimar, but he had the unhappy thought of dividing it into five acts. Now this interfered with one of its chief merits, the bustling animation and rapid movement of dialogue and plot, and the whole effect of the little drama was lost. It proved a failure in consequence, and the fiery young author was so chagrined that he challenged Goethe to a duel, which, of course, was never fought. In 1842, long after Kleist's death, the play was reproduced in Berlin in its original form, with so much success that it at once took its deserved rank among the classics of the German stage.

The story tells of a village matron who brings suit against Ruprecht, her daughter's lover, for the value of a pitcher which she accuses him of having broken. Now the real facts of the case are these: The village magistrate, Master Adam, had introduced himself into the girl's chamber, had been repulsed by her, and had been encountered in the dark by Ruprecht, who, without recognizing him, had cast him headlong down the stairs, and he had crushed the pitcher in his fall. Ruprecht, refusing all explanation of the suspicious circumstances, had broken off his engagement with the girl, and she, on her side, afraid of drawing down upon the family the vengeance of the magistrate, had told her mother it was Ruprecht who had shattered the pitcher. Master Adam conducts the prosecution, and much of the humor of the piece lies in the way in which, by his violent browbeating of the witnesses, by his anxiety to convict Ruprecht, and, when Ruprecht has cleared himself, to fasten

the accusation upon others, by his embarrassment and confusion, he succeeds in awakening first a suspicion and then a conviction of his own guilt. He is punished, the lovers are reconciled, and everything ends happily.

The picture in the Louvre by Jean Baptiste Greuze is usually considered his masterpiece. It represents a young girl clad in white, retaining with her right hand a lot of flowers in a fold of her dress, and bearing a broken pitcher under her arm. The frank eyes look out upon us clouded with sorrow, and the whole figure has a charm of mingled pathos and humor. Numerous copies and imitations of this picture have been made. Jean Massard printed a fine engraving of it. William Calder Marshall, in 1855, and Emil Carlier, in 1868, produced statues under the same name, which, though very different in detail, confessedly owed their inspiration to Greuze's painting.

St. Augustine and the Child.—Where is the original narrative of the vision Augustine saw of a child by the sea-shore dipping the water into various vessels? This was applied to his attempting to fathom the mystery of the Trinity, and is the basis of a poem by Lowell?

ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

You will find it in St. Augustine's "Discourse on the Trinity."

REPLIES.

No Matter what Men say, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 67).—The lines wanted are from "No-bility," by Alice Carey.

"True worth is being, not seeming;
In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

"For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

"We get back our mete as we measure,
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.

"The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

"We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things which it gets.

"For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of great or of small,
But just in the doing—and doing
As we would be done by—is all.

* * * * *

"And slight is the sting of his trouble
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth."

M. L. C. G.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

"*Is it Come?*" (Vol. iii, p. 67).—

This poem was written by an English lady, Miss Frances Brown, several years ago. When first published it attracted considerable attention in literary circles, both in England and America. As it has only appeared in a fugitive form, it might be well to embalm it in the pages of NOTES AND QUERIES.

C. C. B.

BALTIMORE, MD.

"Is it come?" they asked on the banks of Nile,
Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
With the desert sands and the granite gray.
From pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell of the slave and tyrant's dread—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

"The Chaldee came with his starry lore
That built up Babylon's crown and creed;
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' temple and Nimrod's tower
The rule of the old East's empire spread,
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, 'Is it come?' the watcher said.

"The light of the Persian's worshiped flame
On ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once on the West a sunrise came
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true,
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods and with god-like men,
No marvel the far-off day seemed near
To eyes that looked through her laurels thin.

"The Roman conquered and reveled, too,
Till honor and faith and power were gone;
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law,
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw,
And evermore, 'Is it come?' they said.

"Poet and seer that question caught
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters—it toiled with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets;
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away;
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still, at times, 'Is it come?' they say.

"The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither and memories wane—
On hearths and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain:
And this is all that our watcher said."

Palace of Forty Pillars (Vol. iii, p. 67).—

This is a popular and loose rendering of the Arab *chihil minare*, "the forty minarets," a famous ruin at Persepolis.

MONAX.

NEW JERSEY.

St. Roderiques (Vol. iii, p. 65).—Probably this is not the "Cid Campeador." Rodriguez or Roderigo (Spanish) is in English Roderick, and the person represented is far more likely to be Roderick, the last king of the Visigoths in Spain, 709–711 A. D., who is the hero of many romances. Southey, in his poem, "Roderick, the Last of the Goths," says he was driven from his throne by the Moors, and assumed the garb of a monk, with the name of Father Macca-bee. According to some, he descended into an ancient vault where he had a vision of the history of Spain. The Moors claim that he was slain at the battle of Coradonga, near Xeres de la Frontera, and his head cut off, July 17, 711. Tradition says he did penance in a tomb, where he was bitten by an adder, from which bite he died. I cannot but think that he is the person depicted in the photograph.

M. N. ROBINSON.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Authorship Wanted.—*O God! is this death, etc.—*

"O God! is this death? the haughty monarch cried,
And, like his meanest subject, died."

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Poor Friar Philip, etc.—

"Poor friar Philip lost his wife,
The pride and comfort of his life.
He mourned her, not like other men
For ladies were worth having then."

T. W. S.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The poem from which the lines are taken
is called "The Hermit; or, Nature and
Philosophy." Who wrote it?

Tit For Tat.—Whence the expression
"tit for tat?" ?

ALBANY, N. Y.

Perhaps a corruption of "this for that?"
[Ed.]

Killed by a Barrel of Rum.—Who was
killed by the gift of a barrel of rum? ?

ALBANY, N. Y.

Farewell! but say, etc.—"Farewell;
but say, shall we not meet in the light of
that better land?"

"God grant we may—but listen."

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

As sleeps the dewy eve, etc.

"As sleeps the dewy eve below
Its holiest star keeps ward above,
And yonder wave begins to flow (or glow)
Like friendship ripening into love."

"Oh! would thy bosom were yon stream
Unmoved save by the virgin air,
Oh! would I were that star whose beam
Looks down and sees its image there."

These lines I quote, in memory, from

Bulwer's *Paul Clifford*. The question is,
are they Bulwer's *own*, or only quoted? If
only quoted, who is the author of them?

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mugwump (Vol. i, pp. 183, 204, 223).
—I remember well in my youth (about, let
us say, 1845–1855) often hearing the word
mugwump applied in New England to any
person who felt or was conceived to feel him-
self better than his fellows. CIVIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Euchre (Vol. i, p. 191).—This word has
been conjecturally derived by some from
the Greek *εὖχευ* or *εὖχεφης* skillful, or expert;
εὖ well, or good, and *χεῖρ*, hand. But this
is only a guess. DOTOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Goober and Pinder (Vol. ii, p. 120).—
Monteiro's book on "Bengulla" gives
ginguba and *inpindi* as native names for the
arachis hypogaea. Among English spellings
for Pinder I find *pindal*, *pindar*, and *pienda*,
all in works of good repute.

SFAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Atar Gul (Vol. ii, p. 138).—This ex-
pression is in reality the Persian for "attar
of roses." LUX.

NEW JERSEY.

Hamelin town (Vol. i, p. 306).—
"Hamelin town's in Brunswick," says Mr.
Browning in the first line of the "Pied
Piper," and yet Hamelin town is not in
Brunswick but in Hanover, now a Prussian
province. EXLEX.

PHILADELPHIA.

Yet, as a matter of history, it was under
Brunswick protection at the time the Piper
is supposed to have been there.

Highbinder (Vol. iii, p. 57).—A corres-
pondent, asking for further information
about this word, says: "I have heard the
word commonly used for forty years, usually

in the sense of a ruffian or highwayman, or as a rebuke to a child, 'You little high-binder.'"

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

The name is derived by some authorities from the "high-bound" oath which they are compelled to take.

[ED.]

Spellbinder (Vol. iii, p. 57).—Mr. W. Clay Goodloe, of Kentucky, member of the Republican National Committee during the last campaign, first applied the name of Spellbinders to the enthusiastic orators who invariably reported that they had held their "audiences spellbound." The *New York Sun* first made the word current.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

"Wild Darrell," and Parallels in Literature (Vol. iii, p. 40).—Concerning the story of the Strasburg executioner who, after a long and mysterious journey, was called upon to behead secretly a lady of rank, which is said to have a probable historical basis, it ought to be noted that Thackeray used the incident with great detail and with much effect in "Barry Lyndon," where it figures as "The Princess's Story." There the lady is called "Princess Olivia Maria Ferdinanda, Consort of His Serene Highness, Victor Emanuel, Hereditary Prince of X," and the date of her death is given as January 24, 1769.

The executioner, who was taken blindfolded upon the long journey to officiate in the tragic consummation, is styled "Monsieur de Strasbourg," but so far from submitting with meekness to her fate, the lady is represented as making strenuous outcries until, at the signal given by Prince Victor himself, she was silenced by one swift, skillful sword stroke.

A writer in the "Westminster Review" for October, 1882, narrates the royal marriage tragedy where retribution fell upon the wife of Christian VII, Queen Caroline, of Denmark, and her lover, the adventurer, Count Struensee, and cites as parallels the story of Sophia Dorothea, wife of George I of England, and also this "Princess's Story."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

"The Cool of the Evening" (Vol. iii, p. 50).—The *mot* of Sydney Smith seems to be more authoritatively told in connection with Moncton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton) in reference to his proverbial assurance, which gained him also from the witty divine the *sobriquet* of "Dick Modest Milnes."

One recalls these by-names when reading in Motley's "Letters" about a breakfast at the Stirling's in companionship with Milnes, "who," says the writer, "had invited me to breakfast, and had now invited himself to meet me at Stirling's, eating up conscientiously nearly the whole of our breakfast, and talking all the time—in short, devouring and conversing for all five."

Afterward Motley wrote of Lord Houghton to Lady William Russell: "The 'Bird of Paradox' is fuller of paradoxes than ever."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

"That" seven times.—

"THAT."


"I'll prove the word that I have made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that thus trebled I may use,
And that that that that critics may abuse
May be correct. Further, the dons to bother,
Five thats may closely follow one another;
For be it known that we can safely write,
Or say, that that that that that man writ was right;
Nay, e'en that that that that that followed
Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed
And that that that (that that that that began)
Repeated seven times is right: deny 't who can?"

—*Albany Sunday Press.*

A Curious Medical Book.—"The Long Lost Friend" is a collection of mysterious and invaluable remedies, for man as well as animals, by John George Homan; a reprint of a book (1856) first published in the United States in 1820; but it seems it had been published in Germany some years earlier. There are some most extraordinary remedies given, and we cannot but be astonished that there should have been such a demand for a work of this kind so late as 1856.

At present I can only insert an introductory paragraph:

☛ "Whoever carries this book with him

is safe from all his enemies, visible or invisible; and whoever has this book with him cannot die, without the holy corpse of Jesus, nor drown in any water, nor burn up in any fire, nor can any unjust sentence be passed upon him. So help me." 

(Here follows a large cross, beneath each of the arms of which is a smaller one.)

I may refer to this volume again.

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Face on the Silver Dollar.—The Philadelphia *Record* of June 13th, says:

"Each scholar in the Kindergarten Training School who owns a Bland silver dollar possesses a first-rate picture of his or her teacher. The confirmation by the Board of Education on Tuesday of the selection of Miss Anna W. Williams as Instructor of Philosophy and Methods of Kindergarten Training is the latest laurel in the already fame-bestrewn path of that lady, whose classic features have been stamped on millions of silver disks.

"Ten years ago Miss Williams suddenly became famous, a *Record* reporter having worked eighteen months in tracing out the original of the goddess. The friends of Miss Williams placed every conceivable obstruction in the way, but unsuccessfully. Miss Williams, around whom this web of romance and fame clings, is a very estimable and modest lady. She resides with her mother and aunt at No. 1023 Spring Garden Street. She is still a pretty blonde, with pearl-like complexion, is slightly below the average height, and possesses a graceful figure."

Horse-Shoes and Good Luck (Vol. i, p. 258; Vol. ii, p. 272).—Your article in volume first hardly gives the origin of the horse-shoe as a sign of good luck; it merely says that the horse-shoe has from time immemorial been such a sign. Hargreave Jennings, to whom I have already referred, makes the horse-shoe a perverted form (unfinished, because the ends are not united) of a sacred symbol of the fire-worshippers.

NEW YORK CITY.

R. G. B.

Electricide or Electro-Execution.

Electrothanasis.

Electro-andonsis.

Electrophithora.

Electrophonos.

Electromors.

BULLETIN-BOARD,

Harvard University Library.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Emerson in Concord, a memoir by Edward Waldo Emerson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.75.

This is a book that one cannot afford to be without. All lovers of Emerson, and they are many and will be more, must be glad to learn the homely details of the life of the sweet, strong man whose words have come to many of us like inspiration. The work has been charmingly done by Mr. Edward Emerson, and there is a sense of gratitude for the fine portrait that prefaces the book.

Prolegomena to In Memoriam, by Thomas Davidson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.25.

In this attempt to present a study of Tennyson's noble poem, Mr. Davidson makes the mistake common to all enthusiasts, and, to put it mildly, "slops over," as will be evident from such a sentence as this, which occurs in the preface: "The work, as I now understand it, seems to me not only the greatest English poem of the century, which I have always believed, but one of the great world poems, worthy to be placed on the same list with the *Oresteia*, the *Divina Commedia*, and *Faust*!"

For the rest, this very exaltation of his theme has led the author to a most minute and careful study of the poem, and the lavish use of parallel passages from other poets, ancient and modern, lends to the book additional value. A copious index of *In Memoriam* is appended to the essay.

Wit and Humor, their Use and Abuse, by William Mathews, LL. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

Mr. Mathews has given us in this volume of 390 pages a pleasant compilation of anecdotes, witty and humorous, strung together with more or less art. The book is readable and entertaining, but in classifying it the word "scrap-booky" occurs to one's mind, and will not be downed.

We humbly beg leave to differ from him in his opinion as to who the wits of modern times are, as set out in these sentences: "Deprive the world of its wits! Abolish *Punch* and *Charivari*, Abraham Lincoln, Bret Harte, and Charles Dudley Warner, and the 'funny' column of the newspaper, and the 'editor's drawer' of *Harper's Magazine*! Why, you might as well rob food of its flavor and flowers of their perfume, take the ozone out of the atmosphere," etc.

Antoinette; or the Marl-pit Mystery (La Grande Marniere), by George Ohnet, author of "Dr. Rambeau," "The Iron Master," etc. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

This is a fat, readable novel of 371½ pages, the half page being reserved for bringing things to a happy termination, with a glimpse of prosperity in the future. It holds the interest well, except when it is illustrated, and then,—!

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NOTES.

THE MOABITE STONE.

In 1868, the Rev. Dr. Klein, a Prussian missionary, was traveling through Palestine. According to some accounts, he heard from the natives, according to others, he himself made the discovery among the ruins of the ancient city of Dibon, now Dhibán, in the old land of Moab, east of the Dead Sea, of a curious stone. It proved to be a large, thick slab of black basalt, on one side of which were thirty-four straight lines of writing in Semitic or Phœnician characters. From the measurements of Captain Warren, an English engineer, the stone was about three feet five inches high and one foot nine inches wide, rounded at top and bottom almost to a semicircle. Dr. Klein

duly made known his discovery to the European Society of Jerusalem, but no notice of it was taken for about a year, when M. Clermont Ganneau, attaché of the French Consulate, at Jerusalem, sent an Arab (who is said to have risked his life in the attempt) to make a "squeeze" of the stone. This was successfully done, but before the paper was dry a scuffle arose, and the impression was torn to tatters, which fortunately were preserved. The English left the German discoverer in possession of the field, and he endeavored to purchase the stone. The German government was, however, tardy in making the bargain, and the negotiations set on foot to obtain possession of the "Moabite stone" unfortunately resulted in quarrels among the Arab tribes, and led them to believe that the Turks would make the stone a pretext for interfering in the government of the country; they therefore endeavored to destroy it by lighting a fire upon it, and when it was hot threw water upon it, which broke it into three large and several small fragments. The three large pieces were obtained by M. Ganneau, while some of the smaller fragments, obtained by Captain Warren, came into the possession of the Palestine Exploration Society. All the fragments large enough to allow impressions to be taken in "squeeze paper" were carefully copied. They were purchased by the French government for thirty-two thousand francs, and were transported to the Louvre at Paris. The alphabet of the inscription is Hebrao-Phoenician, the oldest known form of Semitic. The language closely resembles Hebrew, and it is believed the inscription dates from about 920 B. C. It is the oldest alphabetical writing in existence.

In the *Revue Archéologique*, for March and June, 1870, Ganneau published a partially restored text of the inscription with a translation. Owing chiefly to its fragmentary condition, the decipherment cannot be regarded as finally established, but the labors of Nöldke, Hitzig, Kämpf, Lenormant, Schlottman, Levy, Wright, and others have doubtless determined its general context.

Rawlinson, Nöldke, Ginsburg, and Kämpf, all Oriental scholars of high standing, seem satisfied that the "Moabite

stone" is genuine beyond the possibility of doubt.

Nöldke admits that he approached it with suspicion, but was convinced that the genuineness of the inscription is incontestable, nor is he aware that it has been impeached by any competent investigation. Coming, as it did, so soon after the discovery of the Sinaitic Codex of 1860, which Constantine Simonides asserted he had written with his own hand a quarter of a century before, there were some who believed in the possibility of the stone having been the work of a clever modern scholar, and "as never was an argument more enthusiastically conducted than that which discredited the miserable claim of Simonides," so does Nöldke warmly assert that no living paleologist could have evolved the same historical facts as well as the Phoenician alphabet, as given on the stone, making it a century and a half older than any other inscription we possess, and three centuries older than any such inscription of any length. He is enthusiastic over its historical value, as the only original document on the history of Israel before the time of the Maccabees. As a fresh contribution to history, Rawlinson does not consider the inscription upon the stone of much value, but on the linguistic side, that the light which it throws upon the Semitic grammar and upon paleontology is of considerable importance.

In *The Academy* for June 25, 1887, Dr. A. Löwy doubts the genuineness of the stone, and claims that Professor E. Kantzsch did so, too; but in the same magazine of July 4, 1887, the Professor, over his own signature, says that if he "did doubt it on its discovery, it was only what every scholar would have done after the Moabite forgeries," and he, at an early date, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied of the genuineness of the discovery. Dr. Löwy now seems to be the only one who has any doubts, and other scholars seem to think it useless to endeavor to convince him.

A picture of the stone, with a translation of the inscription, may be found in *Scribner's Monthly* for May, 1871, p. 32.

It is not surprising that scholars should

have looked upon the Moabite stone with misgivings. More than once have frauds been perpetrated and wise men deceived in the field of archæology. Antiquarians have been victimized by pretended relics of the past. Witness the famous Banbury inscription, copied from the corner-stone of an old house, over which learned brains puzzled themselves until the words, reversed, proved to be the old "Ride a cock-horse!" Still better known is the trick played by George Steevens upon Gough, director of the Society of Antiquarians. Steevens, to satisfy an old grudge against Gough, who had criticized some of his drawings, procured a fragment of a chimney-slab, and scratched upon it, in Anglo-Saxon letters, a sentence to this effect: "Here Hardcnut drank a wine-horn dry, stared about him, and died." It was placed in a shop where it met Gough's delighted eye, and he was told that it had been found in Kennington Lane, where Hardcourt's palace is supposed to have existed. Gough bought it, an article was written upon it, and a print engraved, which may be seen in Vol. lx of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with a warning note as to its fraudulent character. So that Monkbarns, A. D. L. L., in Scott's "Antiquary," and Mr. Pickwick's discovery are not without their parallels in real life.

Recent travelers in Moab report that the Arabs are now afflicted with a mania for "written stones," and offer many for sale which are only covered with tribe marks, or at best fragmentary Nabathean inscriptions.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TITANIA."

(Vol. ii, p. 125.) In a preface to "Midsummer's Night Dream," Mr. Richard Grant White says of the fairy characters in that play, the "Oberon," the "Titania," and especially the "Puck," that they are ideals, the prototype of which figured in countless tales familiar as household words to English folk of Shakespeare's day and their immediate progenitors, and yet there is a great lack of contemporary illustration on the subject, because, until attention had been directed to the subject by the success of "Midsummer's Night Dream,"

no collection or examination of popular English fairy lore, except of the briefest and most unpretending character, appears to have been made, and that quite incidentally.

Dyce says: "Titania, as a name for the queen of the fairies, appears to be the invention of Shakespeare, for Mr. Ritson says she is not so called by any other writer."

Titania was one of the appellations bestowed upon Diana. Mr. Keightley, in his "Fairy Mythology," says: "It was the belief in those days, that the fairies were the same as the classic nymphs, the attendants of Diana. 'That fourth kind of spirits,' says King James, 'quhilt by the Gentiles was called Diana, and her wandering court, and amongst us called the 'Phairée.' The Fairy-queen was therefore the same as Diana, whom Ovid styles 'Titania' (Met. iii, 143)."

Tyrwhitt thinks that the progenitors of "Oberon" and "Titania," were found in Chaucer's "Marchantes Tale," where Pluto is the king of faerie and his queen, Proserpino, "Who danced and sung about the wall under the laurel in January's garden." But otherwise there is not much resemblance. Mr. Knight thinks that in Chaucer's "Wife of Bathes Tale," "Shakespeare found the popular superstition presented in that spirit of gladsome revelry which it was reserved for him to work out in his matchless drama.

"In old days of King Artour,
Of which that Bretens speken gret honour,
All was this land fulfilled of faerie;
The elfe-queene with her joly compaignie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede."

May we not then say that Shakespeare took all these ingredients, the popular superstitions, the classic and the current lore concerning Diana, and the brightness and gayety that Chaucer had given to "the elfe-queene," and for them with his magical alembic evoked the dainty spirit that the world for evermore knows as "Titania?"

None of the fairies of Spencer's "Fairy Queen" seem to have anything in common with Shakespeare's. Mab is also called the Queen of Faery, but Shakespeare himself first gave her this designation in "Romeo and Juliet," a play written, as we know, after "Midsummer's Night Dream," and the two

elfin ladies are quite dissimilar in character. Drayton wrote a ballad upon "Queen Titania." McNox.

MÉRIMÉE'S INCONNUE.

The publication of "An Author's Love" has re-opened the question, "Who was Merimée's Inconnue?" The situation as it now stands is this:

In the "London Quarterly Review," January, 1874, is an article on the "Lettres à une Inconnue. Par Prosper Merimée de l'Académie Française, Précédées d'une étude sur Merimée par H. Taine, Paris, 1874."

It says:

"No literary event since the war has excited anything like such a sensation in Paris as the publication of the 'Lettres à une Inconnue.' Even politics became a secondary consideration for the hour, and Academicians or Deputies of opposite parties might be seen eagerly accosting each other in the Chamber or on the street to inquire who this fascinating and perplexing unknown could be. The statement in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' that she was an Englishwoman, moving in brilliant society, was not supported by evidence, and M. Blanchard, the painter from whom the publisher received the manuscript, died most provokingly at the very commencement of the inquiry and made no sign. Some intimate friends of Merimée, rendered incredulous by wounded self-love at not having been admitted to his confidence, insisted that there was no secret to tell; their hypothesis being that the *Inconnue* was a myth, and the letters a romance with which some petty details of actual life had been interwoven (as in 'Gulliver's Travels' or 'Robinson Crusoe') to keep up the mystery. But an artist like Merimée would not have left his work in so unformed a state, so defaced by repetitions, or with such a want of proportion between the parts. With the evidence before us as we write, we incline to the belief that the lady was French by birth, and during the early years of the correspondence in the position of *dame de compagnie* or traveling companion, to a Madame M— de B— who passes in the letters under the pseudonym of Lady M—. It appears from one of these that

she inherited a fortune in 1843, and she has been confidently identified with a respectable single lady residing in Paris with two nieces, and a character for pedantry fastened on her (perhaps unjustly) on the strength of the Greek which she learned from Merimée."

The article goes on to explain the extraordinary interest taken in her as owing to something more than the Parisian love of scandal, gossip, or mystery. It was because Merimée was an enigma while living that people are so eager to know everything concerning him when dead. Was his cynicism real or affected? Was he good or bad, happy or unhappy? Had he a heart and was he capable of loving any one? Such were the questions that agitated Paris.

We learn from the "Lettres," beside the general facts of the beauty, intelligence, and charm of the unknown, that she had pretty hands and feet, black eyebrows and "splendid black eyes." Merimée wrote out for her a course of reading in Greek, and perhaps gave her instruction in Latin. Her conduct seems to have been irreproachable. The friendship lasted thirty years, till the very day of his death; the last letter being written only two hours before he expired, on the 3d of September, 1870.

The substance of Taine's remarks on the personality of the unknown is given in the foregoing extracts from the "London Quarterly."

The *critique* in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," December, 1873, referred to above, remarks that the connection between Merimée and his correspondent was of too intimate a nature for either to wish it divulged. "L'Inconnue," the article goes on to state, "was an Englishwoman belonging to one of the best families, placed at the beginning of her acquaintance with Merimée (about 1836; the letters begin 1841) in severe and methodistic surroundings in London. She inherited a fortune a little later and was then able to indulge her love for art, music, and nature. She traveled much, and the friends were almost always separated by long distances, often giving each other rendezvous at the extremes of Europe. A quarrel occurred in 1843 which was made up two years later. Though of an independent character, she yet

cherished a truly English regard for *les convenances*. Beside her classical attainments, she knew German thoroughly, wrote and spoke French well, and studied Spanish. The last years of her life were spent at Poitiers, where she seems to have had relations; probably the family of a brother, an officer in the French army."

This article gives no guess at the original of the Unknown. A year or two later the "Lettres à une autre Inconnue," appeared with "Avant propos" by Henri Blaze de Bury, who calls Merimée the "prince of mystificators," one who delighted in adroitly contriving feints to throw people off the track. Speaking of the first and most famous "Inconnue," Bury says: "Tout le monde à l'heure qui l'est, croit la connaître. Eh bien, si tout le monde s'était trompé, si le nom partout prononcé dans les salons, et dans les journaux, au lieu d'être le vrai, n'était qu'une feinte adroitement imaginée pour dépister les gens trop curieux? Je n'affirme rien. Un fait certain, irrécusable, c'est que le nom mis en avant par la rumeur publique passe aux yeux de ceux qui ont vécu dans l'intimité de Merimée pour la plus enorme des invraisemblances."

And so Bury does not help us to any conclusion. The Empress Eugénie has been suggested as a possible original, but there seems to be little evidence for such a theory, except Merimée's intimacy with Mme. de Montijo, and his friendship with the daughter since her childhood.

The "Nation" for January 8 and January 22, 1874, contains two letters on the subject.

In the first letter, dated at Paris, December 19, 1873, the writer says that he wrote to M. Michel Levy, the publisher of the "Lettres," asking if he could tell the lady's name, but received a negative answer. Everybody was talking about her, and making wild guesses. His own theory was that no satisfactory conclusion could be drawn from the incidents or names mentioned in the correspondence, for Merimée would be shrewd enough to alter the real facts. Since he says her eyes are black, it is reasonable to conclude that they were actually blue. That he calls her an Englishwoman probably denotes her to be French;

indeed, if she were English he would hardly speak of her compatriots as he does. The letters are not those of a lover, but are the amusement of a man of wit.

The second letter, Paris, January 2, 1874, states that the writer has learned some facts about the "Inconnue" from a few people who know her. She was French by birth, the daughter of a small banker. Born in Boulogne and in a semi-English atmosphere, and educated among English people, she was always treated by Merimée as if she herself were of that nation. When a girl, she wrote to Merimée for his autograph; her letter pleased him, and the correspondence was begun. Her father died and left her poor; she was obliged to enter the household of Lady H., and to be her traveling companion to Paris, Italy, and other places. Being thus situated, she could not receive visits from Merimée. She was once on the point of marrying, but for some reason did not, and she now lives with her brother, who holds a high rank in the French army. Merimée, a shy, discreet man, seldom spoke of her. "I am not at liberty to give you her name," concludes the writer, "as she has thought it necessary to conceal it, but knowing some of the best friends of Merimée, I can almost answer for the truth of the preceding details."

Who shall decide when doctors disagree? There is certainly a wide field for choice in the following list of claimants to the honor of being the "Inconnue," who according to the different theories may be—

1. The Empress Eugénie.
2. An Englishwoman of rank, moving in brilliant society.
3. A poor French girl, earning her living as a companion.
4. A myth.

The "Lettres à une autre Inconnue" are neither so celebrated nor so entertaining. There is also less mystery surrounding the "Chère Presidente," as Merimée calls her. The "Nation" states, in a review of the book January 27, 1876, that she was a Polish lady of high rank who, like Merimée was on a familiar footing at the court of Napoleon III. Eugénie had established "courts of love" to entertain her social circle, and Merimée's correspondent acted as "presidente" or

judge over one of these. The letters contain little beside court gossip, and are of small value.

We are indebted to Mrs. Catherine Sar-geant Olds for the following letter from Henry James which explains itself:

"Merimé's *Inconnue* was one Mademoiselle Daquin, a native of Boulogne-sur-Mer, is alive to-day in Paris (at a very advanced age).

"Tout à Vous,
"HENRY JAMES."

QUERIES.

Sovereign and Sculptor.—Who was the sovereign and who the sculptor who figured in the story about the ruler who wished to have a monument raised and to have his name carved on it?

The artist carved his own name, then put on a coating of plaster and on that carved the king's.

ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

The story is told of the Pharos of Alexandria, the monarch was Ptolemy Philadelphus and the sculptor was Sostrates.

The story goes that the Pharos was built by order of the emperor. It was of white marble and square, diminishing story by story as it rose. On the top was a fire which was kept constantly burning, and which was visible for many miles out at sea. The Arab tradition says that it existed as late as the thirteenth century, but at present there are no traces of it, the site being occupied by a more modern light-house.

The anecdote for which our correspondent asks is as follows:

Sostrates in order to immortalize his name, inscribed on the wall of the tower these words, "Sostrates of Coridos, son of Dexiphanes, to the Gods who Protect those who are upon the Sea." Then, thinking it would not do to ignore Ptolemy, he covered over the inscription with a coat of cement. The cement in the course of time disappeared, leaving the name of Sostrates only.

Another version of the story is that Ptolemy requested that Sostrates' name only should appear, in order that the honor should be given to the right person.

On the authority of Josephus, the light could be seen thirty-four English miles, which would make the height of the tower about five hundred feet.

Fad.—What is the origin of this word as used at present?

CHICAGO, ILL.

Perhaps it is a slang contraction of the French *fadaïce*, a folly.

Temple of Venus.—In the tale having this caption in William Morris's "Earthly Paradise," the temple of Venus where Milanion besought the aid of the goddess, on the shores of Argolis, is described as being so placed that twice a day the waves rose high around its base and flowed over the steps, and even "with the southwest urging them," eddied round the feet of the statue within the shrine.

Was there ever a temple of Venus so placed, in Argolis or elsewhere?

In all probability this temple exists only in the imagination of the poet, for it is said that the tide of the Mediterranean rises only at places, at Bari in Italy, and in the Euripus west of Euboea.

Pike's Pikes.—What does this expression mean?

QUARTUS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

General Zebulon Pike, the discoverer of Pike's Peak, led, in the war of 1812, a regiment of soldiers armed with short muskets, and carrying pikes in lieu of bayonets. After General Pike was killed (at York, in Canada), the pikes were replaced by bayonets, since which time the pike has not been used in the United States service (except that possibly at sea boarding-pikes may have been employed). In fact, it was a kind of punning or canting allusion to Pike's name that prompted the arming of this regiment of "Pike's pikes" in the manner indicated.

Skee-Club.—What is a skee-club?

BUGLOS.

A *skee* (properly a *skia*) is the long wooden snow-shoe of the Norse peoples, and a skee-club is a company of persons who practice walking on snow-shoes of this variety.

Voltaire's Name.—Is it true that "Voltaire" was an assumed name and an anagram of the real one? M. C. L.
NEW YORK CITY.

Voltaire's name was François-Marie Avonet. He took the name of Voltaire on being released from the Bastille, into which he had been thrown falsely charged with having written a political satire. The name Voltaire was that of a small estate belonging to his mother.

Not for Joseph.—How did this expression (now happily almost forgotten) take its origin? PHOENIX.
NEW JERSEY.

It was the refrain of a music-hall song that was popular some ten or fifteen years ago:

"Not for Joe, not for Joe,
Not for Joseph,
If he knows it,
Not for Joseph, oh! dear! no!"

Occam's Razor.—What is Occam's razor? T. P. WHITE.
PITTSBURG, PA.

Occam's razor is a rule in philosophy enunciated by the philosopher Occam: "*Entia non multiplicanda sunt præter necessitatem*," thus translated by Hamilton: "*neither more, nor more onerous causes are to be assumed than are necessary to account for the phenomena.*"

It is also called "The Law of Parsimony."

The Sailor Boy's Dream.—When I was a very small boy I dimly remember that my father used to recite to me a pathetic poem telling how a "sailor boy" or "sailor lad" when swung in his hammock in the ship dreamt of the dear ones at home and how, while he was still dreaming, he met his death either through shipwreck or fire. I have a very poor verbal memory, and cannot even remember a phrase in the poem, except that I think the phrase "O sailor boy, sailor boy" occurred. But I am very anxious to find the poem, and I shall be obliged if some of your readers can tell me where I can find it and who is its author.

NEW YORK CITY.

J. B. W.

The poem was written by William Diamond and is called "The Sailor Boy's Dream." See Dana's "Book of Poetry."

REPLIES.

Catching Elftriches (Vol. ii, p. 248).—Karl Christ, in a article "Die Elben als Irrlichter und Wassergeister (Monatsschrift für die Geschichte Westdeutschlands," v, 633-636), gives the phrase "*elbertrischen fangen*" as current in the dialect of the Palatinate, from which region many of the Teutonic settlers of Pennsylvania came. He explains the expression as meaning to strive after what is unattainable, to attempt an impossible task, such as catching the elfish spirits who assume the provoking form of the will o' the wisp or *ignis fatuus*, would be. Grimm's "Dictionary" contains the word *elbenträtsch* with a reference to the "Deutsche Mythologie" (412), where numerous dialect forms are given. To catch the *ignis fatuus* is no easy task, and the popular mind would easily seize upon it as a fit employment for the unsophisticated. Prof. Alcée Fortier ("Journal of American Folk-Lore," i, 139), speaking of Louisiana, says: "The negroes are much afraid of the will o' the wisp or *ignis fatuus*. They believe that on a dark night it leads its victim, who is obliged to follow, either in the river, where he is drowned, or in bushes of thorns, which tear him to pieces, the Jack-a-Lantern exclaiming all the time 'Aie, Aie, mo gagnin toi'—Aie, aie, I have you.'"

Tennyson has:

"And men will say
We did not know the real light, but chased
The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread;"
(Princess.)

and Milton:

"She was pinched and pulled; she said,
And he by friar's lanthorn led."
(L'Allegro.)

The Pennsylvania custom is but an extension of the idea in Palatinate expression, "*elbertrischen fangen.*"

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Welsh Rabbit (Vol. iii, p. 49).—The following extract from Haldemann's "Penn-

sylvania Dutch" (London, 1872), p. 20, may be of interest for comparison: "*Paan-haas*, as if *G. Pfannehase* (pan-hare), maize flour boiled in the metzel-soup, afterward fried and seasoned like a *hare* (compare *Welsh rabbit*). The word is used in English conjointly with *scrapple*."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Old Stone School-house (Vol. iii, p. 79).—My strong impression is that this poem is by Ralph Hoyt.

Bridge and Fiddler (Vol. i, p. 106).—I always heard the story of the fiddler who tried to fiddle down a bridge near Bristol, England. It had been erected at considerable expense; the fiddler boasted that he could destroy in a week what a year (more or less) had barely sufficed to build. He played until he found the keynote of the keystone of the bridge; when the bridge began to quiver the Bristolians persuaded him to stop. It has been suggested that the destruction of the walls of Jericho may have been due to the Israelites having found their keynote in their daily procession around the city.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Women in Art, etc. (Vol. 1, p. 179).—The reason why angels, cherubs, etc., are never represented as women comes from the fact that angels are messengers (Latin *angelus*, a messenger), and therefore necessarily males. Again, the rule forbidding women to officiate as priests or choristers is but a continuation of the rule of the Jewish Church and of the early Christian Church. Women are gladly welcomed as, so to speak, lay assistants, sisters of charity, Dorcasesses, etc.; but in all but the most go-as-you-please Churches, they cannot be priests. The very fact that the Egyptians and other Eastern nations had female priests was sufficient to exclude them from the Christian and Jewish Churches. The women priests were sacred prostitutes; in India, to the present day, many of the Nautch dancers are connected with the temples in some semi-sacred manner; and the whole history of Churches goes to show the necessity, in such reformed

Churches as the Jewish and Christian, of keeping women out of the priestly offices.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

We Parted in Silence (Vol. iii, p. 79).—This poem is by Julia Crawford; it is in Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," 2d. ed., p. 300.

PINAX.

NEW JERSEY.

If I were a Cassowary (Vol. iii, p. 67).—The origin of these lines, which McM. does not quote quite accurately, was this: Sydney Smith was one day challenged to find rhymes for "Cassowary" and "Timbuctoo," and promptly replied, "When I was in Africa, I heard a native chanting these words to a hymn-tune:

"If I were a cassowary,
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat up a missionary,
Hat, and bands, and hymn-book, too."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

We Parted in Silence, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 79).—I think S. S. R. will find that the poem he asks for, "We Parted in Silence," is by Mrs. Julia Crawford, and is entitled, "We parted in silence."

B. H.

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Lord Packenham's Burial Place (Vol. iii, p. 80).—General Sir Edward Packenham (not Lord Packenham) commanded the British at New Orleans, where he was killed. His viscera, according to Lossing, were buried on Villeré's plantation, about nine miles from New Orleans, between two pecan trees, which after that time never bore nuts. The General's body was shipped to England in a cask of spirits. I indistinctly remember reading that it suffered strange vicissitudes in transit.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Hackamore (Vol. iii, p. 79).—This word is believed to be a mispronunciation of the Spanish *jaguima* (pronounced hak-he-ma), headstall of a halter.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Three Churches Over One (Vol. iii, p. 80).—In Jerusalem are three churches or

chapels one above another. The lowest is the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross; above it is the Chapel of St. Helena; above that is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. In Edinboro' the Tron Church, and in Dundee, St. Mary's Church, contains three churches under one roof, entered from different streets, and used by three different congregations.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pongee.—It is stated that this designation for a kind of silk is the French workmen's contraction for *éponge*, sponged. Is this correct?

ERYX.

NEW JERSEY.

Authorship Wanted of the following:
"There is no Death," etc.—

"There is no death! the stars go down
 To rise upon some other shore,
 And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
 They shine for ever more."

They are generally attributed to Lord Lytton, but I cannot find them in my edition of his works.

God's Ways are Just, etc. —

"God's ways are just;
 And though they seem severe,
 He can give back with blessings greater yet
 Than we have lost.
 He chastens for some good
 That in our weakness is not understood."

B. H.

LANDSDownE, PA.

Diamonds Dust their Brightest Lustre, etc.—

"Diamonds dust their brightest lustre,
 From a palsy shaken head,"

LANDSDownE, PA.

B. H.

Not Perfect Yet, etc.

"Not perfect yet seems any living thing,
 Because she is a daughter of the king,"

B. H.

LANDSDownE, PA.

Love Born in Darkness, etc.—

"Love born in darkness, shrinks from honest light,
 In secret mines hug their sordid gain;
 A Christian is of brightness, not of night—
 A smiling Abel, not a frowning Cain."

B. H.

LANDSDownE, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Two Million Lives Lost in a Flood.

—The recent catastrophe in the valley of the Conemaugh River recalls a more terrible one which occurred in China in 1852. The Hoang River, long known as the "Sorrow of Hau," is like every other stream which flows over an alluvial plain of its ownmaking. It silts up its channel until the latter is higher than the surrounding land, and then, in time of high water, breaks through its banks and flows in lower ground. Formerly the course of the river lay southwest in a line from the city of Kai-fong, the capital of the province of Ho-nan, discharging in an estuary fifty miles north that of the Yang-tse, indeed, it is likely that at some prior time both rivers flowed into the same estuary. During the rainy season of 1852, the Hoang, swollen beyond its ordinary high-water stage, burst through its banks near Kai-fong, and, flowing east-northeast, through Shan-tung, finally poured its flood into the Gulf of Pe-che-lee, a point about two hundred miles north of its former mouth. The new course of the river lay through a succession of fertile valleys and the loss of life will never be known. The lowest estimate was 2,000,000. Certain it is that about 2,000 cities, towns, and villages were swept away by an overwhelming flood at least a mile wide and one hundred feet deep. During the floods of 1887 it is estimated that from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 people were swept away, but the catastrophe of 1852 must have been ten times more disastrous. Probably nowhere in the records of written history is there another instance of such an extensive change in a river channel, and it is doubtful if there was ever a disaster attended with such an appalling loss of life.

J. W. REDWAY.

The Mysterious Smoke (Vol. ii, p. 307; iii, p. 11).—A gentleman lately from Florida tells me that "the mysterious smoke" comes from a region of copious springs and swamps. Columns of mist, visible to a long distance in some states of the weather, would naturally arise from it; but when you search for the pillar of cloud you can no

more reach it than you could the end of a rainbow.

He says the Suwanee valley is the generally-accepted locality of the mist in question.

AJAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Isle of Dogs (Vol. iii, p. 77).—The Isle of Dogs in the Thames is in part occupied by great *docks*, but these are recent, and can hardly have given name to the island. One statement is that the royal kennels were once kept there. The island is now pretty densely built over.

Your other Isle of Dogs (commonly called Dog Island) is not correctly located in your answer. Capt. Barnett, R. N., places its centre in $18^{\circ} 35' 37''$ N., lon. $63^{\circ} 27' 48''$ W. It is noted for its horses and sheep, is very small, and is scarcely inhabited.

There is also a Dog Island near St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. It is really made up of three lofty and rocky islets, Great Dog, George Dog, and West Dog, and near it is another group called the Seal Dogs.

There is a Dog Island near Eastport, Maine; another on the coast of Franklin county, Florida; another in the Serawati group, in the Malay Archipelago; and probably a hundred others might be found on maps and charts.

VINDEX.

NEW JERSEY.

The Field of the Forty Footsteps (Vol. ii, p. 66).—A writer in *Murray's Magazine* uses the expression, "The Field of the Forty Footsteps (now Montague Place), *so fatal to many* in days when outraged honor could only be appeased by blood." The italics are mine. The inference would naturally be that this Field was used as a frequent duelling-ground. Is that true?

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY

Bishop Hatto (Vol. iii, p. 62).—Permit me to point out a certain confusion of dates in the article upon this prelate, probably due to the failure to recognize that there were *two* Bishops Hatto, both Archbishops of Mentz within fifty years. Many epitomes of history do not mention this, but they are distinguished in Prof. Fisher's "Outlines." Hatto I, of Fulda, held the

Archbishopric of Mentz and the primacy of Germany during the reign of Louis the Child (900–911), whose regent and guardian he was, and continued as adviser to his successor, Conrad I, who reigned until 918. As was needful to hold such a place in those days of storm and stress, this Hatto was a man of great force of character, but he had unbounded ambitions, and often reached his ends by unscrupulous methods. More than one story is told of his treachery and craft; he was execrated in the ballads of the day, and according to legend, his soul was carried by the devil to the crater of Mount Ætna, but, though he is often connected with the Mouse-tower story, as in "Menzel's History of Germany" and elsewhere, it is by mistake. Hatto II, the real Hatto of the Mouse-tower, was Archbishop of Mentz in the latter part of the reign of Otto the Great (936–963) and the early years of his successor. He, too, was a man of strong character, perhaps quite capable of the deed with which legend has linked his name, but showing many opposite traits.

Fiske gives the date of the famine as 970.

As to the building of the tower, it could not have been erected by Siegfried in 969, for Hatto himself was then Archbishop. "Murray's Handbook" says, "It appears to have been built in the thirteenth century by a Bishop Siegfried, fully two hundred years after Hatto's death," and, omitting the century, Dr. Brewer adopts the statement. Possibly there may have been more than one Siegfried, as there were two Hattos, in the Archbishopric, but the Siegfried best known in connection with the place was Archbishop of Mentz during the reign of Henry IV (1056–1106) and himself headed a pilgrimage to Syria in 1064, much less than two hundred years after Hatto's death.

MERLIN.

Saxe Holme (Vol. ii, p. 260).—In "Short Studies of American Authors," Colonel T. W. Higginson says, p. 47: "The final verdict seemed to be that she (Helen Jackson) must have written the books ('Saxe Holme Stories') with enough of aid from some friend to justify her persistent denial; and ingenious critics soon began to see internal traces of a *double* author-

ship, while this to other critics seemed altogether absurd."

The Criminal Eye.—I was for some years professionally connected with a county prison in Scotland. One thing soon impressed me forcibly, viz., that the eyes of habitual thieves do not focus like those of other people. It was not that they squinted—this is due to contractions of muscles about the orbit. Their eyes seemed to have been originally set in their head with different foci, the consequence of which is that they cannot look to a common point, or, so to speak, to a common centre, but shift about in a sort of vague, erratic way. It is said a thief cannot look you squarely in the face, and that is exactly my experience. The divergence is generally so slight that it is only when you speak with, and regard them that you notice it. I think I have noticed the same peculiarity in personal friends notoriously addicted to lying and otherwise unreliable, but they were "respectable," and had no temptation. Have others observed this? J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To Pheeze, etc. (Vol. i, p. 296).—I have been brought up on the word "pheeze;" besides having it in the negative form, "it never pheezed him, etc.," I have heard it in the positive, and also as a noun. "I am in a perfect pheeze about it," "I've been in a pheeze all day over it," etc.

I am a New Yorker, and have lived all my life in the city or in West Chester County, within twenty-five miles of the city.

R. C. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Land-pike.—Both Webster and Worcester define this as an American animal resembling a fish, but having legs instead of fins.

When I was a boy, the lean, half-wild Southern swine (from their long, pike-like mouths), were often called land-pikes by way of a joke. Have we any American land-pike other than that variety of the porker which produces rattlesnake from?

NEW JERSEY.

SYPLEX.

Cowan (Vol. iii, p. 77).—Cowan may mean a plant; but that cannot be what your correspondent, "J. C. A.," asks for. A Cowan is a word common in Free Masonry to signify a fellow who would try to peep in a key-hole, or listen at a door, or in any way surreptitiously try to get a knowledge of the "ancient art and mystery" of the fraternity. In other words, a Free Mason considers a Cowan the most despicable of men, a sneaking spy. IBEX.

Poem about Plants (Vol. iii, pp. 31, 70).—Walafrid Strabo (808–849), a German abbot, wrote a poem called "Hortulus," chiefly descriptive of useful herbs.

MONAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Sunken Cities (Vol. i, 89, 119, 124; iii, 83).—Opposite the village of Büsen, on the west coast of Ditmarschen, is said to have been situated on an island called Büsen or Ol Büsum, which was swallowed up by the sea. Klaus Groth, the Holstein Burns, has described it in his poem "Ol Büsum," of which the following translation appears in Mux Müller's "Chips from a German Workshop" (Vol. iii, 146):

"Old Büsen sank into the waves;
The sea has made full many graves;
The flood came near and washed around,
Until the rock to dust was ground.
No stone remained, no belfry steep;
All sank into the waters deep.
There was no beast, there was no hound;
They all were carried to the ground.
And all that lived and laughed around
The sea now holds in gloom profound.
At times, when low the water falls,
The sailor sees the broken walls;
The church tow'r peeps from out the sand,
Like to the finger of a hand,
Then hears one low the church-bells ringing,
Then hears one low the sexton singing;
A chant is carried by the gust:—
'Give earth to earth and dust to dust.'"

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Caribou and Cariacu (Vol. iii, p. 71; i, p. 270).—Andrew Stuart, in his article, "Canadian Etymologies" (Trans., Lit. and Histor. Soc., Quebec, Vol. ii, pp. 261–270), says (p. 270), "This Canadian word is therefore of *Micmac* origin." With regard

to *cariacou*, Echegaray ("Diccionario general etimológico de la lengua española," Madrid, 1887, Vol. ii, p. 129) gives, "*Car-iacu*, especie de cabrito de America, Vocab. indigena." Chambers' "Enycl." (New Ed., 1888), has "*Cariacou* or *Carjacou*, also called Virginian deer (*Cervus Virginianus*), a species of deer found in all parts of North America from Mexico to about 43° N. Lat. and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Electromorbus.

A. K. GLOVER, PH. D.
Harvard University.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Derivation of Manhattan (Vol. iii, p. 6).—Dr. Daniel D. G. Brinton states ("Journal of American Folk-Lore," Vol. i, p. 39), on the authority of Rev. A. S. Anthony, a Delaware Indian from Ontario, that the word *Manhattan*, "properly *Manahatank*," means "the place where they gather the wood to make bows;" the word being derived from *Manhtah*, the name for "bow-and-arrow." The Mannhattans were neighbors of the Mohicans, and in all probability very closely related to them in language (Gallatin, "Archæologia Americana," ii, p. 41; Drake, "Aborig. Races of N. Amer.," p. 12). The Mohicans were closely related to the Delawares, so Dr. Brinton's explanation seems very plausible. It may be of interest to give the Iroquois name for New York. Cuq ("Lex. Iroq.," p. 11) gives it as "*Kanonno*, jonc dans l'eau, pays de joncs," from *ononna* (rush) and *o* (in the water). The exact signification of this Iroquois word as applied to New York is not apparent. At p. 164, Cuq states that in the Tsonnontouan (Seneca) dialect the word signifies "mine," and asks if there were, in the time of the Dutch, any *mines* in the vicinity of Manhattan or New York. In the Agnier (Mohawk) dialect *Kanonno* means "laths in the water," or "walnut-tree dipping into the water" (from "*ononna*, noyer amer"). It is in the Gologonen (Cayuga) dialect that the word means "rushes in the water."

Rev. Mr. Anthony's explanation of the

name is really the same as Heckwelder's, and is, perhaps, correct. The Indians called the island not by the name of the tree "gawaak," but from its furnishing material for bow-and-arrows.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Pretty Polly Pemberton, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.; 25 cents.

In the light of Mrs. Burnett's recent brilliant success both as author and playwright, her early works gain in interest. The story that lies before us is one of her best.

My Hero, by Mrs. Forrester, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., 25 cents, is a love story that calls for no especial comment, except that it is pleasant reading.

The Bridal Eve, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa., 25 cents, may be summed up in the words attributed to Lincoln: "For the sort of people that like that sort of thing that is about the sort of thing that that sort of people would like."

De Molai; the last of the Military Grand Masters of the Order of Templar Knights, by Edmund Flagg. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.; \$1.50.

The scene is laid principally in Paris and the theme is the suppression of the Order of Knights Templar by Philip the Fourth of France. The story purports to give a complete history of the Knights Templar.

Merle's Crusade, by Rosa Nouchette Carey (illustrated). J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; \$1.25. "Of making many books there is no end," but one sometimes feels that there ought to be, and a novel such as the above induces this state of mind.

The Government of the People of the United States, by Francis N. Thorpe, Ph.D., Professor of History and Political Science in the Philadelphia Manual Training School, and Lecturer on Civil Government in the University of Pennsylvania. Eldredge & Bro., Philadelphia, Pa.; \$1.00. This little treatise on the government of our country, although designed as a text-book in schools, is of great value to us of riper years.

It is accurate in its statements, clear in its explanations, and the key-note to the whole book is struck in the sentence, "It is more desirable to understand the principles underlying civil life and their development and application to society than to memorize discordant political facts."

The maps with which it is furnished are worthy of especial mention.

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NOTES.

WHENCE THE EXPRESSION "MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN"?

The origin of this phrase is really unknown, although it is generally attributed to the absurd ignorance of a sailor who figures in one of the "jests" in "Joe Miller's" famous collection. As Jack Tar was passing by a Catholic Church one day, being attracted by the music, he went in, and heard one of the priests, during the course of the service, give utterance to the words "Ah! mihi Beate Martine" (Ah! [grant] me, Blessed Martin). Jack was conscious only of their sound, not even knowing that they were in the Latin tongue, and when asked afterward how he liked the service, replied that he supposed it was all very fine, but he had not understood any of it except

something about "All my eye and Betty Martin."

This is extremely improbable in all its details. To begin with, there is no such Latin formulary in the Catholic Church; and, even if there were, it would probably not be pronounced in such a manner as to suggest more of a resemblance to this phrase than a chance similarity in the matter of two or three syllables.

Another story has been told in the effort to trace its origin, which, although more probable, is doubtless a mere coincidence, or invented "after the fact." Dr. Butler, Head-master of Shrewsbury School, and afterward Bishop of Lichfield, relates that a number of gipsies, in the neighborhood of Shrewsbury, were once taken before a magistrate by a constable, who complained that he had been particularly annoyed by the violence of one of them, a woman named Betty Martin.

No sooner had he delivered his evidence than the offender rushed at him in court and gave him a tremendous blow in the face, declaring that what he had told the magistrate was "all my eye." The constable's eye being discolored by the blow, the rabble made him the subject of much merriment, and followed him about the street, calling, "My eye and Betty Martin."

A correspondent in the "English Notes and Queries," however (who writes under the well-known pseudonym of "Cuthbert Bede"), says that he has found "'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin" in an old black-letter volume without date, entitled "The Ryghte Tragycall Historie of Master Thomas Thumbe," where it is used in the sense of "fudge," or "nonsense." This would indicate that the phrase has been in use about three hundred years, but throws no further light upon its origin.

I remember a line or two of an old song beginning:

"My eye Betty Martin,
Tip toe fine;
Can't get a husband
To please my mind."

But what it can possibly mean I cannot imagine; nor do I know the remainder of this very elegant composition.

In an old magazine, dated about 1850,

there is an engraving entitled: "My Eye and Betty Martin." It represents the exterior of a vine-clad cottage, at the door of which sits a hearty old man, who appears to have gotten something into his eye. A plump young girl is endeavoring to extract the offending particle. The accompanying text reveals the fact that this latter personage is "Betty Martin," a little maid-servant, who, having by her timely aid relieved her master's eye of a burning spark from his pipe, is afterward made his heiress, and the happy bride of a bold soldier-boy. Can this have anything to do with the origin of our phrase, or is it, too, "after the event"?

I find the following expression in the preface to "Julian the Apostate:" "What benefit a Popish successor can reap from lives and fortunes spent in the defense of the Protestant religion he *may put in his eye*." With the statement that it is probably the original of the phrase, "All in my eye," it would hardly have anything to do with Betty Martin, though.

WHO WAS THE JENNY OF LEIGH HUNT'S POEM, "JENNY KISSED ME"?

Many are the stories, humorous and pathetic, which cluster around No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where Carlyle and his "Jeannie" spent so many years together. Among their many visitors none was more cordially welcomed than Leigh Hunt, for whom Carlyle maintained the staunchest friendship; a union of the most apparently antagonistic qualities. The man who has been designated the "Apostle of Despair" took to his heart, and cherished the impractical, weak, but lovable, "Apostle of Cheerfulness" with a tender, affectionate warmth that made the words of Macaulay—"We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt"—seem cold praise indeed.

Mrs. Carlyle ardently shared her husband's appreciation of poor Hunt's points, and it is to their intimacy that we are indebted for the latter's most graceful little improvisation:

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!

"Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old; but add
Jenny kissed me!"

The happy occasion on which this celebrated kiss was bestowed is well remembered by friends of both. Hunt came running in one day in hot haste to bring them the good news of Carlyle's having just received a Government life-pension of £300. Whereupon Mrs. Carlyle impulsively sprang from her chair, threw her arms about the neck of the "gray-haired boy," and gave him a cordial kiss.

There never was a more opportune gift than this pension, for Carlyle had been forced to struggle on through dreary years of painful poverty, by refusing to turn his pen to the kind of work which promised gain.

It was a sort of poetical justice that he should have been afterward pensioned by the very nation which he had dared to criticize so remorselessly. And the happy accident which made Hunt the bearer of the good news is rendered doubly significant by the remembrance that he, too—after languishing for two years in prison for the radical sentiments against the Prince Regent, to which he gave utterance in the "Examiner"—had his old age made comparatively comfortable, by the bounty of Victoria.

There is, of its kind, nothing more charming than the poem which Jane Welsh Carlyle inspired, except perhaps a little triolet by Dobson, called "Rose kissed me to-day," which reminds one immediately of Hunt's verses.

WHO WROTE "THE LAST MAN" AND WHAT FAMOUS CONTROVERSY DID IT OCCASION?

The poem of "The Last Man" was written by Thomas Campbell, and the famous controversy to which it gave rise was a discussion sustained by the poet with many eminent men of letters as to its supposed likeness to Lord Byron's poem, "Darkness," published in 1816, beginning "I had a dream which was not all a dream." The "Last Man" was first published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the latter part of 1823, or early in 1824. It was a lyric

in which the writer is supposed, in a vision, to see "the last of human mould" regarding the final destruction of the world.

Shortly after its appearance, Campbell wrote thus to his friend Gray: "Did you see 'The Last Man' in my late number? Did it remind you of Lord Byron's poem of 'Darkness'? I was a little troubled how to act about this appearance of my having been obliged to him for the idea. The fact is, many years ago I had the idea of this 'Last Man' in my head, and distinctly remember speaking of the subject to Lord Byron. I recognized, when I read his poem 'Darkness,' some traits of the picture which I meant to draw, namely, the ships floating without living hands to guide them—

"Ships sailorless lay rolling on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead."

(Byron's 'Darkness'.)

The earth being blank, and one or two other circumstances.

"On soberly considering the matter, I am entirely disposed to acquit Lord Byron of having intentionally taken the thought. It is consistent with my own experience to suppose that an idea which is actually one of memory may start up, appearing to be one of the imagination in a mind that has forgot the source from whence it borrowed the idea." The poet then goes on to say, that, although he believed this, he had refrained from giving his poem to the world with a note stating the fact, lest it might appear like an attempt to pick a quarrel with Lord Byron, for whom he had always entertained the kindest feelings. He had resolved, therefore, not to mention the matter unless he was accused of plagiarism.

It was not long before the resemblance of which Campbell became conscious began to call forth the dreaded charges of plagiarism. These accusations were met by Campbell, in a letter to Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, wherein he reiterated what he had already said confidentially to Gray.

"You say that my poem, 'The Last Man,'" he writes, "seems to have been

suggested by Lord Byron's 'Darkness.' Now the truth is, that fifteen, or it may be more, years ago, I called on Lord Byron, who, at that time had lodgings near St. James' Street, and we had a long, and to me, a very memorable conversation, from which I have not a doubt that his Lordship imbibed those few ideas in the poem 'Darkness' which have any resemblance to mine in 'The Last Man.'

"I remember my saying to him that I thought the idea of a being witnessing the extinction of his species and of the creation, and his looking under the fading eye of nature at desolate cities, ships floating at sea with the dead, would make a striking subject for a poem. I met those very ideas, many years afterward, in 'Darkness.'"

Campbell then says he supposes it will be wondered at that, such being the fact of the matter, he had not urged his claims when Byron's poem had appeared in 1816, and explains why he did not do so. He was assured, he said, by one of Byron's most intimate friends that Byron had either forgotten their conversation, or else held himself in readiness to acknowledge his indebtedness to Campbell whenever the latter should see fit to mention the subject. This he had no inclination to do, as his own poem was not then written, and, indeed, he had almost abandoned the intention of writing it, discouraged as he was by the fact that its leading idea had been taken from him.

He also argued with himself that if he undertook to remind Byron of their conversation, and learned that he did not remember it, that fact alone would but have increased a petty mortification. He might appeal for corroboration to other friends who had been aware of his intent to write such a poem, but several of them were dead, and, altogether, it seemed profitless to set on foot a correspondence with Byron simply to dun him for a stray idea.

The change in his purpose to abandon his sketch was wrought by Barry Cornwall, who informed him one day that an acquaintance of his intended to write a long poem entitled the "Last Man." Campbell writes to Jeffrey, "I thought this hard! The conception of the 'Last Man' had been

mine fifteen years ago; even Lord Byron had spared the title to me; I, therefore, wrote my poem so called, and sent it to the press; for not one *idea* in which was I indebted to Lord Byron, or to *any other person*. Had I foreseen events, I should have communicated with Lord Byron during his lifetime on this subject."

It will be remembered that Byron died in April, 1824, very shortly after the publication of the "Last Man." Poor Campbell was afraid that this declaration of his might be regarded as an implied reflection upon Byron's memory, so he was very careful to assert that he believed the latter either regarded the suggestions as "*fair game*," or forgot that it was not he who had originated them. "A poor man," Campbell says, "easily remembers from what quarter he has received each of his few pieces of money; but a rich man easily forgets where he got this or that coin amidst his accumulated thousands!" So Byron was, of all men, most excusable for forgetting the sources of his ideas.

The earnest seriousness with which Campbell treated this whole matter appears almost amusing when viewed by the light of subsequent events. Cyrus Redding, one of the poet's most faithful biographers, has given us some very interesting facts. "I happened to know," he says, "from a friend whom I met in Paris, in 1817, and who had seen Byron and Shelley in the South the year before, that with Byron the poem of 'Darkness' originated in a conversation with Shelley, as they were standing together, in a day of brilliant sunshine, looking over the Lake of Genoa. Shelley said, 'What a change it would be if the sun were to be extinguished at this moment; how the race of man would perish, until perhaps only one remained—suppose one of us! How terrible would be his fate!' or words to the same effect."

Campbell would not admit this, but "tenaciously adhered to the belief that Byron had committed the larceny." Redding then observed to him that the idea of a sole survivor at the last day, and the image of a sun quenched suddenly in eternal night, were not, if he was not greatly mistaken, absolutely original with either Byron or himself,

as he remembered seeing something of the kind, written long before. But Campbell began to wax very warm at the mere supposition, claiming the idea of a *last man* as wholly his own, although he did give Byron credit for the concomitant *darkness*.

Redding afterward discovered the passage to which he had alluded, and confronted Campbell with it.

They were these few lines in an obscure poem printed in 1811:

"Thus when creation's destined course is run,
And shrinking nature views the expiring sun,
Some awful sage, the last of human race,
Faith in his soul, and courage in his face,
Unmoved shall brave the moment of affright
When chaos re-assumes the crown of night."

Campbell could not gainsay a work with the date affixed. "You are right," he said, "the idea is not original with me—I thought it had been, for I never met with it before. Original ideas are few, only the modes of putting them are countless."

After Campbell's death, Redding received a note from Dr. Dickson, saying that he had always supposed Campbell had borrowed the idea from Bishop Horne, who died in 1792. This is improbable, from the circumstance that Campbell was no sermon-reader, and did not own Horne's works; but a passage from the latter's sermon on "The Death of the Old Year" is particularly striking in the present connection, as it contains a reference to a still older use of the idea, found in Burnett's "Sacred Theory of the Earth" (Bk. iii, Chap. xii), published about 1685.

This celebrated writer, Horne says, having followed the earth through all its changes of creation, describes the final and utter devastation of it when all sublunary nature shall be overwhelmed by a molten deluge. In this situation of things, "he stands over the world as if he had been the *only survivor*, and pronounces its funeral oration in a strain of sublimity scarcely ever equaled by mere man."

Besides all this evidence that Campbell's idea had been anticipated, it appears that in reality even the name of his poem was not his own, for there is in the British Museum, a work entitled "The Last Man, or Ome-

garus and Syderia, a Romance in Futurity." It was published in two volumes, by R. Dutton, 45 Grace Church Street, 1806, and is entered in the new catalogue under the subtitle, "Omegarus," which in itself implies the subject-matter.

Of Campbell's poem, apart from its origin, there is time for very little. Gilfillan says that its theme was one more naturally suited to Dante or Michael Angelo than to Campbell, "and yet with what easy mastery has he treated it." "What poetry in the figure of a last man forming a momentary link between an earth that is dissolving and a sky that is rolling together as a scroll. The sole mourner at the obsequies of the world. The execution of the poem is admirable; no exaggeration, no appearance of effort; and herein we deem it superior to Byron's 'Darkness' which is not dark enough to conceal the sneer of the central object."

The early quarter of this century seems to have been prolific in productions of this character. In 1824 another "Last Man" was published by Mrs. Shelley. Having returned from Italy to England, after an absence of six years, still mourning for her husband, she found that her "genius had been quenched by the same waters that swept him away." She says, writing in her journal, "Now my mind is a blank, a gulf, filled with formless mist. 'The Last Man.' Yes, I may well describe that solitary being's feelings. I feel myself as the last relic of a beloved race, my companions extinct before me."

In the story which bears this title, Mrs. Shelley writes with a prophetic pen. The scene opens in the year 2090. England is a republic, under a Protector. The tale describes the depopulation of the earth by a plague; 15,000 survivors in England, joined by a Protector, repair to Italy, and the hardships of their voyage are vividly depicted by the "Last Man," whose wife and child have also died. When Milan is reached, only three people remain alive on the whole earth; two of whom, a pair of brothers, perish in a storm.

The sole survivor resolves to write the fate of the human race, and he does so on the leaves of the trees, depositing the record in a tree in Naples just before his own

death, trusting that possibly one man and woman still remain to repeople the earth, and read the history of its awful annihilation.

In 1827 appeared Hood's poem, whose title, "The Last Man," is very properly in quotations. He does not describe the destruction of nature, but the dreariness of the absolute solitude which reigns after the world has been swept by "the pest." The last survivor in this case is a hangman, who, while sitting upon his gallows-tree, congratulating himself upon his supremacy throughout the entire universe, is accosted by a beggar who claims him as a brother since they two are all who are left. They travel through the great cities, helping themselves to the choicest treasures of the dead; but the companionship is uncongenial, and they soon separate, one turning to the right, and the other to the left. After some time has elapsed, the beggar reappears, arrayed as a King, with a scarlet cloak about his rags and a crown upon his head. This presumption is too much for the hangman; and he immediately dispatches the beggar in the mode most familiar to him. But no sooner is the deed accomplished, than he realizes all that it signifies, and before long he sighs that even—

"Hanging looks sweet—but, alas! in vain
My desperate fancy begs,
For there is not another man alive
In the world to pull my legs."

QUERIES.

Most Southern U. S. Land.—What is the most southern land under the flag of the United States? UNCAS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Key West, in Florida, occupies the most southern land in the *United States proper*. But there are several guano islands in the Pacific Ocean (and chiefly in the Manihiki Archipelago, Polynesia) which are under the American flag. These chiefly lie south of the Equator, and this part of the Pacific is called by some German geographers "American Polynesia." There is a very fair account of some of these islands in "Johnson's Cyclopædia," art. "Guano Islands."

One or two of the West-Indian guano and phosphate islands are registered as "temporarily under the American flag."

Lodomeria.—One of the many titles of the Emperor of Austria is that of "King of Lodomeria."

Where is, or where was, Lodomeria?

FALLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Lodomeria or Wladimeria is an ancient district of Poland, situated in the eastern part of the country, so named from Wladimir the Great, who conquered it in 938. One of his descendants, Roman Mstislavitch, having seized Halicz (Galicia), gave to his estates the title of the Kingdom of Galicia and Lodomeria (1198). In 1340 Casimir, King of Poland, reunited Lodomeria to his estate. After the first division of Poland, the Emperor of Austria took the title of Galicia and Lodomeria.

Seven Wonders of Dauphiny—What are the "Seven Wonders of Dauphiny," and where can I find an account of them? When I was a small boy I read an account of them in a Sunday-school library book, which, according to my recollection, was translated from the French of some Protestant pastor. CAREX.

NEW JERSEY.

The Seven Wonders of Dauphiny are the *Tour-sans-Venin*, that put to flight all venomous animals; *Mount Aiguille*, also called the *Inaccessible Mountain*; the fountain *Ardente*, so called from the fact that after a rain it emits an inflammable gas; the *Grotto of Notre-Dame-de-la-Balme*, the fountain *Vineuse*, so called from the taste of its waters, and the *Trembling Pré* in the lake of *Pellottiers*, and *La Grande Chartreuse*. (See Larousse's "Dictionary," art. "Dauphine.")

Battle of Frogs and Mice.—Who is the author of this poem?

RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The *Batrachomyomachia* is a burlesque poem in one canto of two hundred and ninety-four verses; it has been attributed, but wrongly, to Homer. The author is not known. Another poem of the same name was written by Rollenhagen (1542).

Field of Falsehood.—Where is the Field of Falsehood? **RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.**
BALTIMORE, MD.

Lugenfeld, the "Field of Falsehood," is in France (Haut. Rhin), near Colmar. It is noted for the desertion of the army of Louis the Debonnaire, who was abandoned by his soldiers when he was attacked by his sons (833). The field is north of Colmar and near the village of Ostheim.

Book of Hours.—What is the "Book of Hours" and where is it preserved?
RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The "Book of Hours" is a name applied to books that contain, besides the prayers of the mass, the different parts of the divine office recited or sung at the hours of the day and night. They were often illuminated, and the most celebrated are: one decorated by Memling in the Library of the Arsenal; one belonging to Louis of Anjou, King of Sicily, in the Bibliothèque Richelieu; one belonging to Catherine de Medicis in the Louvre; one belonging to Anne of Brittany.

Pet Marjory.—Who was "Pet Marjory"?
RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Marjory Fleming a little girl, who was the pet of Sir Walter Scott; see Dr. John Brown's charming "*Marjory Fleming*."

Beaute du Diable.—What is the *precise* meaning of this phrase? **M. D.**
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It means the nameless charm, independent of actual beauty that characterizes youth, referring, doubtless, to the French proverbial saying, "Le diable était beau quand il était jeune."

REPLIES.

Cowan.—The word cowan is used in an invariable conjunction with "eavesdroppers" in a formula addressed to the tyler of a lodge of Freemasons. It is derived from the Norman-French *ecoutant*, hearing or listening, and has the same meaning as eaves-

dropping or to listen or hear anything in a stealthy or surreptitious manner. In its present form the word "cowan" has been known and applied as above noted for several centuries.

(See the valuable "Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," by George F. Fort.)

Aurelius Peruginus (Vol. ii, p. 107).—Voltaire, by this name, no doubt designated the Jesuit historian Ludovico Aurelio of Perugia (d. 1637).
JUDEX.
NEW JERSEY.

City of the Blind (Vol. ii, pp. 8, 152).—Chalcedon in Bithynia was so called because its founders were too blind or stupid to see that the site afterward occupied by Byzantium, on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, was very much superior to that which they selected for their town. (See "Encyc. Brit." art. "Chelcedon.")

VERTEX.

NEW JERSEY.

The Chian hath Bought, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 80).—Chius dominum emit. This proverb is used in reference to those who bring calamities upon themselves. When Chios was conquered by Mithridates he delivered the inhabitants into the hands of the slaves whom they themselves had imported.

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Catching Elfetriches.—Among the "Pennsylvania Dutch" this expression would imply playing a trick upon a person, or making an April fool of him. The "elfetrich" is described as a small animal, like a rat or a squirrel, which can only be caught on a dark night, and in due time the hunter discovers that it is a humbug.

R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Three Churches Over One (Vol. iii, pp. 80, 104).—To the three churches in Jerusalem might be added Westminster Abbey, within which, raised some feet on a platform, is the Chapel of Edward the Confessor; above this is the Chapel of Henry the Fifth. This last chapel is entered through one of the pillars, and is generally kept

closed. The late Dean Stanley showed it to me.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

There is no Death (Vol. iii, p. 105).—See Vol. i, p. 246. Replies received from Green, Philadelphia, Pa., R. G. B., New York City, and R., Lancaster, Pa.

The Great Expunger (Vol. iii, p. 91).—My impression has always been that Thomas H. Benton was called—at least locally—*the Great Expunger* during the administration of General Jackson. It is well known that during the conflict between President Jackson and the United States Bank the Senate of the United States, on the 28th of March, 1834, passed the following resolution of censure on the President:

"Resolved, That the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both."

On the 15th of April Jackson sent his protest to the Senate, against its vote of censure and entry on the journal.

Senator Thomas H. Benton subsequently brought in and championed what was known in political circles as his famous "Expunging Resolutions," and, after repeated effort and failure, he finally succeeded in carrying them through the Senate, on the 16th of January, 1837; and *black lines were drawn around the words of censure*, on the page of the journal. Benton was probably most popularly known by the soubriquet of "Old Bullion," on account of his championship of Jackson's "gold measures." The gold currency was called "Benton Mint-drops." Perhaps the particular acts referred to in the censure resolve was Jackson's order for the "removal of the deposits" from the United States Bank, September 22, 1833. Wm. J. Duane, Secretary of the Treasury, refused to comply, and he was himself forthwith removed, and Roger B. Taney was appointed in his stead, by whom the order of removal was issued. From a partisan view things looked financially "awful" at the time, but, in a proper sense, there was really no removal of the deposits, but merely a cessation of them. The funds in the

bank were left to be withdrawn in the ordinary course of public expenditures, but the new collections of revenue were deposited elsewhere. These events look somewhat different from what they did fifty-five years ago to those who were in them, of them, and around them.

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Replies also received from J. F. G., Camden, N. J., and W. D. L. Hubbard, Indianapolis, Indiana.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pullen Family.—I desire to prepare the genealogical history of the Pullen family in America. I will be glad to have any data relating to the family, and will thank those who can do so to send me such.

CHARLES L. PULLEN.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Authorship wanted of the following:

Let my life, etc.

"Let my life pass in healthful, happy ease,
The world and all its schemes shut out my door."
E. M. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

In this wide world, etc.

"In this wide world the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled and distressed."
E. M. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Near the sacred gate, etc.

"Near the sacred gate
With longing eyes I wait
Expectant of her."
E. M. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

I never could find.

"I never could find
A suitable friction
To frenzy my mind."
E. M. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

The poet in his vigil, etc.

"The poet in his vigil hears
Time flowing through the night—
A mighty stream absorbing tears,
And bearing down delight."
E. M. H.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Muriel.—What is the etymology of this proper name? It is a female Christian name, and has a Semitic look; but I cannot locate it.

SMILAX.

NEW JERSEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Cockles of his heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298, 312;) Vol. iii, p. 80).—In reference to the origin and meaning of the phrase "Cockles of the heart" would not the definition of *Kόχλη*, as given by Liddell and Scott, in a measure settle the matter? Among the supplementary definitions is given, "Any shell or bone-like cavity, as (1) the hollow of ear, (2) the socket of the eye, etc."

S. M. F.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

Bingo (Vol. ii, p. 107).—The "New English Dictionary" derives this slang name for liquor or brandy as probably from the expression "B. stingo" for "brandy stingo." It is easier to suppose it to come from "stingo-bingo," the latter a reduplication of "stingo." *Stingo* is a well-known old name for any alcoholic drink, and is to be taken as referring to the *stinging* quality of the liquor.

BERYX.

NEW JERSEY.

Moke (Vol. ii, pp. 95, 165).—For this word, in the sense of "a negro," the etymologies thus far offered seem to me unsatisfactory. Why not take *moke* as a corruption of *smoke*? We have *snip* and *nip*, *snerse* and *neese*, *slam* and *lam*, *slash* and *lash*, *slat* and *lath*, *slime* and *lime* (birdlime), *smelt* and *melt*, *smoulder* and *moulder*, *snap* and *knap*, *spatter* and *patter*, *spike* and *pike*, *spile* and *pile*, *splash* and *plash*, *spunk* and *punk*, *squash* and *quash*, *stamp* and *tamp*, *stank* (a pond) and *tank*, *stumble* and *tumble*. It is therefore possible *a priori* that *moke* may be a slang form of *smoke*.

UROX.

NEW JERSEY.

St. Ursula (Vol. iii, p. 90).—The legends of St. Ursula (of Hørselberg, Vennsberg, and Ercildoune), although varying in minor details, are generally reducible to the one form alluded to on p. 91, Vol. iii;

namely, the moon-goddess Aphrodite, and the star-nymphs. It is not singular, therefore, that the essential features of the myth should have been attached to the beautiful Ursula, whose saintly life suffers no blemish from the traditional story that has been attached to it. That Ursula was a real character in the flesh there seems to be no doubt; and that she lost her life while on a pilgrimage to Rome is not improbable.

But here history gives place to myth. Nothing was easier than to invest the heroine of a romantic tragedy with a mythical veil of mystery, and so the story of St. Ursula has come down to us in the present form. Furthermore, "it is confirmed," says a certain modern history, "by the church erected to her memory at Cologne."

It was my privilege to spend some time in Cologne, and I passed many hours in the church in question. Certain it is that the bones are there, but the eleven thousand dwindle in number to less than four thousand; and it is also certain that about half of them must have been habilitated by flesh of the masculine gender. Whether or not the latter were the slain Huns of Attila's following, history is silent. It is scarcely necessary to speculate on such a possibility, however, as the practice of exhibiting the remains of the dead was long the custom in central Europe during the middle ages. Even now in Switzerland and South Germany we will not infrequently stumble upon a rural chapel where the bones of the dead have been disinterred and are fantastically displayed, in much the same manner as in the Church of St. Maria della Concezione, at Rome.

It is not improbable that the reason for the disinterment and display has been the same in each instance. Every good Christian naturally desires burial in a consecrated place, and, from time immemorial, the churchyard, or perhaps the ground covered by the church building, has always been the spot sacred to purposes of sepulture. In the course of time, such places, being naturally limited in space, were filled, and it became necessary to resort to disinterment in order to give each one the right which the Church virtually guaranteed—that of burial in a consecrated place. Consequently,

the bones of those disinterred were stored away in the church—sometimes in crypts, sometimes within the walls of the edifice, and sometimes displayed to public gaze, as is the case in the Church of St. Ursula. And, as centuries have rolled by, is it singular that, among a highly religious and superstitious people, facts of actual history should have given place to myths of the supernatural? At all events, the legendary part of the story of St. Ursula, mythical, as it probably is, carries with it a moral force, and a teaching value that we might seek without finding in the lives of many heroes of real history.

J. M. REDWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 34, 69, 81).—Place must be made in the list for John Bright's favorite Scotch terrier that slept at the foot of his bed, and once drew out his remark to a visitor that "a man, when driven to the utmost, gives up; but a dog coils up, and makes both ends meet." There was also his boyish pet, "Snap," that chased a cat into a neighboring hencote, whence he was rescued by another lad, while John himself leaned over the fence and laughed to hear his comrade scolded by the woman who owned the fowls.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 34, 69, 81).—Herrick, the poet, had a tame pig that could drink beer out of a tankard. Hawker, the Vicar of Morwenstow, had also a pet pig; Sertorius had a white fawn.

VERTEX.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Cowan (Vol. iii, pp. 77, 107).—The word is found in the installation charge to the tyler of a lodge or chapter in the Masonic ritual: "The sword is placed in the hands of the tyler, to enable him effectually to guard against all *Cowans* and eavesdroppers, and suffer none to pass or repass but such as are duly qualified." The term is clearly opprobrious, and is explained to mean those who gain a knowledge of their trade in a clandestine or irregular way.

Several derivations have been suggested

for it. Jamieson's *Scotch Dictionary* defines it, and says of its etymology, "The term is evidently Gothic, imported by the Franks and derived from *Kufw-a*, *Supprimere*, *insultare*."

In the *Lexicon of Free Masonry*, Dr. Charles Mackay traces the word to the Greek *κῶν*, or the Gælic *cù*, a dog; allying with it also *cow*, to treat like a dog; *cower*, to slink or crouch like a dog in fear; and *coward*, an utter dog. The Greek word, because of the ill repute of Eastern dogs, was often used as a term of disparagement or dishonor; a familiar example of such figurative usage, translated literally into English, occurring in Philippians iii, 2: "Beware of the dogs; beware of the evil-workers." The French *coion*, a coward, or base fellow, is similar.

A writer in the *Freemason's Quarterly Review* derives *cowan* from "the Greek verb to listen or to hear, from which it is *parce detorta*."

Another explanation deserves consideration both from its source and from its plausibility.

The author, or compiler, of the *Ritual of Free Masonry*, published in 1835, says that *cowan* is of French origin, and was once written "chouan," but in the English pronunciation, instead of the soft French sound, the *h* was unaspirated and dropped. "The Chouans were loyalists during the French Revolution and the most determined and inveterate enemies of the Charitables—Robespierre, Billaud, Varennes, Collat d'Herbois, the Duke of Orleans, and all the rest of their bloodthirsty gang. The Chouans were worse than eavesdroppers to the Masons, who originated the Revolution. They were a party connected with the several parties of armed royalists, who were, of course, opposed to the Masons, and the most inveterate of them were the Chouans. Hence, probably, all opposers of Masons were afterward designated by the term Chouan, pronouncing the *ch* like *k*." Of course, the charge that Free-Masonry or "Illuminism" brought about the French Revolution has been vigorously denied, but we are considering only the etymological point.

The origin of the word "chouan," applied to the loyalist bands who waged guerrilla

warfare against the revolutionists, is itself disputed. Littre's "Dictionary" says: "The origin of the word *chouan* has been much discussed; perhaps it comes from *chouan*, a nocturnal bird of prey (see *chat-haunt*), by comparison with the nocturnal habits of these bands. It has also been derived from Jean Chouan, one of their leaders." A note in Thiers' *History of the French Revolution* combines these two suggestions:

"The Chouans were four brothers, originally smugglers, named Cottereau, that of Chouan which was given them, being merely a corruption of *chat-haunt* (screech-owl) because they imitated its cry in order to recognize each other in the woods at night * * * Three of the four fell in battle, one, named Jean, celebrated for his courage and physical strength."

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Transformation of Names.—The name Aristotle became *Harry Startle* in an old Anglo-Irish nursery tale.

The Fr. *Pythagore*, for Pythagoras, becomes *Peter Gower* in one of Caxton's books.

Surajah-Dowlah was called *Sir Roger Dowler* by the English soldiery of the last century.

The good ship *Sesostris* was called the *Sea Ostrich* by her crew. English mariners changed the names of the historic ships *Bellerophon* and *Ville-de-Milan* to *Bully-ruffian* and *Wheel'em-along*.

American soldiers on the frontier once called the Apache and Comanche tribes *Up-at-ye* and *Come-at-ye*.

Anglo-Indian soldiers called the pass of Sakri-Gali by the appropriate name of *Sickly Gully*.

Sailors call the *bonito* (a fish) the *bone-eater*.

C. W. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Origins of Proverbs (Vol. ii, pp. 53, 177).—

"As thik as motes in a sunne beme."

—Chaucer, *Wife of Bath*.(See also Milton, *Il Penseroso*.)

"Hap helpeth hardie man alwaie."

—Chaucer, *Lucrece*.

"Brennyd cat dredith feir."

Chaucer, *Tapster and Pardoner*.

"Mardre woll out."

Chaucer, *Nun's Priest's Tale*.

"He that toucheth pitch is defiled thereby."

—Son of Sirach.

ONYX.

NEW JERSEY.

Bustle.—This name, as applied to the *tournure* of a woman's dress, is given up by most of the dictionaries as of unexplained origin. I should think it might be a slang contraction of Fr. *bosselure* or *bosselage*, a protuberance; or perhaps a diminutive directly from the root of *boss*, as the above French words are also. *Bossolo* is the Italian for box, and comes directly from the root of *box*.

LARYNX.

NEW JERSEY.

State Salt-cellar (Vol. iii, p. 78).—This is commonly reckoned as one of the regalia or crown jewels of Great Britain.

VINDEX.

NEW JERSEY.

House that Jack Built (Vol. iii, p. 77).—It is said that the Jewish original of this celebrated cumulative is an altered translation of an ancient parabolical hymn which the Jews were wont to sing at the Feast of the Passover.

It was written in the Chaldee language, and may be found in "Septer Haggadah," Vol. xxiii.

There is a tenth stanza beginning:

"X. Then came the *Holy One—Blessed be He*—that killed the Angel of Death," etc.

The following is the interpretation of the parable:

I. The *kid*, one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father who purchased it is Jehovah, who is represented as sustaining this relation with the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

II. The *cat* is the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

III. The *dog* symbolizes the Babylonians.

IV. The *stick* or staff, signifies the Persians.

V. The *fire* indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

VI. The *water* betokens the Romans, or

the fourth of the great monarchies to which the Jews were subjected.

VII. The *ox* means the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the authority of the Caliph.

VIII. The *butcher* denotes the Crusaders, who wrested the Holy Land from the grasp of the Saracens.

IX. The *Angel of Death* is the Turkish Power, by whose might Palestine was taken from the Franks.

X. The beginning of this stanza was designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, where they will dwell in safety under the rule of the long-expected Messiah. MARGARET H. GANGEWER.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

The Word "The" as a Part of Place-Names.—Instances of this kind are not very rare. Among them the following: The Crimea, the Epirus, the Tyrol, the Peloponnesus, the Morea, the Chersonese, the Corea (oftener without the "the"), the Hague, the Meneage, the Brill, the Groin (for Corunna), the Dalles (U. S.), and some others. In most cases, these names are common nouns used as proper nouns.

WYSOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Tit for Tat (Vol. iii, p. 94).—Said to be derived from Dutch *dit voor dat*, equal to Latin *quid pro quo*. Skeat says it is a corruption of *tip for tap*. Skeat seems more correct, because the expression implies rather retaliation than exchange. R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Century.—Following upon the July chapters of "The Life of Lincoln"—which describe the President's re-nomination and Mr. Greeley's self-suggested peace-trip to Niagara—there will probably be only six more installments of this remarkable history in *The Century* series. These concluding chapters deal with the most important and absorbing personal and political topics, to which Messrs. Nicolay and Hay bring a vast fund of special information. Lincoln's sagacity in dealing with men and measures (and occasionally his humor) come out in strong relief in the chapters that give the inside view of the

attempt of the radicals to defeat the re-nomination of the President. No part of the work will attract wider attention than the account of the measures adopted by the religious denominations in support of the Administration.

The publishers announce that the back numbers of *The Century*, from November, 1886, containing the installments of the Lincoln History, are now all in print, and can be supplied to those who wish to complete their sets. Of several of these numbers two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been printed.

The *Atlantic* for July contains a short sketch called "Going to Shrewsbury," by Sarah Orne Jewett, and a paper, by Mr. Bradford Torrey, called a "Mountain-side Ramble," that appeals to summer travelers. The magazine opens with an article by Miss Preston, giving an account of the last days of Cicero, one of the series which she has been contributing. Professor N. S. Shaler, who is a person to speak with authority, writes about "The Problem of Discipline in Higher Education," which will be read by student and teacher with equal interest. Mr. H. L. Nelson has an article on the "Speaker's Power," not a consideration of the power of oratory, but the power of the Speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. W. H. Downes has an interesting paper on the "Old Masters," which may be seen in New York, and it is surprising to find how large a representation can be seen there. Mr. James's "Tragic Muse" is steadily gaining in interest, and "The Begum's Daughter," by Edwin Lassetter Bynner, is also continued. The two specially literary articles of the magazine are "John Evelyn's Youth," an account of the early days of that worthy, full of anecdote, written by Mary Davies Steele. The other article is, "Books that have Hindered Me," by Agnes Repplier. So much has been written about books that have helped various people that Miss Repplier has decided to write about the books that did not help her; among these she mentions "Sandford and Merton," Milton's "Areopagitica," and the "Heir of Redclyffe." The number closes with a knowing article on "Trotting Races," by H. C. Merwin; by some criticisms of recent American Fiction and other books, and by the usual departments.

Book News for July presents us with a fine portrait of Edmund Clarence Steadman. If the picture must needs be criticized, one is forced to admit that it is not quite as dapper as the Mr. Steadman whom one meets, but, nevertheless, it is a good likeness. "With the New Books" is delightfully done, as is all of Mr. Watrous' work, which, by the way, is a constant reproach to the people who maintain that newspaper-writing necessarily spoils a man's touch for finer efforts. This number is especially adapted to the summer-reader, who wants to know "what to get and take away."

America.—The magazine grows apace with the times. With Nast for cartoonist, Julian Hawthorne, Joseph Howard, Jr., Marcus Lane, etc., as members of its staff, one is sure to find something in each number that is well worth the ten-cent piece that it costs.

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NOTES.

THE WORD "MOLINIST" IN "THE RING AND THE BOOK."

The first use of the term occurs in the couplet (Book I, l. 307-8).

"'Twas he who first bade leave those
souls in peace,
Those Jansenists re-nicknamed Molinists.'

Molinist is defined by Webster as "a follower of the opinions of Molina, a Spanish Jesuit, in respect to grace; an *opposer of the Jansenists*." Littré gives the same. But the use by Browning and the definition imply a contradiction. Let us examine the facts.

The date about which the action of the poem centres is given in Book I, l. 22-23:

"After that February twenty-second,
Since our salvation sixteen hundred
twenty-eight."

At that time Pope Innocent XII was in the pontifical chair, his occupancy lasting from 1691 to 1700. The doctrinal controversy of his time, as of his predecessor, was in regard to the teachings of a Spanish Jesuit, the quietist Molinos (1627-1696). A room had been given to him in the Vatican by Innocent XI, even made spiritual adviser some say, but he was thrown into prison by Innocent XII through Jesuitical influence, and is supposed to have died there. An interesting account of the man, and the excitement caused by his doctrines, occurs in the novel of Shorthouse, "John Inglesant" chapters XXXVII-VIII.

Louis Molina, whose followers were called Molinists, was also a Spanish Jesuit (1535-1600), but he had been dead nearly a hundred years at the time of the poem, and one or two popes, notably Paul V, in 1611, had prohibited discussion of his opinions. The Jesuits were the champions, not the opposers of Molina's doctrine of grace, as shown by the following: "This last work ('The Concordance of Grace and Free Will') was what divided the Dominicans and the Jesuits into Thomists and Molinists." "Chambers Biog. Dict.," article "Molina." "It is as a champion of Jansenism that Pascal in the 'Provincial Letters' attacks Molina." "Encyclopædia Brit.," article "Molina."

This last statement opposes Jansenism to Molinism, making impossible Browning's line in the ordinary sense of Molinist. Chronologically the line is impossible, since Jansen lived after Molina, though before Molinos, as a comparison of dates shows. (Molina 1535-1600, Jansen 1585-1638, Molinos 1627-1696.) Moreover, while Molina was supported by the Jesuits, both Jansen and Molinos were opposed and persecuted by them, the one having his books burned, the other being imprisoned for life. Both chronologically and logically, therefore, the expression "Jansenists re-nicknamed Molinists" can only refer to the followers of Molinos. A reference in the last book (l. 63-65) to the Pope's decision against Fenelon, championing the quietists in France

also connects the religious controversy of the time with the opinion of Molinos, since we know this decision was made in 1699, the year before the death of Innocent XII.

It seems conclusive, therefore, that Browning uses Molinist for a follower of Molinos rather than of Molina, and in the larger sense for heretics in general. It seems probable that he has confounded the two men, since the name from Molinos should be accented on the second syllable, not on the first as is the word from Molina. A stronger reason is the expression in the line of the couplet first quoted: "'Twas he who first bade leave those souls in peace," referring to Innocent XII, who imprisoned their leader Molinos instead of showing clemency. The expression would be historically accurate of Paul V in regard to the followers of Molina. It should be said that there is implied authority for the use of Molinist with the general sense of heretic in the "Biographie Universelle," article "Molina," but it does not affect the reasoning above. It is as follows: "C'est donc à tort que quelques uns continuent d'appeler *Molinistes* ceux qui sont opposés à un certain parti, comme s'il n'y avait aucun milieu, et que l'on fût nécessairement Moliniste parce qu'on rejette les opinions de ce parti."

OLIVER FARRAR EMERSON.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

ST. ROCHE.

The legend of this beneficent saint is of comparatively modern origin, so that, although representations of him abound in Mediæval art, his story was entirely unknown to the Eastern Church. His birthplace was Montpellier, in Languedoc, and his parents, John and Libera, were persons of wealth and nobility. When he was born (1280-95) his mother, observing that he bore on his breast a small red cross, immediately perceived that he was destined to be the servant of God, and she determined to educate him so carefully that he should be worthy of such service. The boy, too, was of the same mind, and although he made no effort to connect himself with any religious institutions, he devoted himself to the performance of good works; and when,

less than twenty years old, he was left an orphan, with immense riches, he sold all his possessions and distributed the proceeds among the poor and the hospitals, and assuming the garb of a pilgrim, started on foot for Rome.

Before reaching that city, he came to Aquapendente, where he found the streets full of people, dead or dying of the terrible plague then raging. St. Roche immediately offered his services at the hospitals, where he was so successful in his attendance upon the sick that he came to be regarded as one who was endowed with miraculous powers. And such were his beauty, youth, gentleness, and sympathy that all who received his devoted care believed him to be an angel. When the plague was stayed, he journeyed on to other cities, where he labored in the same manner; for the dread disease was very prevalent at that time, and nearly all the large towns were stricken.

Hearing of the frightful ravages of the pestilence in Rome, he now hastened on, and there spent three years in ministering to the helpless, always selecting such cases as seemed most destitute; these he healed with his prayers, sometime curing those most ill simply by making the sign of the cross over them. All this time he was hoping that he might be deemed worthy to die as a martyr, but it seemed rather as if his life were singularly preserved in the midst of the peril in which he lived. Thus years passed away; wherever he heard of great misery and suffering, there he would repair, and practise his wonderful art.

At length he came to Piacenza, where multitudes were dying daily of an epidemic whose nature was unknown. One night, having fallen asleep in the hospital—overcome by fatigue—he awoke with a raging fever, and discovered that a horrible ulcer had broken out on his thigh. This caused him such anguish that he cried aloud in his agony, and fearing to disturb others, he crawled out into the street. But the city authorities ordered him away lest he should spread infection, and leaning on his pilgrim's staff he dragged himself to a wooded spot without the city.

But although far from all human aid, he was not forsaken; his little *dog* who had fol-

lowed him, tenderly nursed him through the illness that followed. Every day the dog went back to the city, and returned in the evening with a loaf of bread in his mouth. And the legend relates that an angel appeared and dressed his wounds, but others explain this by saying that it was a kind-hearted man named Gothard, who, not knowing who he was, took compassion on him, proving, as it were, his "good angel." When he had recovered sufficiently, St. Roche turned his steps toward his old home, but when he arrived he was so changed by suffering, that, not recognizing him, the officers arrested him as a possible spy, and threw him into prison. Even his own uncle, who was the judge, did not know him, and the saint, believing that it was the will of God, did not reveal himself, but quietly endured the hardships of confinement for five years.

At the expiration of that time, the jailer entering the cell one morning, was dazzled by a brilliant light which filled the whole room. The prisoner was dead, and beside him lay a paper which contained his name, and these words: "*Ceux qui sont frappez de peste, et imploront la faveur de Sanct Roche, seront guéris*" (*Les Fleurs des Vies des Saints*). When his uncle and the people learned who he was, they were filled with grief and remorse; and he was buried amidst the tears and prayers of the whole city.

Nearly a century passed after this event (which is generally believed to have occurred about 1327) before the memory of St. Roche was revived outside of his native city. But at the time of the great Church Council held in 1414, at Constance (the same which condemned Huss), the plague broke out; and the clergy and laity were in great consternation, when a young German monk, who had heard of St. Roche in France, proposed that his aid should be invoked on behalf of the plague-stricken people. Acting upon this advice, the council ordered that the effigy of that saint should be carried in procession through the streets; and no sooner was this done, accompanied by prayers and litanies, than the plague suddenly ceased.

It is to this tradition that St. Roche owes

his fame as the patron saint of all countries and all people. At the close of the fifteenth century, the Venetians, who from their extensive commercial relations with the East were peculiarly exposed to infection, determined to possess themselves of his precious bones. A holy alliance was formed for the purpose of committing this pious theft. Under the pretence of performing a pilgrimage, the conspirators sailed to Montpelier, and carried away the sacred remains, which were received with joy by the Doge and all Venice. A magnificent church for the reception of the relics was then erected under the auspices of a community which, in his name, had been already formed for the purpose of caring for those ill with infectious diseases; this was afterward known as the famous Scuola di San Rocco (Brotherhood of St. Roche), in which so many of the nobility enrolled themselves—a society somewhat like the Misericordia of Florence, except that the latter do not devote themselves to any one class of infirmities.

A large and fashionable church in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, is dedicated to St. Roche; and here are buried Corneille, Descartes, and Abbé de l'Épée; the last of whom well deserves to be commemorated for his great work in teaching the deaf and dumb. In England, the 16th of August, St. Roche's Day, used to be celebrated as a general harvest-home, and was known as the great August festival; and at Chichester is an eminence called Rooke's Hill. He was known by various names: *St. Roche* was invoked for the healing of skin diseases, boils, and blains; *St. Roque*, for protection against infection; and in times when the plague was raging the people used to say that in such a case St. Roche was "better than the good Bishop of Marseilles."

There is an old English proverb, "as hail as a rock-fish whole," or, "as sound as a roach," which is one of many similar instances in which *sound* is substituted for *sense*, the proverb having originally been: "As sound as St. Roche," or, substituting the meaning of Roche (rock), "as sound as a rock," in allusion, of course, to a *sanitary* soundness such as was conferred by the saint upon those who were in a state of bodily weakness. The Italians, misled by

the word *roach*, invented the phrase "Sano come un pesca" (sound as a fish), naturally thinking that a generality would do as well in the comparison as a special kind of fish, but fish in general, and the roach in particular, will hardly pass muster as synonyms for soundness.

In devotional pictures St. Roche is usually represented as a man in the prime of life (although he is thought to have died at the age of thirty-two), dressed as a pilgrim, with a cockle shell in his hat, and a wallet at his side. In one hand he holds a staff, in the other he lifts his robe to show the plague spot, and his dog stands near. The events of his life have been depicted by some of the most celebrated artists of Italy and Germany, Caracci, Guido, Tintoretto, Bassano, and Rubens, the most famous work being the altar-piece in the church at Alost, which was completed in eight days, and for which Rubens received eight hundred florins from the Brotherhood of St. Roche.

THE HANGMAN'S STONE.

There are numerous large boulders in different parts of England, which have received the name of "Hangman's Stone," in consequence of a legend which attaches much the same story to each. There were two fields in the parish of Foremark, Derbyshire, called the great and the little Hangman's Stone, from the boulders which they contained. In the former there was a stone five or six feet high, with an indentation running across the top of it. This peculiar mark was explained by the tradition that once upon a time, a thief, having stolen a sheep, placed his booty on the top of the stone while he rested, but it slipped off, and strangled the man with the rope which tied the sheep to his back, the indentation being made by the friction of the rope passing back and forth in the struggles of the dying man to extricate himself.

At a picturesque angle in the road between Sheffield and Barnsby, and about three miles south of the latter place, there is a toll-bar called "Hangman's Stone Bar." Attached to this title is the usual legend of a sheep-stealer being strangled

by the kicking animal which he had slung across his shoulders, and which pulled him backward as he tried to climb over the stone-wall inclosure with his spoil. Here no one particular stone is marked with evidence of the struggle, but the Jehu of the now extinct Barnsby mail always used to tell the story to any inquiring passenger who happened to be one of "five at top" on his quaint four-in-hand.

At the end of Lamber Moor, on the roadside between Haverford West and Little Haven, in the county of Pembroke, there is a stone about four feet high, called "Hang Davy Stone," connected with which is the same legend, only in this case, the unfortunate's name has survived. There is also—about five miles from Sidmouth, on the road to Colyton, on the right-hand side, near Bovey House—another boulder which bears this ominous appellation.

In "Wescote's View of Devonshire in 1630," mention is made of the fact that the parish of Tatchcomb is separated from Comb-Martin by a long row of boundary stones, one of which is distinguished as the "Hangman's Stone," for the same reason that has been given before. And only a few years ago there was still to be seen, near the boundary of Littlebury parish in Essex, another large stone which bore this same name and history. This was subsequently removed to the private garden of a Mr. Gibson of Saffron Walden.

North Essex abounds in these strange boulders, and quantities of them may be seen along the roadside. The general impression is that they have been disinterred in by-gone times, and left near the spot where they were discovered.

Hangman's Stones occur also on the road between Brighton and New Haven; and the most famous instance of all is the one recorded in Potter's "Charwood," where the death of the sheep-stealer John of Oxley is rehearsed in verse, under the title of "The Legend of the Hangman's Stone:"

"One shaft he drew on his well-tryed yew,
And a gallant hart lay dead;
He tied its legs, and he hoisted his prize,
And he toiled over Lubcloud brow—
He reached the tall stone standing out and alone,
Standing there as it standeth now;

With his back to the stone, he rested his load,
And he chuckled with glee to think
That the rest of his way on the down-hill lay,
And his wife would have spied the strong drink.

* * * * *

"A swineherd was passing o'er great I've's Head,
When he noticed a motionless man;

He shouted in vain—no reply could he gain—

So down to the gray stone he ran—

All was clear—There was Oxley on one side the stone,

On the other, the down-hanging deer;

The burden had slipped, and his neck it had nipped;

He was hanged by his prize—all was clear."

(It is a curious fact that a tale almost identical with the tradition attached to the Hangman's Stones is related of a pig-stealer and a style, in Craven. "Swine Harry" is the name of a field on the side of Pinnow, a hill in Tothersdale, in Craven. It is said that a native of the valley was once crossing the field at the dead of night with a pig which he had stolen from a neighboring farm-yard. He led the obstinate animal by a rope which was tied to its leg and noosed at the other end, which he held in his hand. On coming to a ladder-style, being a very stout man, and wishing to have both hands at liberty, but not liking to release the pig, he transferred the rope from his hands to his neck. But when he reached the top step, his feet slipped, the pig pulled hard on the other side, the noose tightened, and the next morning he was found dead.)

The fatal character which seems to distinguish these boulders is not satisfactorily accounted for. It may be that they are remnants of the Devil's missiles; for he is known to have utilized such large boulders in many of his encounters with the early inhabitants. In the German popular tales the Devil is frequently made to step into the place of the giants. Like them, he has his abode in rocks, hurls stones in which the impression of his fingers or other members is often to be seen; and according to tradition, compacts are made with him for the building of churches.

There is a legend extant of several churches which were built on elevated sites through his direction; he promising to furnish the material from the rocks and stones

which belonged to him, provided he was permitted to select the situation of the edifice.

The popular tradition concerning St. Bartholomew's Church at Churchdown—which stands on a hill seven hundred feet above the plain, and commands a charming and extensive view of the richly cultivated valley of Gloucester—relates that the archfiend, having observed that the church was being built at the base of the hill, repaired to the spot every night after the workmen had gone home, and carrying the huge blocks of stone to the top of the hill, there placed them *in situ*; and so persevered until he had forced compliance with his wish that the church should occupy its present site. A similar story is told of the church at Breedon, in Leicestershire.

PLACE-NAMES.

Fayal.—This island was so named from the Portuguese *faya*, L. *fagus*, a beech. *Fayal* means a beech-forest; although the Azorean *faya* is not a true beech, but a species of *Myrica*, or candle-berry myrtle. By the way, our common American candle-berry (*m. cerifera*, or bay-berry), gave name to the *Chandeleur Islands*, off the Louisiana coast, where this shrub is very abundant.

Funchal.—This city was named *Funchal*, or fennel-place, from the fennel (Port. *funcho*, L. *feniculum*) which grew there.

New Providence, in the Bahamas, was so named from the island of Old Providence in the Caribbean Sea, many of whose English colonists were expelled by the Spaniards and took refuge in the Bahamas.

Andros, in the Bahama group, in like manner took its name from the English-speaking settlers driven by the Spaniards from the island of St. Andrew's near Old Providence.

Spanish-Town, in the Island of Virgin Gorda, British West Indies—so called on all maps and charts—was, and is legally known as Penniston, of which name Spanish-Town is a corrupt form. *Spanish-Town* in Jamaica, was the old Spanish capital of that island.

Tortola.—The Spaniards named this island from *tortola*, a turtle-dove. *Tortuga* is properly the name of the utterly undovellike sea-turtle.

Losantiville, the original name of Cincinnati, Ohio, is said to have been derived from the French *le*, the Latin *os*, mouth, *anti*, over against, and *vill*, village,—“the village over against the mouth” of the Licking River. The name still subsists as the appellation of a town in Indiana.

Sedalia, Missouri, was once called *Sedville*, and was named from *Sed*, or Sarah, a daughter of its founder. Lake Carasaljo, at Lakewood, N. J., was named from three sisters, Carrie, Sal, and Jo.

Penn Yan, New York, was so called because settled by Pennymites and Yankees—Pennymite, or Penhamite, being an old and rather local name for a Pennsylvanian, still heard in Western New York and Ohio, and even in Pennsylvania itself.

Port Tobacco in Maryland is said to be so-called by a corruption of its old Indian name, *Potopaco*.

St. Ubes, in Portugal, is not named after a saint. The Portuguese name is *Setubal*, which English and American writers have corrupted to St. Ubes. No such saint as *Ubes* is commemorated in any calendar.

We have in the U. S. a town called *Saint Gilman*, in Iowa; five or six places called *Saint Joe*, and one *St. Jo*; besides a *Saint Morxan* in Illinois, also a *Saint Jones* river in Delaware. It may be remarked that the mosque of *St. Sophia* is not named after a canonized saint; it was once the Church of Holy Wisdom, Italianized into *Santa Sophia*, whence our misleading English name. *Saint Bethlehem*, in Tennessee, is also a singularly-named place.

Barataria.—Sancho Panza's Island of Barataria did not suggest the name of Barataria Bay in Louisiana. In the first-named instance Barataria means a cheat, or humbug, and is equivalent to “the Land of Nowhere.” But Barataria Bay was named from the fact that it was the special haunt of the pirate Lafitte, who asserted that he was no pirate, but only a *barrator*. In maritime law the offense of barratry is a much less serious crime than open piracy. Barataria Bay, then, is equivalent to Barratry Bay. Etymologically, the two names are identical, both meaning a *cheat* in the Spanish language.

ANAX.

NEW JERSEY.

 Q U E R I E S .

Sea-Blue Bird of March.—Tennyson ("In Memoriam," xci, 1) speaks of "the sea-blue bird of March." What kind of bird does he refer to? STORAX.
NEW JERSEY.

I think without doubt that the swallow is meant.

White Lady of Watford.—Who (or what) is (or was) the "White Lady of Watford"? [I was requested to send this query by a friend who is not very sure of the name Watford]. STORAX.
NEW JERSEY.

Possibly the white lady of Walsfortsweiler is meant. It is said that a treasure is buried there, and every year at the blooming of the forget-me-not a *white lady* appears girt with a gold sash, and holding a bunch of keys. She generally appears to children.

Cambuscan.—Will you refer me to some authority where I can find who Cambuscan was and where and when he lived? G. N.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Cambuscan (Cambus Khan) was the King of Sarra in Tartary, and he was regarded as a model monarch. He married Elfitia, and by her had two sons, Algarsip and Camballo and one daughter, Canace. See Hale's "Longer English Poems," p. 249; note to line 109, *Il Penseroso*.

Confucius.—From what is the name Confucius derived? G. N.
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Confucius is the Latinized form of the Chinese Kong-Foo-Tse or Khoong-Foo-Tse, the name of the greatest of Chinese philosophers, born (probably) 511 B. C. died 478 B. C.

French Dialect in Maine.—In what journal or annual report was there published, within a year or two, an account of the French dialect spoken in the Madawaska, a region of Maine and New Brunswick? FELIX.
NEW JERSEY.

In volume iii, of the "Transactions and Proceedings of the Modern Language Association of America" you will find a paper by Professor Edw. S. Sheldon, entitled "Some Specimens of the Canadian French Dialect-Spoken in Maine." Perhaps this is what is wanted. If not, address the Secretary American Dialect Society, Prof. Edw. S. Sheldon.

 R E P L I E S .

Goust (Vol. iii, p. 79).—The following account of Goust is translated from Vivien de Saint Martin's "Nouvelle Dictionnaire de Géographie" (Vol. ii, p. 511).

"Goust, a hamlet in the commune of Laruns, at thirty minutes' distance from Eaux-Chaudes, in Basses Pyrénées [France], at an elevation of nine hundred and ninety-five metres, on a plateau dominating a gorge of the Gave d' Ossau. Composed of twelve houses for some generations back, it had in 1867 nine families. In this airy oasis between the earth and sky, there live not quite seventy persons, almost all cousins of more or less close consanguinity, forming a little republic governed by a Council of Ancients, who decide, both as a first and as a last resort, all disputes, and who judge regarding the advisability of marriages between the girls of the republic and the young *gars* of the low-lying regions about them. The people of Goust are obliged to go to Laruns to celebrate all important solemnities, baptisms, marriages, and burials. With baptisms and weddings there is no difficulty. The newly-born are portable, and young lovers do not need to be carried. But whenever a death occurs at Goust, it is the custom to slide the coffin down the rocky slope, and to go and take it at the foot of the mountains" (*Moreau*). Examples of longevity are relatively frequent in Goust. In 1605, a man died there aged 123 years.

VOLVOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Talboy (Vol. ii, p. 116).—There was formerly a prominent family in England called Talboys, who derived their origin from one *Tailleboys* or *Taillebois* (literally,

wood-cutter), one of the French followers of William the Conqueror in his invasion. It has been said that the original Taillebois was not a genuine Norman, but was a Frenchman of humble origin. It is also said that Emma Talboys, the last of the race, died a few years since in an English workhouse.

The Talboys family was never one of the great families of the English nobility, although it gave its heiresses to several of the proudest Anglo-Norman lines. There was a Lord Talboys in the sixteenth century, and one of the early earls (or more probably) barons of Lancaster, was a Talboys, lord of Kendal, who assumed Lancaster as a family name.

But the most famous Talboys was Ivo, the Franco-English follower of William I. He is said to have married the heiress to the old Saxon, or rather Anglican, earldom of Lincoln. He is a half mythical character, and figures much in the old Lincolnshire legend of Hereward. Some notice is found of him in Freeman's "Norman Conquest." I have no doubt he is the *Talboy* your correspondent inquires about.

ALLEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Urkwould (Vol. ii, p. 116).—It seems likely that this name is a variant form of the Scottish Urquhart, for which see any biographical dictionary or encyclopædia.

FALLOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Three Churches over One (Vol. iii, pp. 80, 104).—I suppose reference is made to the Church of St. Francis, at Assisi; of whose three stories the two uppermost are churches.

SUSSEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Boune.—It is said that in the line in *Lady of the Lake* (Canto vi, stanza 15), usually printed,

"To hero bound for battle strife,"

the italicized word should be *boune*—"the old Scottish *boune*."

Will J. H. or some other Scotsman be good enough to tell me what the word means?

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Boune is the Scottish and old English form of the word, and signifies made ready, prepared. The *d* in *bound* is simply surplusage like the *d* in *drowned*. It is a form of the Icelandic past participle *buinn*, from the verb *bua* (Swedish *boa*), to prepare. The following are examples of its earlier use:

"And bad them alle he *down* to wenden to Westminster."

—*Piers the Plowman*, *passus* ii, l. 159.

"Alle as he bade they were prest and *boun*."

—*Ocleve, de Regimine Principum*.

"*Bun*, ready, bound."

—Glossary to Orrmin, in Oliphant's "Old and Middle English," p. 238.

"The Stem (Star) that sagh before them *bon*."

—*Visit of the Wise Men*. See Morris' *Specimens*, p. 130.

"There was a jolly beggar once and a-begging he was *boune*,"

And he took up his quarters intill a farme toun."

—*Gaberlemonie Man*.

See also Barbor's Bruce almost *passim*, etc., etc. Blond Harry, in his "Wallace" uses *boun*, *down* as a transitive verb, to signify to make ready, but I incline to think it a misuse, although it was common in Scotland to say "he *bound* him to go."

I need hardly say than in Scotch and old English spelling is quite onomatopoeic, so we find *boune*, *boun*, *down*, *bourne*, *bun*, *bone*, *bon*, etc., etc. The true pronunciation is *boon*.

In Scotland *bound* is pronounced *bun*; as, "I am *bun* to gang;" "*bun* wi a rape."

In the expression, "a ship *bound* for New York," *bound* is a vicious form of *boune*.

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Emperor at his own Funeral.—M. Jules Simon, after listening to laudatory speeches, compared himself to the emperor who was present at his own funeral, and knew what people would say of him after death. Who was the emperor?

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Podgem.—In Essex County, Mass., the polypods and other fine ferns found in marsh-hay are collectively called *podgem*, and ground producing such hay is said to be *podgy*. I am told that in England the same substance is locally called *polpodgem*, a word which is supposed to be identical with the Latin name *polypodium*. Can any one throw any light on the matter?

FORFEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Enroughty—Darby (Vol. i, pp. 227, 286).—I have been informed that the English name Enraght is also pronounced Darby—at least locally. Is this true?

PERDIX.

NEW JERSEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Merimee's Inconnue (Vol. iii, p. 100).—We are indebted to Mrs. Catherine Sargeant Olds, of Washington, D. C., for the following:

Marquis Le Chambrun, who knew Prosper Merimée well, says:

"The Countess *Prejesdesdeska* was *L'Inconnue* of the *second* series of Merimée's letters; the first was an *English* woman whose name I have forgotten."

Dory or Dorie (Vol. i, p. 279).—This name is a very common one for a kind of fishing-boat on our coast. Why is it not derivable from the fish called *dory*? If a whale-fishing boat is a whale-boat, why should not a dory-fishing boat be a dory? There are, it is true, no *dory* fish on our coast, but there are plenty of them in the English and French waters, whence the name may have come.

LABRAX.

NEW JERSEY.

The Italians consider the Dory to have been the fish from whose mouth St. Peter took the tribute money, leaving on its side the incontestable proofs of his finger and thumb; hence they call it *Gianitore*, which is one of the honorable appellations of St. Peter, the keeper or *janitor* of the portals of heaven. "We have thus converted," says this class of etymologists, "the name *Gia-*

nitoré into 'Johnny Dory' with the same happy ingenuity that has twisted *girasole*, or turnsol, into *Jerusalem* artichoke."

The appellation "John Dory," given by the fishermen of Britain to the Zeus faber, Dory, or Dorée, has no connection with the name John any more than Anchovy has with that of Ann; though every one must be aware of the punning allusion to eating Dory with Anchovy sauce as being the legitimate marriage of John Dory and Ann Chovy. The Greeks have left evidence of the estimation in which they held this fish by having named it after Zeus, or Jupiter, the father of the gods. Our common name of John Dory is clearly nothing more than a corrupt pronunciation of the French term for the color of the lighter parts of the fish, which is yellow with metallic reflections when it is alive, and therefore styled *jaune doree*, or yellow gilt.

Etymologies.

Banjo.—Both the New English and the Century Dictionaries derive this word from *bandore*, the name of a well-known European instrument like the zither. But Mr. F. M. Harrison tells us that the Senegambians have a native guitar called *banya*. Which is the probable original of the banjo?

Pinder (Vol. ii, p. 120; Vol. iii, p. 94).—Notwithstanding the apparently simple derivation of this word and its variants from West-African native names, these may perhaps not be the true origin of the term. The wide diffusion of similar West-African words among tribes of the most diverse linguistic characters points to a foreign and commercial origin. The Arabic for hazelnut is *funduq*, Hind. and Pen. *finduq*; and in the Century Dict. (art. BONDUC) these are referred doubtfully to Skr. *pinda*, dim. *pindka*, a ball, a lump.

Picayune.—Webster and Worcester both say that this word is from the Carib language. It is, however, only the Fr. *picaillon* wretchedly misspelt.

Empishemo.—Bartlett and Gibbs both give this word as an Americanism, meaning horse-trappings, and speculate somewhat as to its origin. It is simply a dreadfully distorted form of the Fr. *empêchements*, here meaning *impedimenta*.

Aberdevine.—This bird-name (which the New English and Century Dictionaries, and Professor Newton all give up the etymology of) seems to me quite explicable, though the proposed explanation is only conjectural. All identify the bird with the European Siskin, and it is generally conceded that the name is unknown except to book-makers and bird-sellers. *Aberdevine* I believe to be a bird-seller's name, meaning simply *a bird divine*; and I doubt not that it was designed to have some resemblance to *avadavat*, which is Keats's favorite form of the name of the East Indian *Ahmedabad bird*, once so popular in European aviaries. The etymology of this, as of all arbitrarily-formed words, is not only difficult, but it is really unimportant, since such words have no regular history, and are not a part of the life of any people.

Euchre (Vol. i, p. 191).—The derivation from *ecarte* cannot be defended on any grounds. The name is purely arbitrary, and the old conjecture that it is from the Greek *eu*, good, and *cheir*, hand, is as likely as any to be true, since *a good hand* is the essential thing in the game. But as is the case with all deliberately invented words, there is not any real satisfaction in guessing at the origin.

Calibugus.—This word, meaning a mixture of rum and spruce beer, is set down as an Americanism by Bartlett, and by the New English and Century Dictionaries. I never heard the name used; but a letter received by me from the Rev. M. Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland (well-known for his delightful writings upon that island), informs me that the name and thing are well known in Newfoundland and Labrador. It is worth something to have traced the use of this word to its true place. Has any one ever heard it in the United States?

Hoodoo.—This word, common enough about Philadelphia in the sense of to bewitch, to becharm, or to juggle (as a verb transitive), I take to be the ordinary Iroquois word for demon or spirit. Is this correct? It seems, at first blush (but I think incorrectly), to be related to *Voodoo*, the African witchcraft, the name of which late authorities are inclined to refer to French *Vaudois*, a Waldensian heretic. SALIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Wormwood and Immortality (Vol. i, p. 312).—Apropos of this subject, it is on record that the body of Henry Dunster, first president of Harvard College, was "embalmed" after death. But when his grave was opened, many years later, sprigs of tansy were found with the bones. I believe that wormwood and tansy were both used for some supposed preservative effect, just as the Jews used myrrh and spices. Any symbolism would have been foreign to the old-time New-England mind. It is a curious fact, however, that the word tansy is derived from *athanasia*, immortality.

TENAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Distinguished Men who were unfortunate in Love Affairs.—Gibbon, Tasso, Dante, Whitefield, John Wesley, Petrarch, Beethoven, Doddridge, H. C. Andersen, Lamb, Geo. Peabody, Scott, Watteau, J. Thomson ("Seasons"), Thoreau, Spenser, Lincoln, Washington, Swedenborg, Byron. X.

NEW JERSEY.

St. Romuald (Vol. iii, p. 32).—This saint, whose memory is honored in the Roman Church on the 7th of February, is distinguished as the founder of the order of the Camaldulians, one of the most interesting of the minor monastic societies of the middle ages. Romuald flourished in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Tradition says that he lived one hundred and twenty years; a more sober estimate, preferred by Alban Butler, limits the duration of his life to seventy years. He was noted for the austere vigor of his ascetic practices. His order may be looked upon as a branch, or rather as an offshoot, of the splendid old Benedictine tree. IBEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Execution by Electricity (Vol. iii, pp. 45, 57).

Keraunocktity. (Gr. *Keraunos*=thunderbolt, *Ktino*=to execute.)

Elektrosthany. (Gr. *Elektron* and *thanatos*=death by judicial sentence.)

Fulmenicide or *fulminicide.* (Lat. *fulmen*=thunderbolt, *cadere*=to slay.)

Electroicide. (Lat. *electrum* and *cadere*.)

This seems to me a smoother word than electricide.

Blitzentod. This Teutonic "lightning-death" is at least easier to say than the cumbrous Greek and Latin derivations.

LOUISA TRUMBULL COGSWELL.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Electrostroke.—Why not call your new mode of legal transfer to the great majority "*An Electrostroke*," or, in describing the act, say he was "*Electro-struck*."

To be sure they are not valid combinations of any one language, but if it be a necessary condition, the first step will be to "*Electrostrike*," and put out of their misery well nigh all the scientific and medical nomenclature of the day. X.

CAMDEN, N. J.

Song-Lore.—Full sixty years ago my *Pater Sartorius*—who had a local reputation as a prolific, rustic ballad-singer—used to facetiously declare that if all the songs he knew were committed to paper "they would fill a flour barrel," and the above were of them.

At the period referred to I do not think he possessed a song-book, or a printed copy of any of the songs he knew and sung—songs and ballads then came down to the rural districts traditionally—at least, generally. These two songs were known as "Little Cupid" and the "Rose-tree," and both were sung by the same "tune." I am pretty confident I never saw the first-named in print, unless I may have had it printed myself. I have a faint recollection of having seen the latter *somewhere*, many years afterward.

I cannot, of course, vouch for the correctness of the rendering, for they are mere matters of boyhood's memories, impressed "long, long ago." The first may, perhaps, be regarded as a mythological illustration of *Cupidian* waywardness; and the second as a symbolical illustration of modern inconstancy. Whatever their significance may be, I should like to know who their authors may be; where they have been recorded; and whether this is *all* of them, and, therefore, refer them to specialists in "Old Song-lore." S. S. R.

"As little Cupid was playing,
The sweet, blooming flowers among,
A bee, that lie concealed
Under the leaves, his finger stung.
Tears down his pretty cheeks,
The frantic, bleeding, smarting wound,
And, crying, through the grove ran,
Until that he his mother found.

"Mamma! I'm sorely wounded;
Assist me or I'll die with pain,
My anguish is unbounded.
A bee has stung me on the plain.'
She smilingly replied,
Saying, 'O my son! how *can* it be,
That by a *Bee* you're dying,
What must they feel who're *stung* by thee?'"

"A rose-tree in full bearing
Had sweet flowers fair to see,
One Rose beyond comparing
For beauty, attracted me.
Though eager for to win it
When charming, blooming, fresh, and gay,
I found a canker in it,
And then I threw it far away.

"How fine this morning early
The sun was shining fair and bright,
So late I loved you dearly,
Tho' now lost each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
The sunny beams no more are seen,
Farewell, ye fleeting hours,
Your falsehood has changed the scene."

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Criminal Eye (Vol. iii, p. 107).—Does J. H. think that in instances like those he notes, the moral obliquity is consequent upon the visual, or *vice versa*?

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Transformation of Names (Vol. iii, p. 119).—Hare's "Walks in London" says the London street occupied by refugees from the French town of Hammes et Guyenes, near Calais, after that place was taken by the English, became in popular speech, *Hangman's Gains*.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

My Eye and Betty Martin (Vol. iii, p. 109).—The witty allusions of two famous men to this slang phrase may be added to the general account of it.

The first is in two lines from a burlesque

on the "Egoismus" of Fichte's philosophy found in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria:"

"All my I! All my I!
He's a heretic dog who but adds Betty Martin."

The other is Macaulay's reply, reported by Lady Chatterton to Rogers, who asked what he thought of Harriet Martineau's mesmeric cures: "Oh! it's all my eye and Hetty Martineau!"

The bit of "an old song" quoted on p. 110 would seem to be a corruption. There was a famous Maryland belle and beauty, Elizabeth Martin, familiarly known as "Pretty Betty Martin," in whose honor a song was written, beginning with or having for a refrain, I am not sure which, the lines:

"Pretty Betty Martin
Tip-toe! tip-toe!
Pretty Betty Martin
Tip-toe fine!"

Betty Martin's grandson was William Paca, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and Chief Justice of Maryland, and Chief Judge of the U. S. Court of Appeals, besides filling other places of honor, and the ancestral home was on Wye Island, in one of the rivers tributary to the Chesapeake.

To return to the original phrase. That it is not comparatively modern slang is proved not only by the "find" of Cuthbert Bede, but because it is in "Grose's Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," printed in 1785.

That dictionary, by the way, has also "Welsh rabbit" and "Welsh rare-bit" as alternative terms. M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Isle of Dogs (Vol. III, pp. 77, 106).—No author seems to venture beyond an "it is said" in accounting for the name of this peninsula embraced by the Thames, whether tracing it to ducks or docks or royal dogs. Neither Augustus Hare nor Rev. W. J. Loftie, while scrutinizing London remains, offers any explanation of the name. The latter, in a note to the appendix of his *History of London*, says: "The name of the Isle of Dogs has been derived from the

Anglo-Saxon *docce*, a dock, and the derivation looks plausible but is really far-fetched. There were no docks in the Isle till very lately"—but he makes no mention of "the king's hounds." Evidently, at best, there is only a rumor to base the latter explanation upon—even if the kennels were not invented it fit the name—and from the nature of the case it seems improbable. Green's *Making of England* says the Estuary of the Lea stretched in early days "over the mud flats which have been turned by embankment into the Isle of Dogs." Loftie's *London*, after noticing the spot as "in a not very remote period a tidal estuary," says: "Before the docks covered all its interior surface, it was for the most part seven feet below high-water mark."

This state of things seems better suited to ducks than to dogs—to *living* dogs, that is—but after all, the ducks, too, sound like a guess. M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Proceedings of the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Canada, is a most welcome addition to our list of exchanges. It is a well-printed, well-edited book of 210 pages, devoted to such subjects as appeal to literary and scientific students. A most interesting and learned paper is that on the "Development of Language," by Horatio Hale.

The Report also contains articles of the highest value on the "Franco-Indian Dialect," by J. Squair, B. A., on "David Thomson," by J. B. Tyrrell, B. A., F. G. S., and an able paper by T. B. Browning, M. A., on "Elocutionary Drill," the latter illustrated.

Shakespeareana for July, New York, Leonard Scott Publication Co., contains, among other readable articles, the second instalment of the "Study of Shakespeare's Word-play and Puns," by Thomas R. Price, and the third paper on the theme, "Did Ben Jonson Write Beacon's Works," by Alfred Waites. The music of "Shakespeare's Grand March in 'Lear,'" dedicated to the Shakespeare Society of New York, by M. Appleton Baker, leads the number.

The *Revue des Traditions Populaires* for June is more than usually interesting. Among the contributors may be mentioned Girard de Rialle, Paul Bourget, Hedwige Heinecke, etc., etc.

The Green Bag is attractive outside and inside. It is handsomely illustrated, and the variety of matter that it contains makes it as readable to the layman as it must be fascinating to the lawyer.

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NOTES.

OWEN MEREDITH'S "RING OF AMASIS."

In a few words, the story of Owen Meredith's "Ring of Amasis," is much as follows: A strangely romantic, emotional young man, Count Edmond R——, having completed his university career, embarked for Egypt, there to devote himself to antiquarian lore and research into the mysteries of past ages.

One day at Thebes, while investigating the relics of an ancient tomb, he discovered a mummy, which he proceeded to disengage from its bandages. On the forefinger of the right hand there gleamed a wonderfully brilliant amethyst ring, and concealed in the clothes that had enwrapped the body was a roll of papyrus. Being learned in these hieroglyphics, Edmond perceived from the record that the mummy there be-

fore him was *Amasis*, the younger brother of Sethos, both sons of Thouris (Ramases IX, the last of the XIX dynasty).

Their story was related in pictured scenes. Sethos, who was jealous of his brother, allowed him to drown one day while they were rowing together, and as Amasis rose above the surface for the last time, vainly imploring aid, the ring shone brightly on his finger. This picture was accompanied by the words "Touch not with earthly finger the work of fate." Sethos, however, lost his kingdom, and perished miserably.

Securing the ring, and arranging for the transportation of the mummy, Edmond soon afterward returned to his home at Weidnitz. Here he found his adopted sister Juliet, whom he had left a child, now a charming woman, with whom he shortly became deeply in love; but she loved his younger brother Felix.

In the course of time the whole story of Amasis and Sethos was enacted in their lives. Edmond gives the fatal ring to Juliet, who loses it. It is found by Felix, who retains it, and has it upon his hand as he drowns before his brother's eyes. Some time after the catastrophe, Juliet, ignorant of the truth, marries Edmond, who becomes insane and dies.

It is stated by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* that the most striking instance of this novel is a plagiarism from one of Paul Heyse's short tales. I have not been able to identify the exact story alluded to, but one very prominent incident reminds me so forcibly of the story of Gyges' ring that I would fain believe it the legend intended by the question.

That part of Gyges' history which bears upon this subject is not included in Herodotus' account of that extraordinary personage, but we find it related by Plato in the *Republic*: Gyges was the herdsman of the king of Lydia; after a terrible storm and earthquake, he sees near him a chasm in the earth, into which he descends and finds a vast horse of brass, hollow, and partly open, wherein there lies a gigantic *corpse* with a *golden ring*. This ring he carries away, and discovers unexpectedly that it possesses the miraculous property of rendering him invisible at pleasure.

Now it chanced that Gyges had been advanced in service and became one of the attendants upon the royal person. Shortly after this, Candaules, the king, espoused Myssia, the daughter of Megabazus, the most beautiful woman in the world. Herodotus has told how, anxious to convince Gyges of her surpassing loveliness, Candaules admitted him secretly to Myssia's chamber. Discovering that she had been observed, she forced Gyges to slay her husband and marry herself. Thus, after many generations, the oracle was fulfilled: "Vengeance shall come for the Heraclides." (This latter portion of the story is like that of Rosamund and Albain, king of the Lombards.)

Regarding the ring as the principal feature of the story, there is no difficulty in finding analogous legends. The *Heldenbuch* tells of a famous ring which conferred the power of invisibility upon its owner, Otnit, king of Lombardy, to whom it was given by the queen-mother when he went to marry the Soldan's daughter. It also had the power of directing the wearer to the right road to take in traveling.

In German legend, also, we read of the wonderful ring of "Reinicke Fuchs," which existed only in Reynard's brain. It had a stone of three colors, the *red* illumined the dark night; the *white* cured all diseases, and the *green* made the wearer invisible.

An enchanted ring figures very auspiciously in "Orlando Furioso." It was given to the dwarf Brunello, by King Agramant, and passed through many other hands before it reached Angelica.

In the "Mabinogion," Luned's ring preserved the life of Owain by rendering him invisible when his enemies came to slay him. And these instances might be multiplied indefinitely.

In the case of Count Redmond the ring did not confer invisibility upon the wearer, but it had a strange, occult influence upon the life of its possessor. Besides having the legend of Gyges in mind, Owen Meredith seems to have recalled also, and worked into his tale the story of Belshazzar.

He quotes from the prophet Daniel for

the title of one of the books; and in reference to the illustrations of the papyrus that accompanied the mummy, he says: "Any one who at this day peruses the strange pictures of these Egyptian papyri may not unreasonably recall the appalling pages in which the Book of Daniel records the destruction of Babylon, with a strange impression that in the interpretation given to the Babylonian king, by the Hebrew seer, of the unknown writing on the wall, there must have been an alarming significance of something more than mere earthly doom, and that Belshazzar may well have turned pale when the fingers of a man's hand came forth, and wrote the sentence of his proved unworth, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting.'"

As if to corroborate this theory, when Edmond sees the ring upon Juliet's finger, "Out from the incandescent heart of the kindling amethyst begin to dartle and to flash violet rays of lurid fire; and the fiery rays fiercely writhe and twist, and weave themselves up into the empty air before his eyes into angry *letters* of a luminous, bewildering *writing*." At another time, when riding by the side of the carriage in which Juliet and her mother were sitting, he was fearfully moved by the sudden sight of a finger-post, "with its long arm and stretched forefinger, as if to warn."

As analogous to this feature of the *balances*, we have the legend of the Chapel of the Balances in Brittany, in which persons who came to be miraculously cured were weighed to ascertain whether their weight diminished when prayer was made in their behalf. St. Guirinus speaks of a man who was weighed in a scale against the bread and cheese he had given to the poor. At the church at Kierzy there was a similar balance. The Bollandists tell of a man who, having been in communication with the devil, was sentenced by the monks to give as an offering as much wax to be made into candles as would weigh down his own body. "Peter the Miser" dreamed he saw all his misdeeds weighed in the balance against his one act of charity—the gift of a loaf to a beggar—and was so alarmed by the result that he became converted to the true faith.

It is distinctly stated in Meredith's romance that the *Amasis*, whose ring fell into the hands of Edmond, was *not* known in any historical record. It is, therefore, not from any misapprehension which confuses him with the friend of Polycrates that leads me to suggest a possible analogy in the story of Polycrates' ring. The case is not a parallel one in fact, I know, but from one point of view it might be so regarded. With Edmond, the ring was the *symbol of an irrevocable fate*. He lost it, apparently, but it was unexpectedly returned; and from that moment his destiny was sealed. In bare outline, this was the story of Polycrates. (I have felt great uncertainty as to the relevancy of the following examples which this naturally suggests, but have decided to include them for the sake of safety, lest I should have mistaken the import of the question.)

The classical legend upon which it is founded has been recorded by Herodotus (Bk. iii). Polycrates was the tyrant of Samos, one of the most wealthy, powerful, and prosperous monarchs of all Greece. He had conquered the island by insurrection, and having banished one brother and slain the other, with whom he had agreed to share his government, he assumed entire control. In this situation his ambition, perfidy, and good fortune were alike remarkable. He became alike terrible to friend and foe; for he argued that a friend was better pleased if you gave him back what you had taken from him than if you spared him entirely. Among his most intimate allies was *Amasis*, King of Egypt who, observing his constantly increasing authority, began to tremble for his own safety.

This is the motive which later historians assign for the letter of warning which he wrote to Polycrates. Herodotus, however, deeply imbued with the common faith in an ever-present Nemesis, interprets it as a desire to have him avert the envy of the gods, "to let blood in time, so that the plethora of happiness might not end in apoplexy." "My wish for myself and for those I love," *Amasis* wrote, "is to be now successful, and now to meet a check." He then begged Polycrates to consider what was his dearest possession, and cast it away, that he might

thus propitiate the Fates, and save himself from ultimate ruin.

Much impressed by this painful, but excellent advice, the Samian despot determined to offer up a precious signet ring, one of his choicest treasures, a matchless emerald set in gold, the workmanship of Theodorus. (Pliny says this stone was a sardonyx, and that in his time it was shown in the "Temple of Concord" at Rome, given by Augustus, which was believed to be the same.)

Boarding a vessel, he therefore bade his sailors to row him far from land, and when out in the open sea he flung the ring into the deep. This done, he returned home, sorrowing. A few days afterward, a poor fisherman presented him with a monstrous fish; and when the cook opened it, there in its stomach lay the discarded ring. Greatly rejoiced at its recovery, Polycrates wrote to Amasis an account of the whole affair. But the latter, perceiving that "*it does not belong to man to save his fellow-man from the fate in store for him,*" renounced his alliance, that when the inevitable misfortune came he might escape the grief of witnessing a bond-friend's suffering!

In the course of time Amasis' prediction was fulfilled, and Polycrates fell a victim to his own avarice, being lured to his destruction by Oretes the Persian, in whose hands he perished miserably. This story has furnished Schiller with a theme for one of his finest ballads:

"Er stand auf seines Daches Zinnen.
Er schaute mit vergnügten Sinnen,
Auf das beherrechte Samos hin"—

which has been admirably rendered into English verse by Bulwer and Mangan.

So also, Sir Humphrey Davy entered in his journal at the most triumphant period of his life: "Beware of too much prosperity and popularity. (Cites the cases of Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon.) Even in private life they injure the moral man, and occasion conduct which ends in suffering, or else are accompanied by the mockings of envy, calumny, and the envy of others."

It is worthy of note that Lady Hervy, the celebrated and beautiful Mary Lepell, entertained very much the same view of human happiness that dictated Amasis' letter

to Polycrates. In a letter dated April 5, 1750, she wrote:

"I dread to see the people I care for quite easy and happy. I always wish them some little disappointment or rub, for I look upon felicity in this world not to be a natural state. The further, therefore, we are put out of our natural position, with the more violence we return to it."

THE STORY OF WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, AND THE HISTORICAL TRUTH IT CONTAINS.

Swan says, "the history of romantic fabling is enveloped in much perplexity," and one readily agrees with him when trying to separate historical truth from the multitudinous legends which have encompassed the story of Whittington. A familiar character in the picture-books of our early youth, we find him there depicted as sitting on a roadside stone, dejected and weary; a poor little bundle of clothes representing his worldly possessions, and a cat his only friend. This is presumably the very moment before he heard the fateful message of Bow-Bells; afterward, he appears as the favorite of fortune, the dispenser of munificent charities, and Lord Mayor of London.

Let us glance for a moment at the events which led to this wonderful "advancement" so celebrated in old ballads and chap-books. About 1368, a poor boy presented himself as an applicant for charity at the door of a London hospital. His immediate wants were relieved, and through the kindly interest of strangers, a position was secured for him as scullion in a family named Fitzwarren.

Here he would have been very comfortable, had it not been for the vicious temper of the cook, whose pots and kettles it was his duty to wash. This wretched woman knew no greater joy than to abuse him by word and deed; and even made him find his bed in a loft infested with rats and mice, that they might make his nights no easier than she his days. It so happened that, having been called upon to blacken the boots of a visitor in the house, his labor was re-

warded one day by the gift of a penny, which was applied to the purchase of a cat. Hiding his new treasure carefully from the termagant of the kitchen, he turned her loose at night, and the cat did brave service among the rats and mice in the garret.

But one day the master of the house summoned all his servants, and told them he was just about to send a sailing vessel out on a voyage, and that all of them who wished might try their fortunes, too, by venturing something in it. Poor Richard thought regretfully of his faithful cat, his only possession, but after many misgivings despatched her with the vessel. Many months passed; the ship did not return, and was given up for lost. Dick, in the meantime, without his cat, found life so unendurable that in desperation he ran away.

When he had gone as far as Highgate he sat down to think over his future, and while thus sorrowfully meditating, his reverie was broken by the sound of Bow Bells striking a peal; as he listened, he fancied he heard them calling him back to his master, and that they seemed to say:

"Return again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London."

Any one would have obeyed such a message as that, and hurrying home, he found they had not yet missed him.

That very night his master informed him of the safe return of the ship, and that more than half the value of the cargo was his—Dick's—the profit on his cat. It then appeared that the captain of the ship, having stopped at Algiers for trading purposes, had learned that a large sum of money had been offered to any one who would rid the royal palace of the rats with which it was overrun. Richard's cat had already made her rat-catching acquirements known on the voyage over, so the captain brought her out and presented her to the Dey. Great was the latter's joy when he found that once more he was able to feast at ease without having everything snatched off his plate by an audacious rat, and he gladly paid over the money and jewels he had promised to his deliverer.

It was thus that "poor Dick Whittington" became a great man, for his subse-

quent union with his master's fair daughter, his being knighted, and the final distinction conferred by his appointment as Lord Mayor of London were but the natural results of his first good fortune.

Such is the story of Whittington and the cat. It had been long held up to ridicule by Keightly and explained away by Riley. The latter tells us, in a preface to his "*Munimenta Gildhallæ*," that in the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, trading, or buying and selling at a profit, was known to the better educated classes under the French name *achat*; which in English was written, and probably pronounced *ucat*. In time the real significance of the word was lost sight of, and an opportunity was given to build a story on the "double meaning of an old and effete word." Chaucer uses the word *acater* in the sense of one who brings provisions.

Again, it is suggested that Whittington's cat was only a *boat* so called, built on the Norwegian model; having a narrow stern, broad and deep, and much used in the coal trade. It was in 1381 that coal was first made an article of trade between Newcastle and London, and this date is urged as rendering it probable that Whittington made his fortune in coals.

In accordance with this theory, Foote, in "*The Nabob*," makes Sir Matthew Mite thus address the Society of Antiquaries: "The great Whittington, and his no less eminent cat. The cat is a Gordian knot to untie. Nay, not the whiskered, four-footed mouse-killing cat, but the coasting, sailing, coal-carrying cat. That, gentlemen, was Whittington's cat."

Some writers have gone so far as to dismiss Whittington entirely, regarding him and his cat as utter myths, and naught but a nursery tale. In contrast to which we read Lyson's "*Model Merchant of the Middle Ages*," wherein, with great learning, the author maintains that the story of the "mouse-killing cat" is not only possible, but probable. First of all, the same story is related of many different persons, which evidence of its being widely spread goes to prove that it may have had some foundation in reality. He then proceeds to show that cats in some countries had a very great

value. A traveler from New Guinea declares that they were highly prized in that land, where rats and mice abound, and tame cats are scarce.

In the Middle Ages, in Europe, cats sometimes figured very conspicuously. Gregory the Great, when he retired to a monastery, took with him nothing but a cat. Mahomet carried one about in his sleeve. And at Aix, in Provence, as recently as 1757, the finest cat that could be procured was carried in procession on Corpus Christi Day wrapped in the dress of a baby, and exhibited to an admiring concourse of people in a magnificent shrine; while flowers were strewn and knees bent as it passed.

Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded with six hundred pesos (Spanish dollars). The first pair of cats carried to Cuyaba, sold for a pound of gold, the price falling gradually as their offspring stocked the place.

The story of the cat was current in Europe in the thirteenth century. In the "Chronicle of Albert, Abbot of Slade," it is related that a poor Venetian made an immense fortune by sending two cats on a trading voyage. Arlotto, of Tuscany, a humorist of the fifteenth century, introduces a like tale into his *Facezie*, which was repeated a hundred years later by a Florentine nobleman, Count Lorenzo Magalotti. Another form of the story appears in a Breton popular tale, entitled "Les Trois Frères, on le chat, le coq, et l'échelle," quoted by Luzel in "Melusine." Yvon, the youngest of three sons, receives as his portion of the family inheritance, a cat. He starts off toward the sea, and coming to a mill, is engaged to stay a few weeks for six hundred crowns, that his cat may destroy the rats in the building.

This particular version is to be found in Grim, also; and in the collection of St. Troyes, when asked what the cat will eat besides rats, the boy answers, "Anything," which so alarms the king who lives near by, that when this cat next cries "Mew, mew," in great terror he causes his castle to be barricaded. A variant of this story appears in the popular tales of Norway as "The Honest Penny;" in the Bohemian translation from

the "Tehéque;" in "The Three Copeks" of Ralston's collection of "Russian Folk Tales;" and in a history of Persia, where the hero is one Kays or Keis, who gave his name to the island so called; and efforts are being made to trace the tale to a Buddhist origin, which would give it untold antiquity.

A significant circumstance is mentioned by Granger in his "Biographical History of England," with reference to the familiar print of Whittington; he says, "the cat has been inserted, because the common people do not care to buy the picture without it! There was none originally on the plate, but a skull in place of it." The skull, doubtless, was simply to indicate that the painting had been done after the decease of the original, its usual import in a portrait.

Historical evidence goes to show that Richard Whittington was not of mean birth, but the son of Sir William Whittington. Some idea of his subsequent wealth may be formed from the circumstance of his destroying bonds which he held of the King, Henry V, to the amount of sixty thousand, in a fire of cinnamon, cloves, and other spices, which he had kindled at an entertainment given to that monarch at Guildhall, on which occasion his Majesty was pleased to remark, "Never prince had such subject."

Whittington died childless, and left the bulk of his estate to public charities, among which were the rebuilding of Newgate, the forming of a college, and of the libraries at Guildhall and Grey Friars, the repair of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the partial rebuilding of the nave of Westminster Abbey. On one of the columns of Newgate was a life-size figure of a man with a cat lying at his feet, which, Pennant tells us, remained there until destroyed by the great fire.

In Westhighgate Street, Gloucester, on the site where once stood Whittington's house, there was recently discovered, during some repairs, a sculptured stone in basso-relievo, representing a young boy carrying in his arms a cat. It was subjected to the scrutiny of several learned antiquarians who pronounced it to be of the fifteenth century; and it is regarded as a very strong proof that Whittington's descendants believed in the cat story.

The original stone upon which he was

said to have sat as he heard the Bow-Bells ringing, has long since disappeared. It was found to be in a broken condition, and removed in 1795, and another, inscribed "Whittington's Stone," was erected in its place. The third and last stone was set up in 1854, by order of the parochial authorities of the parish of Islington.

Whittington was not only Lord Mayor of London three times, but he was also distinguished by three several interments, more than fall to the lot of most men. Once, as Stone tells, by his executors under a "fair monument," in St. Michael's Church, which he had built; but by the sacrilege of Thomas Mountein, rector of that parish in Edward VI's reign, who expected to find great riches in his tomb, it was broken open and the body spoiled of its leaden sheet; and then a second time committed to its place. In Mary's reign the body was again taken up to renew a decent covering, and deposited a third time. His epitaph, destroyed by the great fire, was an epitome of his whole history, and concluded with the information that—

"He rose from indigence to wealth,
By industry and *that* (!)
For lo! he scorned to gain by stealth,
What he got by a cat."

The old ballad collections abound in verses in his honor, and a play called "The History of Whittington," was entered in the Stationers' Books in 1604. As to his true story, Besant says: "All success in life may be traced to a small beginning;" and Whittington was doubtless a clever boy, who having bought a cat and sold it at a profit, in after years learned to ascribe to that animal his subsequent rise to fame and fortune.

QUERIES.

Phantom City.—What and where is "the Phantom City"? A. T. B.
MOBILE, ALA.

The above name is sometimes given to a wonderful, and long nameless, collection of ruins in Yucatan. Charnay gave it the

name of Lorillard City in honor of his patron, Mr. Lorillard of New York.

Ancient City.—Some of the newspaper railway advertisements last winter spoke of "the Ancient City." To what place did they refer? F. B. F.

ALLENTOWN, PA.

Probably to St. Augustine, in Florida, which is a winter resort and is sometimes thus designated.

Nature's Sternest Painter.—Who is the author, or poet, styled by Byron, "Nature's sternest painter, yet the best"? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The poet refers to Crabbe—

"Yet truth will sometimes lend her noblest fires
And decorate the verse herself inspires;
This fact, in Virtue's name, let *Crabbe* attest:
Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

The Sailor Boy's Dream.—Is "The Sailor Boy's Dream," beginning "'Mid the slumbers of midnight the sailor boy," get-at-able in its original English form? If so, in what work? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

See Vol. iii, p. 103.

In Men whom Men, etc.—Where can I find the following: YOUTH.
EASTON, PA.

"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,—
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line between the two,
When God does not."

See Vol. i, pp. 165, 192.

Ice Lens.—What is an ice lens? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

It is said that in the Arctic regions if a lens be made out of ice that the rays of the sun will pass through the lens and light tinder before melting the ice.

The Killing Times.—What period in the history of what country is known as the "Killing Times"? H. T. B.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Killing Times, in Scottish history, refers to the persecution of the Cameronians during the reign of James VII (II of Gr. Britain).

Kings of England who could not Speak English.—What kings ruled England and could not speak English? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Some of the Danish kings could not speak English, and in more modern times William the Conqueror, William Rufus, and George the First.

Clipper Ship.—Who has the credit of being the designer of the American clipper ship? Was it a Captain Waterman? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

The first clipper ship was the "Helena," built in New York in 1841 by William H. Webb.

Flogging in English Navy.—When was flogging abolished in the English Navy? When and where did the last flogging take place? ? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Flogging as a punishment for soldiers was abolished in England in 1881. It is possible that the word soldier is used generally, and applies to the navy also.

An Author's Love.—Who wrote the book of this title? BIBLOS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA

The writer is said to have been Elizabeth Balch.

Three Fatal Disclosures.—Why are the three Fatal Disclosures so called? E. Y.

BALTIMORE, MD.

"Disclosure" here is synonymous with "uncovering." See Vol. ii, p. 199.

Oldest Hymn.—What is the oldest Christian hymn? E. Y.

BALTIMORE, MD.

It is impossible to say. The custom of singing hymns is as old as the Church itself.

REPLIES.

"Near the Sacred Gate" (Vol. iii, p. 116).—This quotation is from Thackeray's "At the Church Gate." (See Dana's "Household Book of Poetry," New ed., p. 275.) CAREX.

NEW JERSEY.

Come Off—This bit of slang, used imperatively, and meaning "desist" or "cease," is relatively new to modern use; but the expression occurs in Chaucer's "Parlement of Foules" v. 494, in just exactly the modern slang sense. The birds grow tired of listening to a long discussion among the young eagles; and so at last,

"'Come of!' they cryde; 'allas! ye wil us shende!'" COLFAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Execution by Electricity (Vol. iii, p. 5).—In suggesting *Electricise* as the verb to express killing by electricity, I omitted to add a noun. *Electricision* would be the natural noun to express the act of *electricising*, but probably *Electricide* on the type of *homicide*, *suicide*, *parricide*, *fratricide*, etc., would be the more likely to be adopted. The affix *cision* seems to suggest cutting, (*incision*, *excision*, *decision*, *precision*, etc.), and an operation of some duration. The main objection to the affix *cide*, seems to be that it suggests illegitimate killing. Its facility of pronunciation, however, would probably gain it the preference.

JAMES HUNTER.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Blitztod.

In reply to your question regarding a word for Execution by Electricity, I suggest *Blitztod* (*Blitz* lightning, *Tod* death), which has the advantage of being both expressive and Teutonic.

W. H. CARRUTH,

Professor of German,
Kansas State University.

CAMBRIDGE, KANSAS.

Electrophaze, Electrodaize, Electrocide.

I propose: *Electroposphaze*, from Greek *electron* and *aposphadzo*, to put to death by way of punishment; *Electrodaize*, from Greek *electron* and *daidzo*, to strike dead;

Electroicide, from Latin *electrum* and *cadere*, to slay. As to this last, I do not see that it means, logically, "a slayer of electricity"; *electricide* might logically mean that (what that might mean) but *electroicide*, I think, means properly "to kill by electricity."

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Electricide.

What is the matter with "electricide" or "electricision"? EDW. J. NOLAN,
Secretary Academy of Natural Sciences.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Electrolyze, Electrobiolysis.

Electrolyze might serve.

JENNIE M. HIGBEE.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Fiasco (Vol. iii, p. 43).—As explanatory of the origin of this word to express failure, especially musical or dramatic failure, I have seen it stated that a noted Italian singer was wont to come on the stage evidently under the influence of the bottle, and that, when he made a discord or other blunder in consequence, the audience were wont to cry out "*fiasco! fiasco!* the flask! the flask!" This may be merely a story to account for the word; of its real origin we can know nothing certainly till we ascertain its history, and especially the occasion of its first use.

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Human Voice, Greatest Distance Heard (Vol. ii, p. 8).—It is said that St. Antony of Padua (1195–1231) preached a sermon at Bruges that was heard three miles away. See "Life of St. Antony, of Padua," by L' Abbé Guyard. In the life of St. Gregory it is also asserted that Gregory heard the prayer of Fedimus at a like distance. The chant sung to celebrate the discovery of the burial-place of the martyrs Fuscian, Victorius, and Gentian was said to have been heard by St. Honoré who was six miles away. Each of these cases is, however, cited by authorities as a miracle.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—Twenty years or so ago I read a book gotten up in the style of Harper's "Select Novels," said to be

"by Sir Walter Scott, Bart." I remember that the abbreviation puzzled me; it was the first time I had ever seen it. The book was *not* by Scott, I learned afterward. There was a dark tall hero, and a blonde slender hero, in the style of the lamented G. P. R. James; there was a terrible storm on the Scottish coast; there were gypsies; there was a midnight scene on a tower, in which a tall figure appeared, "and which, by the golden lion on his helmet, was evidently no other than William the Lion King of Scotland."

This is all that I recollect of the story; can any one tell me what its name is, and who wrote it?

R. G. B.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

City of Kings.—What city is called the City of Kings, and why?

X. Y. Z.

BALTIMORE, MD.

House-Warming.—Please be so kind as to inform me, through the "Query" column, where and when originated the custom of House-Warming.

H. F. PETERSON,

OAKLAND, CAL.

Heathen Hymn in Christian Churches.—What hymn now sung in Christian churches was composed by a heathen?

E. Y.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Words in English and German Language.—Which has the most words—the English or the German language?

???

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Bloody Bridge.—What is the origin of the term "Bloody Bridge" as applied to some bridge on the Liffey, Dublin, Ireland?

???

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

King Killed at Masked Ball.—What king was assassinated at a masked ball?

RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

King Sent His Sons to Prison.—What king sent his own sons to prison in order to release himself?

RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Authorship Wanted. *The Unseen Battlefield.*

Who is the author of a poem of this title?
RAFAELLI ROSAZZA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Fly, incautious youth, etc.

Wanted the authorship of the following lines, which, with an engraving accompanying, were published in an old book of 1757:

"Fly, incautious youth! the glittering shore
Which pleasure spreads to lure thee to her gates.
In her rich courts pale want and care
And dire disease and keen remorse await," etc.

? ? ?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

All passes, etc.

"All passes. Art alone enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne—
The Coin,—Tiberius."

YOUTH.

EASTON, PA.

One sells his soul.

"One sells his soul; another squanders it;
The first buys up the world, the second starves."

YOUTH.

EASTON, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Fall for Autumn (Vol. ii, p. 164).—In a London morning journal of recent date, I observe an editorial repetition of the oft-repeated assertion that the word *Fall*, used for *Autumn*, is an "Americanism." I was under the impression that it had been settled to the satisfaction, even of that class of English editors who believe that Indians and buffaloes roam about our Eastern cities, that this word, instead of being peculiarly American, was used in its present sense in England more than three centuries ago. To show that it is not an "Americanism" it may be worth while to add to the couplet quoted from *Campion* (1600), evidence from other sources.

Roger Ascham, who has been called "the father of English prose," says in his *Toxophilus* (1544): "The hole yere is divided into iii partes, Spring tyme, Somer, Faule of the leafe, and Winter, etc." Shakes-

peare uses the same expression in *Richard II*:

"He that hath suffered this disordered spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf."—III, 4.

Walton says, in the *Complete Angler*, the first edition of which was published in 1653:

"The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields.
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's Spring, but sorrow's Fall."

Among the citations under this term, in Bartlett's *Dictionary of Americanisms*, is the following couplet from Dryden's translation of *Juvenal* (1693):

"What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how last *fall* he raised the weekly bills."

It has also been pointed out that William Penn addressed a letter, under date of Sixth month 16th, 1683, to the Free Society of Traders, in which he complains of the extremes of temperature in the province of Pennsylvania, after experiencing both the "coldest and hottest." He commenced the letter thus: "First, of the fall, for then I came in."

Perhaps the readers of *NOTES AND QUERIES* can contribute similar passages from English writers.

CHAS. C. BOMBAUGH.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Names of Singular Pronunciation.

—In addition to the many names of this class already cited in your columns, I recall the following: Menzies, minggiz, Sandys, sandz, Oldys, oldz, Pepys, peps, Dalzell, dayel, Rampisham, ransom, Sawbridgeworth, sapasworth. Many more might be added.

IBEX.

Smallest Church (Vol. ii, p. 310; vol. iii, p. 80).—There are many tiny old churches in Ireland; some of them barely large enough to say mass in. I suppose in old times the people knelt outside, as many do to this day.

SYRINX.

NEW JERSEY.

Confucius (Vol. iii, p. 127).—The full import of the name Confucius—Kung Foo-tse—is not generally understood. It comprises not only the name of the man, but his priestly office and his doctrines as well. There was once a man named Kung (or Kong) who was a priest. By strict attention, etc., he became a *Foo*, or sort of high-priest. In time, as his reputation as a religious teacher grew, Kung the Foo formulated and published his *tse*, or doctrines. Hence Kung Foo-tse in its entirety, means the doctrinary belief of Kung, the high-priest.

J. W. R.

The Quarantine.—The period of "Forty Days," best known now under the name of Quarantine, in its application to the sanitary service, has been recognized from the earliest times in the legislation both of France and England as of mysterious import. The origin of this recognition disappears in the darkness of early Oriental history. We find early traces of it in the diluvial rains which lasted forty days and forty nights, and in the miraculous fasts of Moses and Elijah. It appears substantially in the forty years assigned as the period of the Israelitish wanderings in the desert. In the New Testament we see the miraculous Quarantine of Moses and of Elijah reproduced in the fast of the Saviour, and the Christian Lent, or Careme, commemorates it. St. Louis established in France the King's Quarantine, during which no man could avenge an injury. Under the Conqueror no man was suffered to remain in England above "forty days" unless he was enrolled in some tithing or decennary. In Magna Charta it is provided that a widow shall remain in her husband's main house "forty days" after his death, during which time her dowry shall be assigned over to her. A man who held by fee of knight's service was bound to respond to the King's call for a term of "forty days" service well and fittingly arrayed for war. By the privilege of Parliament members are protected from arrest for "forty days" after every prorogation and for "forty days" before the next appointed assembling of Parliament. Our modern sanitary quarantine was established by early French law, and adopted throughout the Mediterranean, and in the English

acts to prevent the introduction of the plague from the East. As forty days constitute neither an aliquot part of the calendar year nor will admit of an aliquot division into calendar months or weeks, it is a distinctly arbitrary period of time. A hint toward an explanation of its origin may be found perhaps in the fact that forty days approximate to a division of the early lunar year by the mystic number nine.

L. T. LEVIS.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Sobriquet of Maryland (Vol. iii, p. 77).—Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of King Charles of England, the original title being "Terre Marie." Its popular name is the *Old Line State*, because of its forming the boundary between the North and South. Its people are named *Craw-thumpers*, though why is not known.

W. A.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Cowan (Vol. iii, pp. 77, 107).—Simmonds ("Dictionary of Trade Products, Commercial, Manufacturing, and Technical Terms," London, 1858) has "*Cowan*, a Scotch fishing-boat; a builder of dry walls, one who does the work of a mason but has not been regularly trained to it." Jamieson's "Etym. Dict. of Scot. Lang." (New Ed., Paisley, 1879) gives "*Cowan*, (1) a fishing-boat." And also "*Cowan* (1) a term of contempt, applied to one who does the work of a mason but has not been regularly bred. (2) also to denote one who builds dry walls, otherwise denominated a dry-diker (= *Cowaner* in Lothian). (3) one unacquainted with the secrets of freemasonry." The passage of the word in meaning from sense (2) to sense (3) appears clear. The derivations given by Jamieson are very unsatisfactory. *Cowan* a boat is quite a different word from *Cowan* denoting the artisan.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

If I were a Cassowary (Vol. iii, pp. 67, 104).—In the form—

"If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Coat and bands and hymn-book too,"

these lines are attributed to Bishop Samuel Wilberforce (see "Revue de Linguistique," Paris, 1888, Tome xix, p. 211; *Notes and Queries*, London, 7th Ser., Vol. i, p. 171). The subject is further discussed in *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, i, 120, 235, 337, 372, and various versions, slightly differing from one another, are given; also 4th Series, vi, 308; 3d Series, iv, 1888, and x, 330. At the latter reference the following lines are cited from "an American Journal:"

"When Stiggins started from Timbuctoo
He forgot his Bible and hymn-book too."

For those who wish to try their wit and skill in rhyme in a manner like to this I would suggest *Philadelphia* and *Schenectady* as good words to start on.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Indian Names in Pennsylvania.—In Chapman's "History of Wyoming (Wilkesbarre, 1830) I find the following derivations given as having been obtained from the Rev. John Heckewelder (pp. 172, 173).

Lehigh from *Lechaw*, "the forks of a river, or the intersection of a river." *Maugh Chunk*—"Bear Mountain." *Susquehanna*, "muddy or riley river" (*hanna*=river).

Tioga, from "*Tyaogo*, a word of the Six Nations signifying gate."

Tobyhanna from "*Tope-hanna*, alder-stream, or stream having alders along its banks."

Tunkhannock, from "*Tonk-hanna*, two smaller streams falling into a larger one opposite to each other."

Wapwallopen (a stream in Luzerne Co.), from "*Nawpawollend*, the place where the messengers were murdered." Thos. Hill, a messenger from the Governor of Pennsylvania to the Indians at Wyoming, was murdered near here.

Wupahawly, from "*Woaphollaughpink*, a place where white hemp grows."

Wyoming (= *Wionic*=*Wiwaumie*=*Wauwaumie*=*M'chweuwami*) a corruption of the Delaware word *Mughwauwame* "the large plains," from *maughwau*, meaning "large or extensive," and *wami*, signifying "plains or meadows." The Six Nations'

name for it was *Sgahontowano*—"the large flats."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Germania; Zeitschrift für das Studium der Deutschen Sprache und Literatur, Manchester, N. H., is a periodical now in the twelfth number of the first volume, and more useful weekly language lessons cannot be imagined. It is by all odds the best of the papers for the elementary study of modern language, and if one's German is rusty it is astonishing to see how the weekly reading of *Germania* will brighten it up without any apparent effort on the part of the reader.

The Aryan Race. Its Origin and its Achievements, by Charles Morris (S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, \$1.50), is an attractive volume of 334 pages, having for its object briefly to outline the history of the Aryan Race. The author says in the preface: "The story of this people, despite the great interest that surrounds it, remains unwritten in any complete sense. There are many books, indeed, which deal with it fragmentarily * * * yet no general treatment of the subject has been essayed, and the inquirer who wishes to learn what is known of this interesting people must painfully delve through a score of volumes to gain the desired information." The book is therefore a summary of facts relating to this great branch of the human family, it is well written and consecutive in its treatment of the theme.

The Open Court for the current week contains a most entertaining paper by Moncure D. Conway on "Carlyle's Religion, with Reminiscences of the Talk Thereon." The public has had so many reminiscences of the sage of Craigenputtock that it would seem to be unnecessary to have any more, but Mr. Conway's article shows that more may be entertainingly told.

Current Literature for July is as good as the best of its issues, and better you cannot ask for. If you want to be instructed, amused, entertained, and delighted and if, above all, you keep a scrap-book, buy *Current Literature*.

The Writer for July maintains the standard that it has set for itself, and fulfills the senior Mr. Weller's advice in the matter of letter-writing, that one should always send just so much as to make the recipient want more.

The Argonaut, San Francisco, Cal., is almost an ideal weekly paper. It is abreast of the times, courageous almost to impudence; consistent, and its selected matter is invariably good.

The column of "Old Favorites," devoted to such poems as have been approved by readers of verse, make its file invaluable, especially to readers of AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES.

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NOTES.

WHAT LEGEND AND HISTORY TELL OF THE BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

"He who has not seen Cologne, has not seen Germany," runs the proverb; and it might well be added, that "He has not seen Cologne, who has not seen its famous Dom." This stupendous monument is the third metropolitan church which the city has known; the first of which tradition reports, was built by St. Maternus, in the first century; of the second there is more to be said.

Charlemagne, having heard at Aix-la-Chapelle of the dissensions which had followed in Cologne upon the death of Bishop Riccolphus, determined to journey thither and settle the dispute in person. When riding

through a wood near the city, he heard a bell ringing, and soon descried a small chapel, where mass was being celebrated. The Kaiser was attired as a hunter, with horn and knife at his side, and the good priest Hildebold, observing that the stranger had laid a gulden upon the altar, returned it to him, saying they did not offer gold there, but that if the hunter pleased, he might send the skin of the next doe he killed to serve as a covering for the sacred books. Greatly impressed by the open, honest speech of the priest, the emperor then and there selected him to supply the vacancy at Cologne, and created him Archbishop Hildebold.

It was this holy man who erected the second cathedral. In 1089 it took fire, and would have perished had not the flames been subdued by the bones of St. Cumbert, which were hastily produced. But in 1248, it again took fire during a civil tumult, and, no saint interfering, the flames made the best of their opportunity, and burnt it to the ground.

The third, and present, cathedral owes its existence mainly to the necessity which arose for finding a suitable repository for the bones of the "Three Wise Men" of the East. These priceless treasures had been captured by Frederick Barbarossa at the siege of Milan, an acquisition which was viewed as one of his greatest achievements; and when they were presented by him to the city of Cologne the people determined that this occasion, beside their need of a cathedral to replace the lost one, demanded the immediate erection of the costliest fabric the genius of man could devise. It so happened, as if in response to their pious desires, that at this very time the chapter had accumulated so much wealth as to have bestowed upon the period the appellation of the "Golden Age." So that, although the plan for erecting a new cathedral had been long premeditated, it assumed no definite shape until the eighteenth century.

On the 14th of August, 1248, Archbishop Conrad laid the first stone of the present structure. All the great dignitaries of the kingdom, William of Holland and the flower of his army, attended the ceremonies, which inaugurated a new era in the world's architecture. To do this, the siege of Aix, then

in progress, was raised for three days; a truce being granted by mutual consent.

The thought now naturally arises, whose was the great and gifted mind which conceived this architectural plan in all its harmonious completeness? Ages have asked the question, but none can answer. It has been said, that, to stop useless argument, the King of Bavaria announced that the credit of the work might be assigned to Gerard of St. Troud, whose name appears in this connection in several recently-discovered historical documents. A paper, dating 1257, asserts that an architect so called received a house from the chapter of Cologne as a recompense for the services which he had rendered; but this solution is still rejected by many.

It is probable that, whoever he was, he took an active part in the pageantry of that great day. "In his own generation he was known by a peculiar combination of letters and syllables, a cipher whose key has been lost, being buried in the secret depths of the monument which has proclaimed his genius far and wide, but forever entombed the man."

The most indefatigable antiquarians of Germany have been at work for years upon this mystery over which a veil of six centuries has been cast; and the honors due to him who planned the glorious pile have been variously disturbed. But the long-continued mystery has grown to be more interesting than any discovery could be, and Overbeck has therefore settled the matter wisely in his famous picture, now at Frankfort, "Religion glorified by the Arts," in which the "Great Unknown of Cologne" is represented merely as the Genius of Architecture under a "figure of solemn and abstract beauty."

It was doubtless this idea of indefinite, almost supernatural genius, which gave birth to the legend that the devil had had a hand in the matter. Tradition states that it was a common fancy of the Evil One to connect himself with churches and other consecrated buildings, and in this instance one cannot wonder that this instinct made itself felt.

The Archbishop, it is said, having summoned the most gifted architect of the king-

dom, showed him all his treasures, and the immense resources wherewith he might have to work, and told him that he wanted him to expend these riches in the erection of the most splendid edifice the world had ever seen. The holy father, moreover, reminded him of the glory which would surround his name if he did his work faithfully, and of the esteem and honor in which he would be held by future generations. To all this the architect replied, "Your wish shall be fulfilled, my lord." Full of enthusiasm for his new work, and confident of his ability to execute it, he now repaired every day to the shores of the Rhine, where he might sit in uninterrupted solitude, and perfect the plans which came thronging to his brain.

Finally the entire scheme was mapped out in his mind, but when he came to define it on paper, a few vague and confused outlines were all that he could produce. Again and again he essayed to collect and transfix his noble conception, but every time it resulted in the same disheartening failure. One day, while absorbed in thought, he beheld before him on the river's edge, a little, withered old man, who said not a word, but having secured his wondering attention, drew on the sand with a stick, and a few hurried gestures, the outlines of the very design which the poor architect had been trying to commit to paper. "That is my design," he cried, but the old man had vanished and the river washed out the sketch.

In vain he endeavored to reproduce what he had seen; his memory failed; and in his despair, he felt that his reason was failing, too. The next day the visit was repeated, and from his manner the artist now perceived that the old draughtsman was none other than the Evil One himself; and before they parted a compact had been entered into by which the former agreed to meet him the next night to exchange his soul for the wonderful design, which Satan alone could furnish.

But before keeping this appointment, the artist had recourse to his confessor, who, having heard the whole story, assured him that it was always right to cheat the devil when possible; and gave him some hints as to the manner in which he should conduct himself at the coming interview. Accord-

ingly, when Satan appeared with the design, the architect seized it hastily with one hand, and with the other held aloft a sacred relic which the priest had given him. At this sight the devil recoiled, crying, "I am conquered, but your treason shall gain you little; your name shall be unknown, and your work shall remain unfinished."

However, this may be, the design was furnished by some one, and the work of erection went steadily forward for some years. Large offerings poured in from all directions; and numberless pilgrims on their way to Palestine, stopped to present their gifts at the tomb of "The Three Kings." Indeed, the chief funds for the building proceeded indirectly from the precious relics its walls were destined to enclose.

The history of these three mysterious personages is too much a part of the cathedral itself to be passed over without more than a word. In the Bible we have but a few meagre outlines; but their legendary biography is given at length in a little German Volksbuch, translated from the Latin.

The prophecy that a star would arise in Jacob, having emanated from a heathen soothsayer, all heathen nations were naturally interested in its fulfillment. India was then included in these regions separated by high mountains; one division was Arabia, whose soil is red with gold, and where Melchior reigned; the second was Saba, where frankincense flows out of the trees, ruled over by Balthazar; and the third was Caspar's kingdom of Tharsis, where, as you walk, myrrh drops upon you from the tall bushes.

Each of these kings, when the time came, beheld the star, and determined to follow it, but not one knew of his neighbor's intention. They all set out with a numerous retinue, and traveled incessantly for thirteen days, neither resting nor partaking of food or drink during that period; but having come within two miles of Jerusalem, a heavy fog encompassed them, and they halted; Melchior taking his stand on Mount Calvary, Balthazar on the Mount of Olives, and Caspar just between them. Great was the astonishment of each, when the fog lifted, and revealed two other companies beside his

own; but when they discovered that they had all come on the same errand, they joyfully embraced and rode together into Jerusalem.

Having made their offerings at Bethlehem, they all fell asleep, fatigued by their long journey, and each was warned in a dream to beware of Herod; they, therefore, departed for their own country, but it took them two years to reach home, making all possible haste.

In later years, when St. Thomas was sent to preach in India, he found the three kings very old and infirm, but ready to receive the baptism which he administered. Soon afterward they were ordained priests, and performed many good works before they died. Melchior and Balthazar dying first, were buried in the same grave, and when Caspar died later, his two faithful friends voluntarily moved aside to make room for him between them. Many miracles were performed at their tomb; but their bodies were finally separated, being claimed by their several countries.

For many years the place of their sepulchre was unknown, but after the Empress Helena had succeeded in finding the "True Cross," she determined to find also the bones of the Magi, and after many difficulties they were collected and laid in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. They were ultimately presented to Milan, from whence Barbarossa, as has been stated, brought them to Cologne. On the feast of the Epiphany they are publicly exhibited, and at other times repose in a jeweled case of the most marvelous workmanship.

The cathedral, unfortunately, did not progress very rapidly after its foundation was laid. For a long time progress was delayed by quarrels in the chapter, but at the end of fifty years, the Brotherhood of St. Peter was formed for the purpose of raising funds to continue the work, and through their exertions the choir was completed and consecrated in 1322; after which, another period of inaction ensued. "The time was come when cathedrals were not built up but pulled down."

The Reformation came, followed by the wars which were its offspring. But this was not the worst. In 1794, the French

troops occupied Cologne; soldiers bivouacked in one part of the cathedral, hay was stored in another, and the whole place was given over to desecration and violence. For safety, the archives were removed, six cart-loads of them, but were afterward destroyed or dispersed as old rubbish, the only chance of tracing the original architect being lost in this manner.

Some years later, the new French bishop appointed by the "modern Charlemagne" congratulated the people of Cologne upon the fine Gothic ruin within their walls, and advised them to plant poplars around to increase the effect! Thus it stood, a spectacle to gods and men. Schlegel dubbed it "an enormous crystallization;" Goethe likened it to "a mighty tree spreading forth its branches in supplication." Hood lamented over it as "a broken promise to God;" and, in 1819, as if the building itself had abandoned all hope of completion, the old crane, which for four centuries had borne unmoved the blasts of every wind that blows, weary and time-worn, fell from its lofty pinnacle; and "if ever a crane can be said to have died of a broken heart, that crane certainly did."

But no sooner did they miss its familiar form bending like a guardian angel over the city, than the people began to realize how dear it had been. Some of them could not sleep; others, it is even said, refused to eat; and one old Burgermeister absolutely refused to die until he had made arrangement in his will to pay for replacing it. It is to this amusing sentimentality that Cologne now owes her glorious Dom. A new impulse was at work—"Jezt oder nie," was the popular cry; the old cathedral taxes were renewed, and Frederick William IV fanned the flame with generous contributions.

Societies were formed; money was raised in every conceivable manner, women worked banners, and constructed wax flowers; authors wrote books; artists painted pictures to be raffled for, and Snger Vereins lifted their voices in strains which drew not only tears but thalers from the most stony hearts. And just six hundred years after the first foundation stone was laid, the second one was consecrated. It was a joyous day of

procession, jubilation, and thanksgiving; followed many years after (October 15, 1880) by another celebration when the noble building was declared complete, whose "every stone had been laid by time, and graven by history."

WAS "ALADDIN" ONE OF THE ORIGINAL "ARABIAN NIGHTS"?

To most general readers, the charming tale of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp, as related in the common English version, is doubtless a typical Eastern fiction. It does not, however, occur in any known Arabian text of "Elf-Laila-wa-Laila" (The Thousand and One Nights), although the chief incidents of the tale are found in many Asiatic stories, and it had become current in Greece and Italy before it was published, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, by Galland.

This gifted French Orientalist was the first to bring the "Mille et Une Nuits" to the notice of Europe, and he did so by collecting and rendering into his own tongue the various tales which he heard and read during a residence in the East, where, whether they originally belonged there or not, they had become naturalized, so as to conform in most particulars to the Arabian people, and the Mohammedan faith.

The story of Aladdin ('Ala-n-'d-Din, signifying Exaltation of the Faith), as interpreted for English readers by Mr. Lane's accurate and graceful translation, is too well known to warrant more than a passing notice. Every child who is old enough to read is familiar with the cave adventures of the poor tailor's son; the wicked practices of the spurious uncle; the magic efficacy of the enchanted ring; the disastrous frugality of the bargain-loving mother, who exchanges the precious old lamp for the worthless but glittering new one; the suddenly-acquired wealth of the hero; his embarrassing predicament when endeavoring to complete his twenty-four windows, and his final union with the Sultan's daughter.

A popular Roman version, which presents a close analogy to this tale, is related by Miss Busk, in her "Folk-Lore of Rome,"

under the title of "How Cajusse was Married." Here we have the same false magician palming himself off as a long-lost relative of the stupid and indigent tailor; the latter ready to accept all new ties that are accompanied by a plentiful supply of piasters. Like Aladdin, Cajusse is selected to be the agent of this ungodly practice, and is sent down into the cave, which contains the beautiful garden, where the trees are hung with sparkling gems, and where, after numerous awkward situations, he outwits the evil magician, and is returned to upper day and the bosom of his family. Observing a brilliant illumination in the town, he learns that it is the celebration of the marriage of the Sultan's daughter to the son of the grand vizier.

Having accustomed himself to expect anything he may desire, Cajusse immediately determined to make the bride his own; and summoning the slave of the lantern he directs his minion to carry her away secretly at night, and lay her on a pallet in a house in the poorer portion of the town. Thither he repairs himself, and placing a naked sword between them, he begins to talk to the terrified damsel. (This incident of the naked sword, while recorded in Aladdin, is common also to many other Oriental tales, and seems to have been brought from the East to Europe, where it often appears in mediæval romances, such as the *Older Edda*, in the cave of Sigurd and Brynhild; in Sir Tristram; and in *Amis and Amiloun*, which, with the heroes' names changed to Alexander and Ludovic, is interwoven with the famous "Raven" in the *Seven Wise Masters*.)

At last, after three nights of this singular experience, Cajusse gathers together his most brilliant jewels, and, sending them to tempt the cupidity of the Sultan, succeeds in supplanting the young husband as the accepted suitor of the recent bride. Marriage-bells make everything very merry, until the magician manages to gain possession of the lantern, after which many misfortunes befall the young pair, and they are unable to settle down into the joy and happiness which is the natural termination of all fairy tales, until the enemy has been circumvented, and the magic ring recovered.

Now, although this version bears a singular likeness to the Arabian tale, it is distinctly Italian in many particulars, and seems to have come from no written source, as the old woman who related it to Miss Busk was quite illiterate. Oral varieties of the story are found from Sicily to Lombardy, and, in no one version are *all* the features of the original story preserved. In the Messina rendering, Aladdin does not lose his lamp; in Palermo, having lost it while in search of it, he settles the quarrel of an ant, an eagle, and a lion, who give him power to transform himself into any one of them. In another, the window episode is omitted. His cave adventure has its parallels in the Mecklenburg tale of the "Blue Light," as it appears in Grimm's collections: the story of a witch who compelled a soldier to descend to the bottom of a deep well, and bring her the blue light he found burning there; a tale which reappears in a Hungarian collection, under the title of "The Wonderful Tobacco-Pipe."

Most of these other versions belong to the "Thankful Beast" cycle of popular fiction, which indicates a Buddhist origin. In a Bohemian variant, found in the Slavonic tales collected by Monsieur Leger, we have a simple-minded "youngest son," who, being driven from home because of his stupidity, meets in his journeyings a dog, a cat, and a serpent, whose lives he preserves from a cruel mob, and who afterward reward him with a *magic watch*, that in being rubbed furnishes anything desired, and is finally instrumental in helping him to punish a wicked wife.

In Dozon's "Contes Albanais," the hero, having saved a serpent's life, receives a marvelous *magic stone*, which commands a slave. The stone is stolen by a Jew, but is recovered by a grateful mouse, who tickles his nose with her tail, causing him to sneeze and dislodge the talisman from its hiding-place in his mouth. Very similar incidents occur in a popular Greek version. In a Danish version a poor peasant named Hans receives a wishing-box, of which he is robbed, and by whose aid he attains great prosperity, after the usual complicated process.

Although not found in any Arabic text, a most interesting variant of Galland's Alad-

din has been found in an unedited MS. text of the "Thousand and One Nights," which was brought from the East by Mr. Wortley Montague, and which is now carefully preserved in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford. A fisherman having caught a remarkably large fish, sends it by his son as a gift to the Sultan; but the lad, moved by compassion, returns it to the water. Shortly afterward he purchases a cock, in which, on cutting it open, he finds a magic ring. The ring is lost, of course, but after many vicissitudes the lad recovers his precious possession, through the assistance of the grateful fish, that swims to shore with it in his mouth.

The adventures of Aladdin are also found in the Mongolian "Relations of Siddhi Kúr," and in the Indian "Tamil Romances." When Galland's collection appeared (1704-17), "Aladdin" and three or four others were supposed to be his own invention, but when the folk-lore of Italy was examined it was discovered that the rudiments of those stories had made their way into Italy from the East years before, and Mr. Lane says although they had received modern accessories and undergone many transformations even in essential points, the germ remains the same. Oehlenschläger, the great Danish poet, raised himself to the high rank he now holds, by his dramatization of Aladdin; the story has been rendered in the form of an opera, and we have already noticed its numerous prose variations. Of Galland's other work—prodigious in amount as it was extraordinary for the age in which he lived—little memory survives, while his comparatively easy task of translating the "Arabian Nights" has secured him immortality.

IS THE EXPRESSION "TO BE SWEET ON" SO AND SO AN AMERICANISM?

Lowell, in his Introduction to the "Biglow Papers," devotes a long chapter to the careful analysis of so-called Americanisms, and takes that occasion to point out that many of the expressions now commonly attributed by Bartlett and other authorities on such matters to the slang-makers of America, have, in reality, had their rise in good old English.

Among the many instances cited, Mr. Lowell does not mention "sweet on," but he might have done so very aptly, inasmuch as this expression has been called an Americanism by Bartlett, although it is clearly established as English in the following passage, which occurs in No. vii of the *Connoisseur*, bearing date March 14, 1754: "I would recommend it to all married people, but especially to the ladies, not to be *so sweet upon* their dears before company."

Bartlett quotes Bret Harte as authority for considering it indigenous to America, and Hotten gives it as borrowed from thieves' jargon: "How sweet he was upon the moll"—"What marked attention he paid to the young woman."

Addison writes: "A drunken bishop * * * was very sweet upon an Indian queen." In the translation of "Gil Blas," 1794, attributed to Smollett, we find "sweet upon a girl."

QUERIES.

Please tell me through the medium of NOTES AND QUERIES something about the various uses made of water in torturing or punishing.

Is there a torture known as the "Water-drip"? If so, please describe it. B.
IONIA, MICH.

Punishment by boiling water was the regular penalty paid by counterfeiters for their crime up to the sixteenth century, but it was not entirely confined to this class of criminals, for in 1198 the violator of a nun was smeared with honey, rolled in feathers, placed backward on a horse and plunged into boiling water.

The ordeal by water was practiced in both France and England, and was divided into two classes, *ordinary* and *extraordinary*. In the ordeal which was employed before conviction, the accused was stretched to the fullest extent by means of cords tied to iron rings that encircled the ankles and wrists, a rest was then placed under the body to keep it from falling, and the inquisitor then administered four pints of water in cases of the ordeal ordinary, and eight in the ordeal extraordinary. The questions were put after

the water had been swallowed. A report says "the victim was like a whale spouting water from all the apertures of the body."

Among the Jews there existed the torture by bitter water, or the *water of jealousy*, in which a woman accused of adultery was forced to drink the bitter water mixed with ashes; if she were guilty, unmistakable signs followed the test. The test by water was also common among the Greeks. In Sicily there was a fountain into which the accused cast her oath written on a tablet. If the tablet floated she was recognized as innocent, if not, the tablet was consumed by flames which did not fail to spring from the fountain.

In another case, she wrote her denial, under oath, on a tablet, which she hung around her neck and advanced into the spring. If innocent, the waters remained untroubled; if guilty, they rose and covered the tablet.

The ordeal by boiling water consisted in plunging the right arm in a pot of boiling water, to get a ring or other article at the bottom of the pot. If at the end of three days there was no sign of scalding, the accused was held innocent.

The ordeal by cold water consisted in tying the right arm to the left leg, and the left arm to the right leg, and throwing the accused into a river or lake. If he floated, he was declared guilty; but if he sank his innocence was established.

The water-drip was used in the Spanish Inquisition, the victim being placed in a chair, his head firmly secured, and water allowed to drip slowly until mania and ultimately death ensued.

Land of Inverted Order.—Will you please give a *complete* of the reasons why Australia is called the Land of Inverted Order?

CLAUDE CLODHOOPER.

Mr. M. W. Ullathorne is authority for the following: "Australia is the antipodes of Europe, not only geographically, but also in the following respects: Summer in Australia is at the time of our winter; the rising barometer indicates rain and a falling barometer fair weather; the swans are black and the eagles white; the mole is oviparous

but has a duck's beak; dogs have a wolf's head, a fox's tail, and never bark; there is there a bird with a tongue like a broom, and a fish with part of the body belonging to the genus *Kaia*, and part to the genus *Squale*; codfish are caught in the rivers and perch in the sea; winged serpents are found there and fish with large wings, spotted like those of a bird; the prickly pears grow as tall as trees, and poplars are the size of a small bush; ferns have stems from twenty to twenty-five feet high, and branches extending horizontally five to six feet, like a parasol; the emu or cassowary is a bird as large as an ostrich, and instead of feathers has hair; one bird imitates the hiss and crack of a coachman's whip, another has a note like a silver bell, another cries like a child, and another laughs."

This is by no means a complete list, and we should be glad to have it supplemented.

Battle-Bell.—I suppose Longfellow's reference to the Florentine's battle-bell is an allusion to the bell borne on their battle-car; but where can be found anything more than a mention of that fact?

ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

The Gonfalon is probably meant.

Cradle of Portuguese Monarchy.—What town was the cradle of the Portuguese monarchy, and the birthplace of the first King of Portugal?

CLAUDE CLODHOPPER.

In 1092 Henry of Burgundy received from his brother-in-law, Alphonse VI, King of Leon and Castile, the government of Portugal and with it the title of Count. He soon established himself as absolute monarch, and made Guimaraens his capital.

His son, Alphonse Henriquez, extended his possessions and was recognized as monarch by the King of Castile (1139).

Shrewsbury Clock.—What is a Shrewsbury clock.

CLAUDE CLODHOPPER.

The Shrewsbury show is one of the mediæval pageants still celebrated in England. It is an annual procession in which all of the guilds are represented, and it is of great antiquity. In the procession all of the trades are repre-

sented by some emblem—for instance, the tailors have two knights with crossed swords, the butcher a knight carrying a cleaver, etc. Perhaps a Shrewsbury clock is one that is not real, but merely symbolic of the clock-makers' trade.

Literature of the Magyars.—What is the literature of the Magyars?

E. N.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Magyars are the prominent race of Hungary, into which country they came at the close of the ninth century. They are a Turanian people allied to the Turks and Finns. Their history is divided into three periods, the dynasty of the Arpads up to 1301; the elective monarchy up to 1526; the dynasty of the Hapsburgs up to the present time.

Stephen I (997-1038), of the Arpad dynasty, made Latin the official language of the government, and their first newspaper (1771) was written in that tongue. In 1787 Matthias Ráth started the first Hungarian newspaper in Presburg. The first literary work, however, is *Himfy's Love*, by Sándor Kisfaludy (1817).

See "John Bowring on the Language and Literature of Hungary" (London, 1830).

REPLIES.

Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (Vol. iii, p. 141).

—What was the real name of the writer who used this pseudonym?

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

The pseudonym cited above was used by J. H. Allan (1822). He wrote the "Bridal of Caolchaim" and miscellaneous poems.

Emperor at His Own Funeral.—The emperor was Charles the Fifth. After having been present at a service for the soul of the empress, he expressed a desire to have his own obsequies celebrated and to be present. He received permission to do this from his confessor, Juan Regla; accordingly a catafalque was erected and the ceremony was performed. The scene produced so profound an impression upon him that he died two days after (Sept. 21, 1558).

C. W. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Prince Consort's Family Name.—I have seen it stated that the family name of the late Prince Albert, consort of Queen Victoria, was *Buzichi* or *Buzici*. Is there any authority for such a statement?

WESSEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Testamentum Vetus, etc.—Where can be found in Augustine's works the sentence attributed to him: "Testamentum vetus de Christo exhibendo, novum de Christo exhibitio agit"? ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

A Soldier's Release.—Some classical hero who had lost his arms in battle came into court where his brother was being tried, and by showing the stumps of his arms won the brother's release. Who was the man?

ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

To Speak, etc.—Ascham says, "He that will write well in any tongue, must follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do." Where is the passage in Aristotle, and where is the source of the parallel maxim, "Loquendum ut multi, sapiendum ut pauci"?

ARTHUR W. KELLY.

ANDOVER, MASS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

King Saved by a Cobweb (Vol. iii, p. 57).—The same story is also told of Bruce by Sir Walter Scott in the "Tales of a Grandfather."

S. C. W.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

Transformation of Names (Vol. iii, p. 71).—C. W. G. asks for examples of mispronunciation of names. The following are from "Lower English Surnames": Molineux, to Mullinicks; De Ath, to Death; Ickenbaum, to Higginbottom; Alchorne, to All corn; Houghstepe, to Huckstep; Boxhulle, to Boxall; De La Chambre, to Deal-chamber; Gower, to Gurr; Carew, to Carey; Keymish, to Cammiss. He men-

tions a German named Feuerstein (the German for flint) settling in the West among the French and changing his name to Pierre à Fusil, but, in the course of time, Americans moving to the place, Pierre à Fusil was changed to Peter Gun.

He gives another account of a Spanish lad named Benito (pronounced Beneeto), whom the sailors of the vessel in which he came over changed to Ben Eaton, which the boy probably supposed was the corresponding English name, and, accordingly, conformed to it himself when asked his name.

The next transformation was when he was sent to school, the teacher asking his name and being answered Ben Eaton, presuming that to be his true name, abbreviated as usual in the familiar style, directed him to write it at full length, Benjamin Eaton.

The following I have known: Gropengeizer, to Grubaneizer; Hallbeck, to Hogback; Klein, to Small; my own name has been variously pronounced in different places Clapham, Cle-pen, and Clippin.

Some thirty-five or forty years ago a man named Absalom Death kept a wholesale whiskey house on Main street, in Cincinnati. On one All Hallowe'en night his sign was taken down and another put up that read Absolute Death. This sign remained as long as the man continued business, which was about two years. I have this from a member of his family.

T. CLEPHANE.

CINCINNATI, O.

To put a Dutchman in.—Can any of your readers give a better explanation than the following of the origin of the expression "to put a Dutchman in"? The phrase is used by builders and cabinet-makers where a small piece of wood has to be inserted to make a bad joint good.

My suggestion is as follows: In Germany there is a province called Swabia, and old German carpenters make use of the expression to "put a schwab in." Might not the word *schwab* in America have come to be Dutchman?

T. C.

CINCINNATI, O.

"That" Fourteen Times (Vol. iii, p. 95).—"Pan" says in *America*: "In

thirty-one words fourteen that can be grammatically inserted. He said that *that* that *that* man said, was not *that* that *that* one should say; but that *that*, that *that* man said, was *that* that *that* man should not say. That reminds us of the following says and says: Mr. B., did you say, or did you not say, what I said? because C. said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did *not* say what I said you said, then what did you say?"

Dancing Moon.—The dancing of the sun at Easter is a well-known popular superstition, embodied in the dainty lines of Suckling:

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
And oh! she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fair a sight."

But a dancing moon must be another of those curiosities seen only in the Land of Inverted Order.

The following is from a letter from Maryborough, Queensland, Australia:

"We saw such a curious phenomenon on Sunday night, about 10.30. Miss C., Miss H., and I were sitting in the balcony, when we noticed the moon *apparently dancing up and down*. It is on the wane, so looked so extraordinary. The motion was visible only when she was behind a narrow stratum of cloud, and continued at intervals for thirty minutes. I felt quite seasick with watching it, and Miss H. was so frightened; she thought there might be an earthquake coming, so went to bed in her clothes to be ready for an emergency."

I presume the phenomenon is connected with the varying refrangibility of the atmosphere, perhaps arising from the mixing of hot and cold air; but should be glad of further information. T. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fad (Vol. iii, p. 102).—This word seems to be of English origin. Speaking of the "Tolstoi craze," the editor of *Belford's Magazine* (Vol. i, No. 6, November, 1888, p. 889), says: "The puzzle finds solution, in the first place, by recognizing it as a '*fad*,' to use an English expression." The word,

in this sense, does not appear in Bartlett ("Dict. of Americanisms," 1877), Fallow's ("Synonyms, Anonyms," etc., 1886), Skeat ("Etym. Dict.," 1882). Wedgwood ("Dict. of Engl. Etymology," 1878) has "*Fad*, a temporary fancy. * * * Formed from the term *fiddle-faddle*, representing rapid movements to and fro, idle, purposeless talk or action." Davies' ("Suppl. Eng. Glossary," 1881) gives "*Fad*, whim, fancy," with the following *à propos* quotation from George Eliot ("Middlemarch," 1872, ch. iv): "It is your favorite *fad* to draw plans." "*Fad* to draw plans! Do you think I only care about my fellow-creatures' houses in that childish way?" Wright ("Dict. of Obsolete and Provincial English," 1857) gives "*Fad*, a whim, *Warwickshire*; *Faddy*, frivolous, *Westmoreland*; *fud*, to be busy with trifles, *Lincolnshire*; *faddle*, to cherish, to dandle." Also, "*fid*, to trifle about anything, *Leicestershire*; *fid-fad*, a trifle, or trifter." Halliwell ("Dict. of Archaic. and Prov. English," 1855) has "*Fad*, a trifling whim (*Warw.*); to be busy about trifles (*Linc.*); *faddy*, frivolous (*West.*)."
Ogilvie ("Imp. Dict." 1850) has "*Faddle*, to trifle, to toy, to play [a low word]," also "*Fiddle-faddle*, a trifling talk; trifles; it may be met with contracted into *fid-fad* [colloq.]." As an adjective, it is defined as "trifling; making a bustle about nothing [colloq.]." Richardson ("A New Dict. of the Engl. Lang.," 1856) gives "*Fiddle-faddle*, i. e., *fiddle-fiddle*," with a quotation from Ford ("The Broken Heart, act i, sec. 3), where it is used as a verb (*fid-dle-faddle* so). Todd's "Johnson" (ed. 1827) contains "To *faddle* (corrupted from to *fiddle*, or toy with the fingers), to trifle; to toy; to play; a low word." Also, "*Fiddle-faddle* [a cant word, reduced into the still more ridiculous expression of *fid-fad* in modern novels and in nonsensical conversation], trifles." Sheridan has "*Faddle*, to trifle, to toy, to play," "*Fiddle-faddle*, trifles, a cant word." Dr. Johnson (1755) has "*Faddle* (corrupted from to *Fiddle*, to toy with the fingers), to trifle; to toy; to play." Also, "*fiddle-faddle* (a cant word), trifles," and the adjective *fiddle-faddle*, trifling, giving trouble, or making a bustle about nothing." Bailey ("Univ. Etym.

Engl. Dict., 13th ed., 1747) gives "To faddle, to dandle, to make much of," and "fiddle-faddle, trifling, trifles." The etymology of Wedgwood (supported by Todd's "Johnson") would seem the most reasonable, and the stages through which the word has probably passed, are: (1) *fiddle-faddle*, (2) *fid-fad*, (3) *fad*. The present use of the word in Canada and the United States seems traceable to England, whence so many of our alleged Americanisms are derived.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Derivation of the word Chipmunk.—Bartlett ("Dict. of Americanisms," 1877) gives "*Chipmuk* or *chipmonk*, the popular name for the striped squirrel (*Sciurus striatus*). Probably an Indian word." In Canada (Ontario), the name is *chipmunk*. W. D. Howells ("The Undiscovered Country," Douglas edition, Edinburgh, 1884, Vol. ii, p. 77, and p. 7) has the form *chipmuck*. S. S. Haldemann ("Pennsylvania Dutch," 1872, p. 58) gives "*chipmunk*, a ground-squirrel (*Tamias*): *chip*, probably from its cry, and Swiss *munk*, a marmot." Rev. W. M. Beauchamp tells us ("Journal of Amer. Folk-Lore," Vol. ii, 1889, p. 160) that the Delaware Indians of Pennsylvania called "January the squirrel month, or the time when *chipmucks* came out of their holes." If the word is of Indian origin, it is probably from some Algonkin dialect. In Longfellow's "Hiawatha" the hero is helped by the squirrel, and says to him:

"Take the thanks of Hiawatha,
And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you *Adjidaamo*,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you."

Baraga gives the Ojebway for squirrel as '*atchitamo*, and Wilson as *ahjidumo*. The Mississaguas of Scugog, Ontario, nasalize the final *o* and make it *atchitamón*. The initial *a* of this word is often imperfectly sounded, and is liable to be dropped; thus, Long gives the Chippewa word as *chetamon*. Tyrrel ("Proc. Canad. Inst.," vi, 85) gives *atchitamoo* as the Saulteaux name of the *Sciurus Hudsonius*. *Chipmunk* is perhaps a corruption, aided by folk-etymology, of this Algonkin name of the squirrel.

Joaquin Miller uses the form *chipmonk* (in *Arizonian*), and also *chip-monks* (in *Californian*).

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

The Bowie Knife (Vol. i, p. 49; Vol. ii, p. 251).—Jeff. Davis tells the following story of Bowie and his celebrated knife:

"Henry Clay once told me of his first meeting with Colonel Bowie. It was in the early days, and Clay was traveling in a stage-coach where the only other passengers were a pretty girl, a big, rough-looking countryman, and a limp, little figure in a great coat. With the consciousness of his own perfect physique, Clay said he was congratulating himself on not being the limp, little figure bundled up in the corner, when he became conscious that the pretty girl was begging the rough countryman not to smoke, as it made her ill. The fellow replied with a savage oath that he had paid his fare and would smoke when he — pleased. Mr. Clay said he was just trying to screw his courage up to the point of remonstrating with the country giant, when the limp, little figure undoubled itself like magic, and with a quick movement reached down its collar, brought a knife that in the excitement of the moment looked a yard long, and with another cat-like movement seized the fellow by the throat, 'throw that pipe out of the window, or by G— I'll—' A comprehensive sweep of the murderous-looking blade finished the sentence and sent the pipe shattering on the ground. In another minute the knife had again disappeared down the capacious collar, and the limp figure had resumed its former vertebrateless condition, 'but the rest of the journey,' said Mr. Clay, 'I spent in wishing I was the little man in the great coat, who was none other than Bowie, with his famous knife.'"

COLLECTOR.

BUTTE, M. T.

The Etymology of Gospel.—I have no doubt of the correctness of that etymology of *gospel* which is advocated by Mr. Skeat in his "Etymological Dictionary," namely, that the first element of the compound is *God*, not *good*; the burden of proof certainly rests with those who prefer to regard *goodspell* as the original form.

When we come to that familiar passage in the "Ormulum," we discover a discrepancy between Orm's pronunciation and his etymology of *godspell*. The possible explanations regarding English alone are two. We may either suppose that *godspell* has become *godspell*, just as *wisdom* became *wissdom*, or that Orm's pronunciation is the direct tradition of original *Godspell*, and that he is a prey to "popular etymology." The former of these views is adopted in the White-Holt edition of the "Ormulum," where in order to account for the Icelandic and the O. H. G. forms, the process of reducing the quantity of *o* is placed earlier than can be admitted by the laws of Anglo-Saxon grammar. The second view, however, is in complete harmony both with the borrowed forms and with the facts of the native grammar. I therefore regard Orm's pronunciation in this case as a singular illustration of fidelity to his orthoëpic spelling—fidelity that is proof against even the temptations encountered in an etymologizing discourse.

The next important factor in the problem is the eleventh century gloss: "*Euuangelium, id est, bonum nuntium, godspell*" (Wright-Wülker, 314, 8). This is clearly but an earlier record of the same "popular etymology" afterward repeated by Orm; Mr. Skeat has therefore, in the "Supplement" to his Dictionary, not described it by the best terms as "an earlier instance of the alteration of *godspell* into *gôdspell* than was given from the 'Ormulum.' " Surely the subjective interpretation of an allegorizing monk must not be mistaken for an "alteration" of the word.

Thus far, then, Mr. Skeat holds to the theory that adequately explains all the facts in the case; one is therefore surprised, upon turning to his "Principles of English Etymology" (p. 423 f.), to find that he has at last shattered this structure of a coherent argument. - Mr. Skeat here starts with the late gloss, quoted above, and infers that *gôd-spell* was the original form; the *o* was afterward shortened, he argues, and so the word came to be commonly supposed to mean *God-spell*, and "in this latter form it was translated into Icelandic as *guð-spjall* (= *God-spell*) and into O. H. G. as *gotspell*, as if from O. H. G. *got*, God, not O. H. G. *guot*, good."

But the chronological obstacles in the way of this assumption are so serious that one must suspect some suppressed considerations to have led Mr. Skeat to his change of view. As his argument now stands, it remains for him to show how the shortened form of the word which, by his hypothesis, is subsequent to the gloss, could come to be used as early as, for example, Tatian (O. H. G.) and the Old Saxon "Heliand."

JAMES W. BRIGHT,

Modern Language Notes.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Americana, issued by Francis Edwards, 83 High Street, Marylebone, W., London, England, is a descriptive catalogue containing a list of four hundred and eight books devoted to the History and Folk-Lore of America.

In all cases the price of the books is given, and students of American History and Antiquities will do well to send for this catalogue.

Mittheilungen aus dem Antiquariat und verwandten Gebieten für Bibliophilen, Bibliotheken und Antiquare herausgegeben von Max Harrwitz, Berlin. Vol. i, Nos. 4 and 5, are at hand, and contain delightful tid-bits of information for book-lovers and antiquarians.

This bit of humor is worth quoting—

EIN EPIGRAMM FELIX DAHNS AUF DEN BUCHHANDEL.

"Bücher schreiben ist leicht, es verlangt mes Feder und Tinte

Und das geduldige Papier. Bücher zu drucken ist schön

Schwerer, weil oft das Genie sich erfrent unleslicher Handschrift.

Bücher zu lesen ist noch schoverer von wegen des Schlags.

Aber das schwierigste werk, das ein sterblicher Mann bei den Deutschen

Auszuführen vermag, ist zu urkaufen ein Buch."

Polybiblion Revue Bibliographique Universelle, 2 et 5 Rue Saint-Simon (Boulevard Saint-Germain) Paris, is a literary periodical in the best sense of the word. It is a review of the thoughtful books in which the criticisms are in all cases signed by men of well-known ability, and its ability is correspondingly valuable.

Poet-Lore for July contains an article on "Othello in Paris," by Theodore Child; the conclusion of the symposium on the "Ring and the Book," Reports of societies, etc., and "My Star," Browning's exquisite poem, set to music by Helen A. Clark, the editor.

The Green Bag for July contains a handsome portrait of Rufus Choate, by way of a frontispiece, with a biography, in addition to its usual entertaining contents.

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NOTES.

ROTTEN ROW.

The derivation of Rotten Row has never been conclusively determined; there have been many conjectures about it which are noted below. Beside the famous Rotten Row of London, there is a street in Glasgow called Rattan Raw, and one of the same name in Dumfermline, indeed scarcely any ancient Scotch town is without a Rattan Raw, and most of them date back to the times when Scotland and England were at war, and names would hardly be borrowed from the one country by the other. East Tuddenham in Norfolk, Doncaster, a few parishes in Yorkshire, and several in Lincolnshire and other parts of England are called Rotten Row or Rattan Rawe.

Probably different causes led to the name in different places. Some of the explanations seem far-fetched. I begin with the one which appears—to me—the most reasonable.

1. Camden derives it from the old Teutonic word *rotteran*—to muster, whence *rot*.

In Blount's "Glossographia," 1670, is this definition :

"Rot, a term of war ; six men (be they pikes or musketeers) make a rot or file."

Also under "Brigade" :

"Six men make a rot, and three rots of pikes make a corporalship, but musketeers have four rots to a corporalship. Nine rots of pikes and twelve rots of musketeers, or one hundred and twenty-six men make a complete company."

Also in Coles' "Dictionary," 1685 :

"Rot. A file of six soldiers."

Rotten Row, then, is a corruption of the name originally applied to the place where the feudal lord of the town or village held his Rother or muster, and where the Rots, into which the vassals were divided, assembled for purposes of military exercise.

The manor of Freiston—one of several parishes in Lincolnshire called Rotten Row—was formerly held by the Barons de Croun and their descendants the Lords (of) Rous, and it is on record that these lords here mustered their vassals under arms.

2. The riding course in London is covered with gravel which is always kept loose, and as it were *rotten*, that the horses may gallop over it easily and without danger of falling. This simple explanation may be true as regards the "Rotten Row" of London—it has, I believe, the sanction of Cuthbert Bede—but can hardly be made to fit all the other cases.

3. From the Celtic *Rathad'n Righ* (pronounced "Rattanreigh"), meaning the "King's Way."

4. From the French *Route du Roi* or "King's Road." Madame Octavia Walton le Vert, in her "Souvenirs of Travel," mentions this theory with the comment that "Rotten Row" in London is "reserved for those on horseback. The Queen's carriage alone is permitted in this exclusive place."

5. Rattan Rawe in Glasgow is spoken of

in the Archbishop of Glasgow's chartulary, 1458, as the "Vicus Rattunum," or Street of Rats. *Ratton* is the Scotch word for rat (Fr. *raton*), and the street may have been so called because at one time infested by rats, or from love of alliteration, or, as some one suggests, "from a fanciful comparison of the houses to a march of rats." An old street in Masham, Yorkshire, is called "Ratten Row" because it swarms with rats, and several places in the same county, which formerly had the same name, have changed their appellation because of the disagreeable association with rats—or ratten, as the Yorkshire people call them. A court in London is known as Ratones lane or Rats lane.

The objection to this theory, at least in many cases, is that the term "Rotten Row" is at least as old as 1474, consequently in use before the present gray rat was introduced into England. The fecundity and depredations of this animal might give rise to such a name, but the habits of the old black rat, now nearly extinct, are quite different.

6. Perhaps it has a classic origin. Pliny and other authors imply that *ratumena* was a slang phrase in Rome for a jockey, much as we use Jehu. The *Ratumena Porta* of Rome received its name, according to Gessner's "Latin Thesaurus"—"a nomine ejus appellata, qui ludicro certamine quadrigis victor juvenis Veis consternatis equis excussus Romæ periit, qui equi feruntur non ante constitisse quam pervenirent in Capitolium." Pliny gives the same account. The Rattan Raw Port of Glasgow being at the west end, and the Stable Green Port at the east end of a street leading to the Archbishop's castle, the street through which the processions probably marched, the supposition is that the "Port" was dignified by the Roman name of *Ratumena Porta*, which was later applied to the street or row, and in time became "Ratten Raw."

7. From the Latin *Rota*—a wheel or chariot, and in Mediæval Latin—a road.

8. So called because the street passed by old and dilapidated—*rotten*—houses. Stow says, in his "Survey of London," that a part of Old Street was called "Rotten Row," on account of the decayed state of the houses built upon it.

9. *Routine Row*, because it was the route of the church processions.

10. From the Norman (original word not given), meaning a roundabout way, through which corpses were carried to avoid the public thoroughfares.

11. Dr. E. Henderson, in his edition of "Extracts from the Records of the Kirk Sessions of Dumfermline from 1640 to 1689," suggests that the Rattan Rawe, now Queen Anne Street, in that town, took its name from the houses on it being constructed of *rattins*,—i. e., undressed timber. He says that the word *rattin* is in common use—an old quay at Ayr being called Rattin quay because built of undressed timber.

This word *rattin*, however, though familiar to Dr. Henderson, seems so to no one else, and he is the sole authority for this derivation.

12. *Rateen* signifies a woollen stuff. In 1437 there was a Rateen Rowe in Bury St. Edmunds, the great cloth-mart of northeastern England, and this may have received its name because inhabited by vendors or makers of rateen. Thus we have Lyndrapers' Rowe, Mercers' Rowe, Skynners' Rowe, Spycers' Rowe, etc.

13. Corrupted from Rother Row, Ox Row, Oxgate, Cowgate. Anglo-Saxon, *Hrithor* or *Hrother*, and Old Friesic *Rider* or *Rither*=ox, cow. There is now a Rother Street in Stratford-on-Avon, and the word is found in Shakespeare and other old writers.

14. From the Icelandic and Old Norse *ruddr*=smooth, paved, *ruddr vegr*=a paved street, *rudningr*=a paving, a smoothing, *rydia*=to pave. In the days when most of the streets were mere beds of mire, a paved road was noteworthy.

15. From the Anglo-Saxon *rot* or *rott*=splendid, cheerful. Rotten Row=a fine, a grand road. In the Saxon Chronicle: "theat rotteste ealle thaere burh," means "the most splendid part of all the city."

THE ERL-KING.

No better illustration can be offered than that furnished by Goethe in his famous ballad of the "Erl-king," of the magic power of mythology to invest the simplest physical

phenomena with the most intense human interest.

There is a familiar German print of the scene depicted by the poet, in which all "the pathos of the story is compressed into one supreme moment; the air seems full of a fearful presence, which the father does not perceive, but of which he is dimly, vaguely conscious through the terrified words of his child; he clasps the little one more closely, quieting his fears, and urging on his galloping steed, unmindful of the long spectral arms stretched out to grasp the child, and the throng of elf-like forms which hover overhead, luring the infant soul with the siren music of their harps' 'weird witchery.'" One is impressed with a sense of awful mystery.

But, in reality, nothing could be more simple, as the true significance of the whole picture is contained in the father's soothing words:

"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind."

It is only the *Wind myth*, one of the most popular sources of ancient and modern mythology, from which has emanated a large class of the most charming legends.

In the old Greek mythology the character of Hermes was the result of the natural fusion of two deities; he was the sun and the wind, in their separate and combined forces; and, as the wind, he was called the Master-thief, all phases of whose character describe with singular fidelity the action and power of the air in motion. He is, too, the Erl-king, whose mysterious harmony carries off the soul of a child as he rides past in the night-time.

Or, again, the Erl-king in turn becomes the Pied Piper of Hamelin, the Psychopompos, or leader of souls, who drives away the noisome rats, but whose magic piping draws also the children of the village; they follow him joyously to the blue river, where they leave all their griefs behind them, as gladly as the souls of the dead follow Hermes when he conducts them across the waters of Lethe.

Orpheus and Hermes are united personalities in the wind myth. The former plays upon his wonderful lyre, and all the

dumb beasts of the forest follow him, unable to resist the influence of his music; he is the wind sighing through the trees of the forests, and the ancients believed that in the wind were the souls of the dead. Even now the English peasantry think they hear the wail of unbaptized children as the gale sweeps past their cottage doors.

Among the lower classes there is a belief that angels, or spirits of some sort, pipe to children who are about to die, and to avert this misfortune, mothers bid their children not to listen if they hear strange music.

In the Northern mythology, Odin takes the place of the Greek Orpheus, and is supposed to rush at night over the tree-tops, "accompanied by the scudding train of brave men's spirits;" another form of the Wild Huntsman and his spectre band.

Thus the Erl-king is but the destructive force of nature, as it goes abroad on the wings of the wind, and his daughter is a siren whose cruel joy it is to join her "El-fenseigen" to the other luring and seductive voices of the night.

In all probability it was the old Danish ballad of the "Erl-king's Daughter" which gave rise to Goethe's poem. The former was translated into German by Herder and afterward by Heine and Mangan. It relates how Herr Oluf, on his wedding eve, was accosted by the Erl-king's daughter, who begged him to join her in a dance on the green.

"Da tanzen die Elfen auf grünem Land,
Erlkönigs Tochter reicht ihm die Hand."

He declined, and she, in revenge for his indifference to all her promises, smote him as he leaped upon his horse, of which blow he died, just as his bride reached him the next morning. It was through this introduction from the Sagas of the North, that the Erl-king made his first appearance in German poetry.

According to a large class of writers, the Erl-king's identification with the wind myth is but the outgrowth of his close relation to another phase of physical life. There is great diversity of opinion in the matter, and there are many names eminent in questions of mythology and folk-lore which

might be quoted in support of either theory. I refer to those philologists who derive Erl-king from *Erlen-König*, king of the *alder-trees*.

Among the French the Erl king is known as "le roi des aunes," a circumstance which tends to confirm this impression. Irreconcilable as the two identifications appear at first glance, there is, in reality, perfect harmony in the two statements. Suppose we establish the Erlen-könig as the resident of a particular tree, what inconsistency is there in his emerging at will from his quiet retreat within its hollow trunk, to become the controlling spirit of the wind, the howling Rakshasa of Hindu folk-lore, and the personification of evil in the night blasts which sweep through the Schwartzwald where he has his dwelling?

There is certainly nothing definite in Goethe's ballad which implies that the spirit so terrifying to the child is connected in any way with the trees past which they ride, and yet one writer affirms that it is impossible to appreciate the full meaning of the poem without a thorough knowledge of the legends associated with the alder-tree. (The same writer, however, rather weakens the value of all his assertions, by speaking of the child as riding *behind* his father, which is surely not the case):

"Er hilt den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher er halt ihn warm."

It is not possible to reach any positive conclusion as to the true meaning of Erlen-könig until we learn just what its significance was in the Danish mythology. Granted that it does mean "king of the alders," it is very easy to understand how, riding swiftly through the dark forest, the child of Goethe's ballad might have seen, by the light of the moon, the hideous naked branches of the trees, transformed, by his childish fancy, into the long, gaunt arms of the alder-king, stretched out to snatch him from his father's grasp. The vapory emanations from trees, which are sometimes observed at night, were the shadowy materials which furnished the superstitious with the spirits of those trees.

From very early times the Danes have re-

garded the *elder* [alder] with peculiar veneration; but they supposed it to be the abode of a beneficent, healing deity named Hildi, a female spirit, who imparted valuable medicinal qualities to the tree—not a terrifying creation like the Erl-king.

In Rugaard forest there stands a leafless elder which, although it has the appearance of a tree, is believed to be a spirit that roams the woods at night. In Germany, also, many superstitions are associated with the elder. Until a very recent period, the peasants of Lower Saxony, when about to lop off a branch, were accustomed to use this prayer:

"Gib mir was von deinem Holz;
Dann will ich dir von meinem auch was geben,
Wann es wächst im Walde."

This they repeated three times on bended knees, with folded hands. The magic practices with elders, very common at one time, were forbidden at an early period in England. A law was enacted which commanded the priests to discountenance incantations with elders ("Ancient Laws and Institutions of England," p. 396). Here is plenty of material for the Erl-king, if we can manage to identify *him* with a *good female* spirit, and regard the *alder* and *elder* as one.

YANKEE DOODLE.

The best explanation of the name Yankee makes it an Indian corruption of "English," or "l'Anglais," the word becoming Yengees or Yenghis, and finally Yankees. The story, gravely quoted, of the Indian tribe Yankos, who transferred their own name to their conquerors, is only one of the jests manufactured by Irving for "Knickerbocker's History of New York." It is said that "Morier's Journey through Persia," asserts that the Persians of that day spoke of Americans as "Yenghee Dunieh," or "Inhabitants of the New World," and that the same appellation is found in Layard's "Nineveh."

We are also told that the cavaliers of Cromwell's time applied the name "Yankee" or "Nankee" to the Roundheads contemptuously, and that after its origin was

forgotten the word lingered among the people until brought forward to do service in ridiculing the American colonists. It is even said that Nankee Doodle was Cromwell himself, who went up to Oxford with a single feather in his cap, fastened with a "Maccaroni" knot; the word "maccaroni" expressing then what we mean by "chic," or, if applied to persons, by "dandy" or "exquisite." In "Phrase and Fable," Brewer, without giving the authority, accounts for the currency of the word by a story told in "Gordon's History of the American War," 1789, about an old Cambridge farmer, Jonathan Hastings, who made "Yankee" his word to express superiority, as "Yankee butter," until the students caught up the term.

The origin, both of the words and the music of Yankee Doodle, were thoroughly studied a few years ago by Benson J. Lossing and Professor Rimbault. It is found that the tune can be traced far into the mists of the past in Spain, Italy, France, Hungary, and Germany. Kossuth recognized it as a native Hungarian air, and a former Secretary of Legation at Madrid heard it as the music of an ancient Biscayan sword dance. One enthusiastic and apparently learned contributor to NOTES AND QUERIES a few years ago, claimed for the tune an Irish origin, asserting that Doodhal is Irish for temple, and that there was once a *Kange Doodhal*, a temple-chorus or altar-dance, coeval with the Phyrrie and other famed dances of the same class, which chorus or dance-music is to-day represented by the light anapestic measures of Yankee Doodle.

The tune has been ascribed to a Dr. Shuckburg, a surgeon and musician in a regiment stationed near Albany, in 1755. It is said he produced the tune in derision of the motley garb of the American allies of the British troops, and declared it was a well-known military tune. The joke and the music took with the officers, and they adopted the tune as "our own."

There was a Dr. Shuckburg, who, about that date, was surgeon in an independent company, under Captain Horatio Gates, stationed near Albany, and he may have brought forward the tune, but he could not have written it, for it was sung in the time

of Charles I, as a nursery song, with the words:

"Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it."

Kitty Fisher was a noted member of the demi-monde of the time, and gave the name to Fisher's Jig of 1750. We may notice that Lucy Locket is a popular name in some parts of England for the Cuckoo flower. In Derbyshire, the children sing:

"Lady Locket lost her pocket,
In a shower of rain;
Milner fun it, Milner grun it,
In a peck of meal."

Possibly the words sung to the tune of Yankee Doodle are only an adaptation of older ones about the flower, or at least suggested by them. In the time of Cromwell's Protectorate is found the verse familiar, with slight alteration, in our own day:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a *Kentish* pony;
He stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni."

The first mention of the tune in America as Yankee Doodle is as a British military tune. Castle William was a small fortress in Boston Harbor, now Fort Independence, and troops brought by General Gage to overawe the rebellious Bostonians were stationed there. The *Boston Journal*, of September 29, 1768, speaks of great rejoicings at Castle William the preceding night, over its reinforcement, and adds, "that the Yankee Doodle song was the capital piece in the band of music." ("Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution.")

The soldiers sung to the tune some words referring to the Americans secretly procuring ammunition in Boston, while it was occupied by British troops:

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
For to buy a fire-lock;
We will tar and feather him,
And so we will John Hancock."

When Boston was evacuated after the Battle of Lexington, Lord Percy's brigade

marched out to the tune of Yankee Doodle, "by way of contempt," which led the Americans to adopt the tune reminding them of their victory. The song written for it, as an *American* tune, was printed in 1813, and called "The Yankees' Return to Camp." Its first stanza runs:

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding."

Probably its verses are merely an agglomeration of many contributed by different persons, for "additions to the unknown humorist's first one." The following account of what may be called the first official adoption of the tune is condensed from a paragraph in *The Youth's Companion*: "When the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, in 1814, the city wished to honor the plenipotentiaries of the two nations by a musical entertainment, where their respective national airs should be performed. The American envoys were uncertain whether to select 'Hail Columbia' or 'Yankee Doodle' as our representative, but finally decided upon the latter. When the band-master asked that one of the gentlemen should sing or whistle the tune so that he could write the score, not one of the envoys could do it, and John, Mr. Clay's colored servant, was called to extricate them from the dilemma. As he whistled, the band-master took down the air and arranged the harmony, and the next day Yankee Doodle was performed in good style as the national air of the United States. In 1860, South Carolina, by legislative enactment, forbade the use of Yankee Doodle, Hail Columbia, or Star-Spangled Banner at public celebrations.

FALSTAFF.

Shakespearean commentators have troubled themselves not a little about the origin of this famous character, earlier writers alleging that some personal motive actuated Shakespeare in introducing Falstaff into so many of his plays. It is suggested that, having by some means incurred the poet's disdain, a private character was held up to

the ridicule of his contemporaries and all succeeding ages, under the guise of "that delightful, detestable, side-shaking old sinner," "fat Sir John;" and many even went so far as to hint that a certain Sir John Fastolfe had thus been made the victim of private malice.

Fuller, the historian, says: "Nor is our comedian excusable, by some alteration of his name, writing him Sir John Falstafe, and making him the property and pleasure of King Henry V, to abuse, seeing the vicinity of sounds [doth] entrench on the memory of that worthy knight." Indeed, this opinion was at one time very generally received. This personage, however, died about a century before Shakespeare was born; so the theory that he had offended the dramatist becomes untenable; moreover, he is presented under his own name in the first part of "Henry VI."

In real life, he was an English general, who, in the time of this King, held part command in France when the English were before Orleans; and at the village of Patay had set the example of an inglorious flight after a contest with the troops of Joan of Arc, which caused great destruction to his men; in consequence of which cowardice, he was afterward degraded from his rank as a knight of the Garter.

All of these incidents are faithfully and fearlessly portrayed by Shakespeare in "Henry VI," so that no motive could have existed for his introduction elsewhere in the character of Falstaff. The more modern commentators have therefore rejected the supposition as obviously absurd.

In the original draught of "King Henry IV," Falstaff was called Sir John Oldcastle, a name borne by a well-known Wyckliffite, popularly called the "good Lord Cobham," whose claim to distinction is that, first a subject of Edward III, he became afterward, in the time of Henry V, the first author and the first martyr among the English nobility. At his own expense, so great was his desire for ecclesiastical reform, he had the work of Wycliffe translated and widely disseminated among the people, and also paid a large body of preachers to propagate the views of this reformer throughout the country.

Under Henry IV, he was the trusted commander of an English army in France, where his military daring and courage might have served as a notable example to his pusillanimous successor in the same field. In the reign of Henry V, having become involved in a quarrel with his sovereign as to the sanctity of the Roman Pontiff, he declared that he believed the latter to be none other than the "Great Anti-Christ whose coming had been foretold in Holy Writ;" he was thereupon accused of heresy, and thrown into the Tower. He managed to escape to Wales, but after four years of hiding, the price set upon his head, one thousand marks, served as a sufficient incentive to diligent search which resulted in his capture and execution.

It is not surprising that this good man's descendants should have resented Shakespeare's use of his name; and the readiness with which the poet altered the patronymic of this character helps to prove that no special meaning had been implied by its adoption. And his evident desire to do away with the impression that he had intended to represent Oldcastle under the name of Falstaff is clearly evinced in his epilogue to the second part of "King Henry IV," in which, after promising to "continue the story, with Sir John in it," he says: "For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."

Halliwell proved to his own satisfaction that Falstaff had certainly been originally intended for Oldcastle; and it is quite true that in the play of "Henry IV," Prince Hal's punning on his name, "My old lad of the castle," and Shallow's description of him as "page to Sir Thomas Nowbray, Duke of Norfolk," which he really was, would point to this as a natural conclusion; but, on the other hand, may we not take the author's word for it, that he had no such meaning? Or may we not, at least, accept his change of mind, and, respecting his wishes, cease to regard Oldcastle as the prototype of Falstaff? An old drama of unknown authorship, entitled "The Famous victories of King Henry the Fifth," is thought by some writers to have suggested to Shakespeare his

plays of "Henry IV" and "V." The character of Oldcastle in this play, if the supposition be correct, would account for the name as used by Shakespeare.

That Falstaff was a most popular character in his early days as well as in later generations, we may be assured from the tradition which ascribes his re-appearance in the "Merry Wives" to Elizabeth's expressed desire to see him as a lover. But "the sun of his prosperity was doomed to set when he entered the dominion of Cupid." It is not as the butt of Mistress Page and her friends that we hold him most in remembrance, but as the cut-purse of Gadshill, and boon-companion of "Madcap Hal."

In the "Monograph" of Falstaff, edited by Spofford and Shapley, we find a collection of letters, purporting to have been written by Sir John and his friends, and to have been preserved in the Quickly family for four hundred years.

They have a thoroughly Shakespearean, Falstaffian flavor, and it is hard to believe that they were the work of James White, a school-fellow of Charles Lamb, and not the product of Sir John's own pen. But we forget that we are not dealing with a historical character, but with a mighty fiction, "less easy to write," said Horace Walpole, than "fifty Iliads and Æneids."

QUERIES.

The Eighth Wonder.—What is called the Eighth Wonder of the world?

MARTIN.

McCONNELLSTON, PA.

When Gil Blas reached Pennaflor a parasite entered his room in the inn, hugged him with great energy, and called him the "Eighth Wonder."

When Gil Blas replied that he did not know that his name had spread so far, the parasite exclaimed: "How! we keep a register of all celebrated names within twenty leagues, and have no doubt Spain will one day be as proud of you as Greece was of the seven sages."

After this Gil Blas could do no less than ask the man to sup with him. Omelet after

omelet was eaten, trout was called for, bottle followed bottle, and when the parasite was gorged to satiety he rose and said: "Signor Gil Blas, don't believe yourself to be the Eighth Wonder of the world because a man would feast by flattering your vanity."

Circa.—Can you tell me the meaning of the word *Circa*, used in "Burke?"

E. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Circa is a Latin word meaning about, and is sometimes placed before a date to indicate that the exact time is not known, but that it was at about the time cited. Perhaps this is what is meant.

God of the Gypsies.—Who is the God of the Gypsies?

W.

BALTIMORE, MD.

In the *Encyclopædia of Literature and the Fine Arts*, compiled by George Ripley and Bayard Taylor, occurs the following: "As for religion, they have no settled notions or principles; amongst the Turks they are Mohammedans; in Christian countries, if they make any religious profession at all, they follow the forms of Christianity, without, however, caring for instruction or having any interest in the spirit of religion."

Zero.—What is the origin of the word zero?

W.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The word is said to be derived from the Hebrew *ezor*, a girdle, or Arabic *seroh*, a circle.

Momus.—Why is a chronic grumbler called a momus?

MARTIN.

McCONNELLSTON, PA.

See AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. i, p. 199.

Lion of Lucerne.—What is the Lion of Lucerne?

MARTIN.

McCONNELLSTON, PA.

The Lion of Lucerne is a famous piece of sculpture, by Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen (1770-1844), erected in 1821 to commem-

orate the death of 21 officers and 760 soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who were killed while defending the Tuileries, August 10, 1792.

The figure is of sandstone rock, 28 feet long and 18 feet high.

Beecher says: "In a sequestered spot the rocky hillside is cut away, and in the living strata is sculptured the colossal figure of a dying lion. A spear is broken off in his side, but in his last struggle he still defends a shield marked with the fleur-de-lis of France. Below are inscribed in red letters, as if characterized in blood, the names of the brave officers of that devoted band."

King with Six Toes.—What king had six toes on each foot? D. BAILEY.
NEW YORK CITY.

Charles VIII, of France, is no doubt the king referred to.

Universal Splder.—Who was called the Universal Spider? G. C.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

This title was bestowed by his contemporaries upon Louis XI, of France, whose crafty and malignant temper justified fully the appellation he received.

My Ships.—Who wrote a poem beginning "If all the Ships I have at Sea," and where can I get it? C. G.
CAPE MAY, N. J.

The poem is called "My Ships." It is by Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

If all the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the harbor could not hold
One-half the sails that there would be,
If all my ships came home from sea.

If half the ships I have at sea
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, I should have wealth as great
As any king who sits in state,
So rich the treasures there would be
In half my ships now out at sea.

If just one ship I have at sea,
Should come a sailing home to me—
Ah! well, the storm-cloud then might frown,
For if the others all went down,

So rich, so proud, so glad I'd be
If that one ship came home to me.

If that one ship went down at sea
And all the others came to me,
Weighted with wealth untold,
The poorest soul on earth I'd be
If that one ship came not to me.

Oh! skies be calm, oh! winds blow free,
Blow all my ships safe home to me;
But if thou sendest home a wreck,
To never more come sailing back,
Send any, all that skim the sea,
But send my love-ship home to me.

REPLIES.

City of Kings (Vol. iii, p. 141).—Lima, in Peru, is called, and was once officially named The City of the Kings, either in honor of the Emperor Charles V or his mother, or on account of the three Kings of the Epiphany season—in honor of whom Cologne is called the City of the Three Kings. ONYX.
NEW JERSEY.

King sent his Sons to Prison (Vol. iii, p. 141).—John II of France, miscalled the Good, on the occasion of his release, in 1360, from a long captivity in England, gave up two of his sons, the dukes of Anjou and of Berri, with several other hostages, to be held by Edward III as his sureties. When Anjou made his escape and went home, the king his father went back voluntarily to England, and died there in 1364.

NEW JERSEY.

BISSEX.

Heathen Hymn in Christian Churches (Vol. iii, p. 141).—Pope's "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame" appears in some hymn-books. It is a palpable imitation of the Emperor Hadrian's "animula, vagula, blandula," though it differs entirely in spirit from the older piece.

If you should call agnostics and non-believers by the title heathen, you would have to include Sarah F. Adams, author of "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and Helen M. Williams, who wrote the hymn, "While Thee I seek, protecting Power."

NEW JERSEY.

CHAREX.

King Killed at a Masked Ball (Vol. iii, p. 141).—Reference is here made to Gustavus III of Sweden. CEYX.
NEW JERSEY.

If my Bark Sinks (Vol. ii, p. 225).—My recollection is that this line occurs in a poem by the younger Channing.

PORREX.

NEW JERSEY.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

White Lady of Watford (Vol. iii, p. 127).—If my memory serves, there was a painting with this title shown at the Centennial Exhibition of 1876. ULEX.
NEW JERSEY.

Famous Spinsters.—Will some one kindly supplement the following list of famous spinsters?

Jane Austen, Joanna Baillie, Emily Brontë, Maria Edgeworth, Queen Elizabeth, Harriet Martineau, Maria Mitchell, Mary Russell Mitford, Hannah More, Florence Nightingale, Jane Porter, A. A. Procter, and Agnes Strickland. W.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Song Lore (Vol. iii, p. 131).—"As Little Cupid was Playing." One of the songs in Herrick's "Hesperides," entitled "The Wounded Cupid Song" is as follows:

"Cupid, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung;
Whereupon, in anger flying
To his mother, said, thus crying,
'Help! oh! help! your boy's a-dying.'
'And why, my pretty lad?' said she.
Then blubbing, replied he,
'A winged snake hath bitten me,
Which country people call a bee.'
At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
'Alas!' said she, 'my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come, tell me then, how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart?'"

The song cited by "S. S. R." seems to be nothing else than a variant, somewhat deteriorated, of Herrick's beautiful lyric. Herrick's song is imitated from "Anacreon" (ode xl). In Thomas Stanley's translation of "Anacreon" (edition of 1651, p. 21), the following version is given:

"Love, a Bee that lurkt among
Roses, saw not, and was stung;
Who, for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair Mother hie,
And 'Oh! help,' cries he, 'I dy;
A winged snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countrymen a Bee;
At which *Venus*: 'If such smart
A Bee's little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain
They whom thou hast hurt sustain.'"

In the edition of Stanley in 1647, this translation is not found. If it were possible that Herrick plagiarized from Stanley, he has but done as Shakespeare did, and, to use Milton's words, is not guilty, for borrowing "if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors, is accounted plagiaré." But it is not certain that Stanley did not plagiarize from Herrick, and, if that be the case, a verdict of guilty must be returned against him.

Moore's translation (ode xxxv), is as follows:

"Cupid, once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee;
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
'O mother! I am wounded through—
I die with pain!—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so.'
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him, with a soothing smile;
Then said: 'My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!'"

Moore, in his note, says that the 19th idyll of "Theocritus" is in imitation of "Anacreon," and that it is "inferior to the original in delicacy of point and naïveté of ex-

pression." But later critics regard most of the odes ascribed to "Anacreon" as spurious. Snow, in his edition of "Theocritus" (Oxford, 1885), p. 190, says of this idyll: "This elegant epigrammatic morsel is by general agreement ascribed to *Bion* rather than to Theocritus. There are several imitations, the best known of which is among the poems ascribed to Anacreon, and has more merit than this. Snow translates "Theocritus:"

"Thievish love once plundering
Honey-comb from hive to hive,
Felt a bee's unkindly sting
Sharply wound his fingers five;
See him blow to ease their pain,
See him dance and stamp amain!
Shows he now to Venus railing,
What his swollen limb is ailing;
'See,' he cries, 'albeit so wee,
See how cruelly wounds the bee!'
Smiling, answered him his mother,
'Thou thyself are such another;
Of thy tiny venom'd dart
Think how cruel is the smart.'"

Andrew Lang's prose rendering of the same is:

"The thievish Love—a cruel bee once stung him as he was rifling honey from the hives, and pricked his finger-tips all; then he was in pain, and blew upon his hand, and leaped, and stamped the ground. And then he showed his hurt to Aphrodite, and made much complaint, how that the bee is a tiny creature, and yet what wounds it deals! And his mother laughed out, and said: 'Art thou not even such a creature as the bees, for tiny art thou, but what wounds thou dealest.'"

Lang remarks: "This little piece is but doubtfully ascribed to Theocritus. The *motif* is that of a well-known Anacreonic Ode. The idyll has been translated by Ronsard." R. F. Cheetham has also translated the fortieth ode of Anacreon.

The study of these various versions of one original *motif* is very interesting, and of value in comparative literature.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

City Nomenclature.—The following descriptive popular names of Canadian cities may be of interest:

Toronto. The Queen City. The City of Churches.

Hamilton. The Ambitious City.

London. The Forest City.

St. Thomas. The Railroad City.

Stratford. The Classic City.

St. Catharines. The City of Masts.

Kingston. The Limestone City.

Ottawa. The Metropolis.

Montreal. The Island City.

Quebec. The Ancient Capital. The Gibraltar of America.

Halifax. The City by the Sea.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Alki.—The motto on the seal of Washington State, according to E. H. Nicholl in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, 1889 (p. 260), "The motto on the seal of Washington Territory is a word used in Chinook, but native in origin, *i. e.*, "alki," meaning 'by and by,' or, 'in the future.'"

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

"An Author's Love" (Vol. iii, p. 140).—Miss Elizabeth Balch, the author of "An Author's Love," is the daughter of the late Rev. L. P. W. Balch, D.D., an Episcopal clergyman. She has lived a great deal in Europe, and is a thorough French and German scholar. Her first work was "Mustard Leaves," the scene of which is laid in New England. This was followed by "Zorah," an Egyptian story. Miss Balch, then under contract with the Macmillans, wrote a number of papers on "Old English Homes," in which she described the historical places of England. As in many of these articles there were engravings of family pictures which had never before been copied, the series proved very popular in England, and attracted a good deal of attention. In "An Author's Love," her latest book, she has produced a work of a very much higher order than anything she had done before. In England it has been a great success, Mr. Gladstone having written a most complimentary letter about it. In it he says: "The book exhibits rare powers on every page, is full of charm, provocative of cu-

riosity, and a work executed with immense talent."—*Current Literature*.

Sea Blue-Bird (Vol. iii, p. 127.) The swallow is not due in the South of England until about April 18. It can scarcely be the bird intended.

ORYX.

NEW JERSEY.

High-Geranium Science.—I lately heard an old woman boasting of her fine high-geranium, meaning hydrangea, and I also heard a rustic fellow complaining that his paper mulberry-trees put him to a great deal of trouble with their *sciences*—that is *scions*, or suckers.

OLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Welsh Rabbit (Vol. iii, pp. 49, 103).—On the bill of fare of the English steamers "Digby Chicken" is the polite name for red herring.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Artists.—Please let me know, through your columns, the comparative standing of Frederick Barnard, J. D. Linton, and W. Small as artists. I understand that they are English. Are they members of the Royal Academy, and do they rank with Whistler and Meissonier?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M. CREMER.

I know *Linton* as an eminent engraver on wood, who has done admirable work, but don't know his initials to be J. D.

The other two I know nothing of, and don't find their names in the books.

It is curious to find *Whistler's* and *Meissonier's* names coupled together, for they have nothing in common.

JOHN SARTAIN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Our English, by Adams Sherman Hill, Boylston, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

This is one of those books that, though it may please the "unskillful, cannot but make the judicious grieve." It contains, to be sure, a certain amount of grammar-school sense, but that is all, and the worst of it is that the author parades as an opponent of the very practices that he champions. "Among the

things," he says, "which teachers of every class should struggle against is what I must be pardoned for calling 'school-master's English,'" and yet a little further on in the volume you find a quibble about the period and comma in the address on an envelope.

Then, again, what can one say of these two sentences? "Every year Harvard (Mr. Hill is a professor there) sends out men—some of them *high scholars* (!) whose manuscripts would disgrace a boy of twelve" (p. 15), and "Eton and Harrow boys, though they receive little training in their own language, write better English than American boys of the same age. * * * Further on, "every educated Frenchman writes idiomatic French" (p. 25). Does not this look as if something was wrong with Professor Hill's methods? The following sentence I quote as a fair instance of the maxim: "Take care of the sense and the sounds will take care of themselves."

"If there is method in the arrangement of the words in a sentence, of the sentences in a paragraph, and of the paragraphs in an essay, the essay as a whole will mean something, if the writer has a meaning, and something definite."

Who would be willing to deny it?

The Atlantic, for August, contains Mr. James Russell Lowell's poem, "How I consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes," which covers nearly six pages of the magazine. Mr. James shows his immense cleverness in an incidental account of a play at the Theatre Francais, and a visit behind the scenes, which, to lovers of the drama will be interesting for its vivid pictures of this celebrated theatre. "The background of Roman History"—the half mythical, half historical period of the travels of *Aeneas*—is interestingly treated by H. W. P. and L. D.; H. W. P. being the disguise of Miss Harriet Waters Preston. "The German Boy at Leisure" shows us that the lad in the German gymnasium is not quite so over-worked as one is accustomed to think. John Fisk has a remarkably good historical paper on "The French Alliance and the Conway Cabal." It also includes other valuable papers, and among them a review of Emerson's Concord life by his son, which will be read with interest.

There is a paper published at New York that is certainly a unique publication. It is called *Printers' Ink*, and its object is to teach its readers the art of successful advertising. *Printers' Ink* is intended to aid the inexperienced advertiser by showing him how to avoid such errors, and by teaching him how to advertise so as to get the greatest returns for the least expenditure, which is the basis of successful advertising.

The Cosmopolitan, for August, is rich in good light reading and admirable illustrations. The "In the Field Papers" this month take us to the Grand Prix, and a better set of pictures have not accompanied any article in the magazine. A bit of very pleasant reading is "A Trip to Delecarlia," by W. W. Thomas, Jr. There is an excellent portrait of Cardinal Gibbons accompanying an article on the "Dignity, Rights, and Responsibilities of Labor."

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NOTES.

"THAT'S THE CHEESE."

It often happens that popular slang phrases, however absurd they may seem, prove, on investigation, to be nothing more than a slight corruption of some perfectly correct expression in our own or another language. In the present instance, if we are to follow the train of reasoning suggested by Dr. Brewer, we need go no further for *cheese* than to our own Anglo-Saxon, where we find the verb *ceosan*, to choose;—hence, "that's the cheese" would be, "that's what I would choose," or "the thing which I would choose;" and, by way of illustration, we may quote Langland, who in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," says:

"Now thou might cheese (old English for choose)

how thou couetest to cal me, now thou knowest all mi names." And again, Chaucer: "To *cheese* whether she wold marry or no."

Professor Palmer would carry us a little farther, for he derives *cheese*, as it appears in our slang phrase, from the Romany or Gipsy dialect, where *cheese* has the significance of *thing*. Now the Gipsies came originally from India, and their *cheese* is identical with the Hindustani *chees*, or *chis*, both meaning *thing*. The expression "that's the cheese" therefore, is simply "that's the thing," which is, of course, only an abbreviated form of Brewer's deduction, "that's the thing which I would choose;" and practically amounts to the same *cheese* (if one may be allowed the substitution).

To say "it is just the cheese," means, "it is quite the thing." "Comme il faut;" and "that's the Stilton," or "that's the Cheshire" is but a transformation of *cheese*.

It has been suggested that, since we have derived our slang phrase "that's the ticket" from the French "C'est l'etiquette," it is very possible that "that's the cheese" may be "C'est la chose;" and, indeed, one writer claims to have known the wit who first translated "C'est une autre chose" by "that's another cheese." It is said that the expression "that's the cheese," which (as shown in "Stray Leaves from the Diary of an Indian Officer") had long been in common use in India, was first introduced into England by the eminent comedian David Rees, who was celebrated for his original bonmots on the stage. The phrase occurred in a play called "The Evil Eye," the scene of which was laid in the Morea; and was suggested, Rees said, by his having heard the following story:

There was once an old woman in the north of Ireland, who had living with her a grandson, a youth whose appetite was considered something voracious. It was the subject of frequent remark among the neighbors, and the old woman, in speaking of it one day, gave the following illustration of his readiness to eat anything, without regard to taste or smell. On one occasion she had purchased a piece of brown soap, and placed it upon the window-sill; some hours afterward she said "Paddy, where's the soap?" "Soap," said Paddy, "what soap?" "Why,"

replied his grandmother, "the soap that was on the window-sill." "O granny!" said he, "that was the cheese." This was a standing joke on Paddy, and became a popular phrase ever afterward.

IS OWEN MEREDITH'S "LUCILE" ENTIRELY ORIGINAL, AND WHO FIRST CLAIMED IT WAS NOT?

After examining all the testimony which has been accumulated in reference to this most interesting subject, one is almost unable to decide definitely whether to regard "Lucile" as a plagiarism or a translation.

In January of 1881, a member of the Contributors' Club wrote to the *Atlantic Monthly*, detailing the discovery of a remarkable likeness which had been found to exist between Owen Meredith's "Lucile" and George Sand's novelette "Lavinia, an Old Tale," published about 1853. The writer proceeded with some care to direct attention to the most noticeable points of resemblance between the French prose and the English verse. And, indeed, the most unobservant reader could not fail to be struck by the similarity.

The names of the chief personages have undergone a transformation, but their past and present circumstances are almost identical. Lavinia Buenafé, some ten years before the story opens, had been engaged to Sir Lionel Bridgemont, the hero of the tale. She was a Portuguese and a Jewess, ardently devoted to her English lover, but in a violent fashion that had caused the fickle young nobleman to become weary of his too easy conquest, and willing to accept her dismissal, which had followed a lover's quarrel.

During the years that have elapsed since that rupture Lavinia has married an old lord, and is now a rich widow—Lady Blake. When the story opens, Lionel, who has been traveling through France, is staying at Bigorre, where are also his betrothed, Miss Margaret Ellis, her mother, and his friend, Henry, who plays the same cousinly rôle of mentor and companion as that assumed by

"my lord's Cousin John" in the poem. In this tale, however, he is a relative of Lavinia, and the prudent but sympathetic champion of her cause.

The first chapter discovers the hero much perplexed by the arrival of a letter from Lavinia, who, established in a château at Saint Sauveur, has heard of his arrival in the neighboring town of Bigorre, and writes to ask that he will return her letters in accordance with the promise made when they parted long years before. His embarrassment arises from her added request that he will deliver the packet in person, the fulfilment of which is rendered peculiarly difficult by reason of a projected excursion to Luchon with Miss Ellis and her friends, from which he knows not how to excuse himself.

Cousin Henry comes gallantly to the rescue; and, under the pretense of an illness which confines him to his room, Lionel and his faithful friend depart secretly for Saint Sauveur, the former chafing at the necessity for the journey, while the jovial Henry indulges in good natured raillery at his companion's expense. The incidents which immediately follow are familiar to all readers of "Lucile."

The travelers refresh themselves at an inn; and while waiting for the hour of rendezvous, saunter in at a public ball, then in progress at one of the fashionable resorts. There they hear the crowd talking of the beautiful Lady Blake, who is regarded as the belle of the season, and who is, at that moment, dancing with the Comte de Morangy, her devoted attendant and supposed suitor. Lionel withdraws from the scene, weary of listening to her praises, and without having seen her. When the proper moment arrives, he presents himself at her door, which is opened by an old negress whom he recognizes as the nurse Pepa, who had been with Lavinia during the days of their former intimacy.

It is this scene which has been selected by the correspondent of the *Atlantic* to be rendered in parallel columns with the corresponding passage in "Lucile." For the sake of extending the illustration I will choose other portions of the work for similar treatment, not taken in regular succession.

LAVINIA.

On est simplement logé
aux eaux des Pyrénées,
mais, grâce aux avalanches
et aux torrents
qui, chaque hiver, dévastent
les habitations, à
chaque printemps on voit
renouveler ou rajeunir
les ornements et le mobilier.

La maisonnette que
Lavinia avait louée était
toute lambuisée en bois
résineux à l'intérieur.

Lavinia entra tandis
que Lionel était plongé
dans cette contemplation.
Elle se rappelait le temps
où il lui aurait semblé
impossible de revoir Sir
Lionel sans tomber morte
de colère et de douleur.
Et maintenant elle était
là, douce, calme, indifférente
peut être.

LUCILE.

One lodges but simply at
Serchon, yet, thanks
To the season, that
changes forever the
bank of the blossoming
mountains.
And the torrent that falls
faintly heard from afar,
One sees with each
month of the many-
faced year
A thousand sweet changes
of beauty appear.

The chalet where dwelt
the Comtesse de Nevers,
Rested half up the base of
a mountain of firs.
And the walls, and the
roofs were built of
resinous woods.

Just then Lucile entered
the room undiscerned
By Lord Alfred, whose
face to the window was
turn'd

In a strange revery. The
time was when Lucile,
In beholding that man,
could not help but reveal

The rapture, the fear,
which wrench'd out
every nerve

In the heart of the girl
from the woman's reserve.

And now—she gazed
at him, calm, smiling,
—perchance
Indifferent.

Unmindful of the flight of time, Lionel, after the first surprise, finds himself renewing the impressions of his youth. Their interview is interrupted by the arrival of the Comte de Morangy; Lavinia begs Lionel to retire, and he withdraws to a balcony, where he becomes the unwilling listener of a declaration of love. When the visitor has gone, Lionel returns to Lavinia, betrays his own re-awakened interest in her by inquiries as to the answer she means to give to the Comte's offer, and, after exchanging their letters, he takes his leave.

The next day, instead of returning to Miss Ellis, he follows Lavinia into the coun-

try whither she has ridden with a party of friends. They are overtaken by a terrific storm, during which Lionel manages to find a place at her side. All his old passion has returned, and he forgets his plighted word to another, in the joy of being near her. She calls his attention to the magnificence of the lightning.

"Je ne vois rien ici que vous Lavinia, lui dit-il avec force—je n'ai d'é notion qu'à vous sentir près de moi."

"Lucile! I hear, I see, naught but yourself. I can feel Nothing here but your presence."

Flinging honor to the winds, he now beseeches her to forget the past; to allow him to atone for the wrong he has done her. To this she makes reply:

"Lionel, vous m'avez fait des offres dont je sens tout le prix. Je n'y peux répondre sans y avoir mûrement réfléchi." "O Dieu! C'est la même réponse qu'à M. de Morangy!" "Si vous m'aimez vraiment, Lionel, vous allez me jurer de m'obéir."

"You have made to me, Alfred, an offer I know All the worth of, believe me I cannot reply Without time for reflection." "Alas! 'tis the very same answer you made to the Duc de Luvois." "If you love me, obey me."

The reply comes, and with it Lavinia's last farewell, and after a short season of lamentation, Lionel returns to the inevitable—and Miss Ellis.

Here the story of Lavinia ends. The hero's subsequent marriage to the fair English girl, his after encounter with his former love, his reformation, his courtship of his wife, and the final happy dénouement in the Crimean hospital—are all the work of the English poet.

The writer who thought he had been the first to discover the true origin of "Lucile," says that his bosom swelled with importance as he contemplated the thought that he was the custodian of a secret which would affect the reputation of so exalted a personage as the late Viceroy of India! Before publishing his discovery, however, he learned from a friend that the claimed "plagiarism" had already been recognized in England, but

"for some reason failed to make a sensation." The press and the public seemed desirous of hushing up the matter; "perhaps because it impeached the honor of a British peer, and thus reflected upon the national character." This completed the first installment in the *Atlantic*. In the course of a few months another article appeared, from the pen of one who claimed to have been long cognizant of Owen Meredith's literary thefts. The writer goes on to state: "More than twelve years ago I wrote an article, called 'Owen Meredith as a Plagiarist,' and sent it to a British quarterly review—it was not published—and I never saw it again—but English people were not ignorant of the charges which it contained. The authoress of 'A Week in a French-Country-House' [Miss Thackeray] told me that she had seen an article in one of their periodicals, in which pages from 'Lucile' and 'Lavinia' were printed in parallel columns, yet I saw the gentleman who bears the pseudonym of 'Owen Meredith' dining unabashed at her table."

All this is, of course, very shocking, and displays a frightful moral depravity on the part of "the late Viceroy of India."

A few years ago, a Mr. Page McCarthy, of Richmond, Virginia (whether identical with either of the writers quoted above I know not), published (Carlton & Co., N. Y.) an English translation, under the title of "The Love Letters of Lady Blake," and on the title-page stated that it was the work upon which Lytton had based "Lucile." It would seem as if Owen Meredith must have quailed under such a fire as that, directed upon him at long range, from the shores of the Atlantic! But, no, we hear that even his appetite was not impaired! He dined like any Christian whose soul is free from guilt!

The truth is, there is good reason to suppose that his conscience had been relieved by honest confession, many years before the belligerent Americans fulminated their judgment against him. In a cheap edition of "Lucile," published by Hurst, 122 Nassau street, N. Y., I find, following the usual Dedication to his father, an Introduction from the author, in which he states very distinctly that, having been accused of plagiar-

ism, he begs to call attention to the fact that he acknowledged his indebtedness to George Sand's prose romance of "Lavinia," in his Introduction to the first edition of "Lucile." (Candor compels me to admit that a careful examination of a copy of this first edition fails to reveal a trace of any such Introduction, but I would rather regard the omission as a singular defect of that copy than a reflection upon Owen Meredith's honesty.)

In this he says he had related the whole truth. He had borrowed—so had Chaucer and Shakespeare. In his case, his only regret was that he had not taken *more*. The source was so worthy of reproduction.

It is true that this edition of Hurst's is quite devoid of date—always a suspicious circumstance—and it is, undoubtedly a "pirated" reprint of an English edition. Nevertheless, it would be too preposterous to suppose he had invented the confession signed by Owen Meredith; and, if the statement therein contained be a fact, may we not answer the query with which we started by saying that "Lucile" is *not* entirely original, but that the fact of its having been deduced from the work of another writer was admitted on the occasion of its first appearance by *the author himself*. Surely no charge of plagiarism could have antedated this first Introduction.

As for the American claimants to the honor of having been first to detect the "theft," they were anticipated not only in England but in France. I am informed by a friend (a Frenchman), who was then a resident of Paris, and in regular attendance upon the "conférences" at the Sorbonne, that shortly after the appearance of "Lucile," at a lecture there delivered by Taine, he *heard* the latter expatiate upon the likeness between the new English poem and "Lavinia," and that at the time both he and his fellow-students had supposed the assertion of this resemblance was quite original with Taine.

It must be acknowledged that Owen Meredith has borrowed widely and unsparingly. But is not his silence as the source of all these thoughts in a measure flattering to his readers? May we not accept this tendency of his as but "the unconscious sympathy of the mocking-bird," and without straining

our conscience in the case of "Lavinia," feel, with the "Philistine," grateful to Owen Meredith for having "transformed" it into "Lucile"?

WHO FIRST CALLED ENGLAND "A NATION OF SHOP-KEEPERS"?

(Vol. ii, p. 113.)

This *not* is one of many generally ascribed to Napoleon Bonaparte, although the most superficial research reveals the fact that the expression did not originate with him.

The earliest instance of its use is attributed by Bartlett and others to Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, who, in a tract published in 1766, in speaking of the English tradesmen, said: "And what is true of a shop-keeper is true of a shop-keeping nation." Again, in Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" (Vol. ii, ch. 12, pt. 8), published in 1775; we find, "To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may, at first sight, appear a project fit only for a *nation of shop-keepers*."

The same phrase is also said to occur in an oration purporting to have been delivered by Samuel Adams, at the State House in Philadelphia, on August 1, 1776. But of this Wells, in his "Life of Adams," says: "No such American edition has ever been seen, but at least four copies are known of the London issue." This English edition was reprinted "for E. Johnson, No. 4, Ludgate Hill, 1776." A German translation of this oration was also made (probably at Berne, though the place of publication is not certain) in 1778.

It should be observed, however, that in none of these cases cited was the expression "a nation of shop-keepers" applied to the English in a spirit of ridicule or contempt. A distinction which separated in a marked degree this use of it from that made by Bertrand Barère, in his speech delivered in the National Congress, on June 11, 1794 (or June 16, according to some authorities), in defense of the Committee of Safety.

In this address Barère proclaimed that Lord Howe, on the famous 1st of June (1794), had been defeated by Villart Joy-

ease! Having the impudence actually to describe the battle as a French victory: "Our fleet, though fourteen ships inferior in number, and to leeward of the English, made them feel our vengeance, and obliged them to abandon to us the scene of action. Seven of our vessels were dismantled, and there is reason to believe that one of their three-deckers went to the bottom. Let Pitt, then, boast of his victory to his *nation of shop-keepers* ('sa nation boutiquière')." (This speech is reported in the "Political State of Europe," 1794, p. 2, a very scarce work, it is said, to be found only in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.)

As has been stated, Napoleon was the alleged author of the offensive epithet. The period when the outcry against this supposed insult became loudest and most prevalent was that which succeeded the rupture of the peace of Amiens, May 12, 1803. Scott ("Life of Napoleon," Vol. v, ch. 4), speaking of that time, and the renewal of the war, says: "To Napoleon, the English people, 'tradesmen and shop-keepers,' as he chose to qualify them, seemed assuming a confidence in Europe which he conceived far beyond their due." While Hazlitt, quoting from O'Meara, makes Napoleon himself assume the responsibility for the expression.

He is speaking of England's participation in continental affairs: "Your trying to make yourselves a great military power, instead of attending to the sea and commerce, will yet be your ruin as a nation. You were greatly offended with me for having called you a *nation of shop-keepers*. Had I meant by this that you were a nation of cowards you would have had reason to be displeased, but no such thing was ever intended. I meant that you were a nation of merchants, and that all your great riches and your grand resources arose from commerce, which is true. Moreover, no man of sense ought to be ashamed of being called a shop-keeper; but your Prince and your ministers appear to wish * * * to make you ashamed of your shops and your trade, which have made you what you are. Stick to your ships, your commerce, and counting-houses, and you will prosper."

This was in 1817, when Napoleon was at

St. Helena, some fourteen years before the English had, indeed, taken great umbrage at the expression used. An Englishman, writing of that period, said (in the *Anti-Gallican*, No. 1, p. 24): "Bonaparte, while himself saluted in our daily press, in our loyal meetings, and in our patriotic placards with such titles as 'Tyrant,' 'Corsican,' 'Despot,' 'Corsican Usurper,' nay, 'Corsican Mulatto,' was simultaneously charged with holding shocking bad language toward our noble selves, and amongst offensive terms styling us a *nation of shop-keepers*!"

At the York meeting, July 28, 1803, Mr. Stanhope is reported to have said: "The Chief Consul of France tells us that we are but a nation of shop-keepers. Let us shop-keepers then, melt our weights in our scales and return him the compliment in bullets!" To the same effect the London *Times* a few days before (July 7th) had said "Bonaparte has frequently denominated us a nation of peddlers;" and again, on October 4, 1803: "The spirit and unanimity of the country must, by this time, have taught the Corsican Usurper that this *nation of shop-keepers*, is determined to keep its shops!" While the author of a patriotic broadsheet (London, 1803), adopting as if in defiance or derision, the signature of "A Shop-keeper," intrepidly inquires: "Shall we merit, by our cowardice, the titles of 'sordid shop-keepers,' 'cowardly scum,' and 'dastardly wretches,' which in every proclamation he (Napoleon) gives us?"

From all these instances it became very evident that the obnoxious epithet was generally regarded as Napoleon's own coinage. Surely such a storm of righteous indignation would have been a little absurd if the insulted nation had recognized it as a mere quotation. Still there are some allusions, which show that even then all were not quite sure of its original manufacture. Some of the most violent in their denunciations accuse only France and the French, not Napoleon individually. Tom Dibdin, in the song which was sung by Mr. Fawcett, at Covent Garden, September 12, 1803, wrote thus indefinitely:

"They say we keep shops,
To vend broadcloth and slops,
And of merchants they call us a sly land

But though war is their trade,
What Briton's afraid
To say he'll ne'er sell 'em the Island?"

After the excitement of this period, the expression became a very common one. The Emperor Francis Joseph II said to Napoleon in 1805: "The English are a nation of merchants. To secure themselves the commerce of the world they are willing to set the continent in flames." It is indeed with this expression, "a nation of shop-keepers," as Trench has said: "Memorable words of illustrious men will frequently not die in the utterance, but pass from mouth to mouth, till at length they have received their adoption into the great family of national proverbs."

QUERIES.

Men of Grütli.—Who were the "Men of Grütli"? D. V. C.
BALTIMORE, MD.

The men of Grütli were the mythical heroes of Switzerland. Werner Stauffacher, Erni, of Melchthal, and Walter Fürst, of Uri, who are said to have assembled on the meadow called Grütli, on the shore of Lake Lucerne, to form plans for the deliverance of their country from Austria. Their enterprise was crowned with success.

The site was purchased by the Swiss Republic in 1859.

Charing Cross.—Why was Charing Cross, London, so called? D. V. C.
BALTIMORE, MD.

There are three explanations of the origin of the name.

1st. That it was named from the village of Cherringe, Westminster.

2d. That it took its name from the stone cross set up in honor of Eleanor, the *chère reine* of Edward I. On the route from Lincolnshire to Westminster the king had stone crosses erected at each of the nine places where her remains rested.

3d. From *charan*, the Saxon word meaning to turn, "both the road and the river making a bend here."

In 1660 the regicides were put to death on this spot, and in 1674 a statue was erected in Charing Cross to Charles I.

Golden King.—Who was the "Golden King"? D. V. C.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Perhaps Midas, King of Phrygia, is meant, under whose touch all things turned to gold.

Liberty Pole.—What is the origin of liberty poles? D. V. C.
BALTIMORE, MD.

See AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES Vol i, p. 81.

The Lot of Rods.—What is meant by the "Lot of Rods"? METZ.

The fourteenth law of the Frisians ordered that the discovery of murders should be made by means of divining rods used in church, and these rods should be laid before the altar and on the sacred relics, "after which God was to be supplicated to indicate the culprit." This was called the "Lot of Rods," or "Lan-teen," the "Rod of Rods."

Putnam Phalanx.—What is the history of a society called "The Putnam Phalanx"? founded August 13, 1858, as shown on a flag printed by J. C. Buttre, which has a portrait of Gen. Israel Putnam in an ornamental surrounding, and below the portrait the words "Putnam Phalanx"—"Founded August 13, 1858"—with a motto—"He dared to *lead* where any dared to follow."

Was there ever a portrait published of Peter Force, or of Col. or Captain Cresap? M. O. WAGGONER.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

The "Putnam Phalanx" was a military company of Hartford, Conn. In October, 1859, it visited Boston, Charlestown, and Providence. A handsome pamphlet, giving an account of the trip was published, and the plate mentioned by your correspondent was engraved as a frontispiece.

There is a wood-cut portrait of Peter Force in Lossing's "Historical Record."

F. D. STONE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Caerlaverock Castle.—By whom and when was Caerlaverock Castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, founded?
E. C. M.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Caerlaverock Castle, the ruins of which at present remain, was the ancient seat of the Maxwells of Nithsdale; it was founded in 1425.

Washington's Schoolmaster.—Who was George Washington's schoolmaster?
MARTIN.
McCONNELLSTON, PA.

George Washington's first schoolmaster was Master Hobby, a tenant of his father, and the sexton of the parish chapel. He studied surveying under Master Williams.

Judge's Black Cap.—What is the origin of the judge's wearing a black cap in passing a death sentence?
MARTIN.
McCONNELLSTON, PA.

The black caps worn by the judges is of high antiquity, it is a part of the judge's full dress and probably came from the fact that the Greeks, Romans, and Anglo-Saxons as well as the Hebrews (2 Sam. xv, 30) regarded covering the head as a sign of mourning.

Paying the Piper.—What is the origin of the saying "to pay the piper"?
MARTIN.
McCONNELLSTON, PA.

Brewer says ("Dict. of Phrase and Fable") that "Paying the Piper" refers to the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, who agreed to rid the town of rats, and then the question arose who was to pay the piper? But the form of the saw—"those that dance must pay the piper"—seems to make this doubtful.

Pigeon English.—Why is "Pigeon English" so called?
MARTIN.
McCONNELLSTON, PA.

Pigeon English=pigeon talk=business talk, by the following euphonic changes: *business, bidginess, bidgin, pidgin, pigeon*. It is a jargon of English, Portuguese, and Chinese, used in commercial transactions in China.

Walking the Chalks.—What is meant by "Walking the Chalks"?

MARTIN.

McCONNELLSTON, PA.

To walk the chalk means "behave yourself as one on trial," and refers to the ordeal on shipboard by which men suspected of drunkenness were tried; a straight line being drawn along which they were to walk, without swerving to left or right.

Walk your chalks means "get out," and refers to the fact that lodgings for the royal retinue were marked with chalk by the Marshal and Sergeant-chamberlain, and the inhabitants compelled to vacate them. The phrase, as given above, is a corruption of "walk, you're chalked." In 1638, when Mary de Medicis came to England, Sieur de Labat was instructed "to mark all sorts of houses commodious to the retinue in Colchester."

The same custom is referred to in the "Life and Acts of Sir W. Wallace."

Juvenile Stories by Lamb.—Is Charles Lamb the author of some juvenile stories; if so, what is the name of the volume in which they appear? (?)

Possibly the book that is wanted is "Tales from Shakespeare," by Charles and Mary Lamb.

REPLIES.

The Names of the Days of the Week (Vol. ii, p. 58).—Although the institution of the week, in its present form, is Jewish and Christian, the names of the days are derived from the Roman and Teutonic gods because of the knowledge of human nature of the early Christian Church. The early missionaries adapted the local religion to the Christian religion wherever they could. They identified the heathen gods with the Father and the Son, where they could; adapted heathen stories and heroes into ecclesiastical legends and saints, and named the days of the week after heathen gods and goddesses. They seemed to think that it would make a convert more at home in his new religion if he could feel that his old deities were

converted with him. An instance of this adaptation of heathen customs to church rites is to be found in the case of St. Valentine's day. The Romans sent love-messages and tokens one to another at the feast of the Lupercalia (Vol. ii, p. 181); the custom was harmless and too deeply rooted to be abolished; so the church fathers invented St. Valentine, and gave the practice the cover of sanctity. There are many other instances.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Rock Dunder (Vol. iii, p. 8).—Is not the "Rock Dunder" the same as the Dunderberg, a hill on the east side of the Hudson, near Peekskill? The Dunderberg certainly looks rocky and hard enough; I presume it has been climbed, though I never heard of any one who had climbed it; and standing prominent on the Dutch river, it seems to me very probable that it may have got into some local proverb, such as "hard as Rock Dunder."

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Parliamentary Statutes Punctuated (Vol. i, p. 153).—The statutes of Great Britain as enacted by the Sovereign and the "Lords Temporal and Spiritual and Commons" are punctuated, the period, colon, semicolon, and comma being the marks used. As far back as the time of Anne they were punctuated.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Bloody Bridge (Vol. iii, p. 141).—This is the nickname of the Barrack bridge in Dublin, which crosses the Liffey about one-third of the way from the Queen's to the King's bridge. The first bridge was built in 1670; and shortly thereafter, in an apprentice-riot, four rioters were killed by the troops on the bridge. The nickname is hereditary, evidently, for the present bridge was begun only about thirty years ago.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

King Sent his Sons to Prison (Vol. iii, p. 141).—Francis I of France, after the battle of Pavia (1525)—being imprisoned by Charles V of Spain—thus obtained his release from confinement.

M. R. S.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dornick and Donock.—In Pennsylvania and the West these words are often heard, meaning a cobble-stone or large pebble. What is their origin?

MINAX.

NEW JERSEY.

The Lost Arts.—What are called the "Lost Arts"? CYRUS VANSYCKLE.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Bitter End.—What is the origin of the phrase, "To the bitter end"? (?)

BALTIMORE, MD.

Family Compact.—What is known as the "family compact" in European history?

MARTIN.

MCCONNELLSTON, PA.

Green Color for Bank-notes.—Who proposed the green color for bank-notes, and why is it preferable to any other color?

MARTIN.

MCCONNELLSTON, PA.

He who Died at Azan.—Who is meant by "He who died at Azan," in Sir Edwin Arnold's fine poem of that title? For, in spite of Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, I think we must all concede that Sir Edwin is a true poet. *Azan* I take to be a time, not a place; *azan* or *adan* is the ordinary call or chant of the muezzin at prayer-time.

SMILAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Inscription on Monroe's Tombstone.—Who was the author of the inscription on Monroe's tombstone in Hollywood cemetery? (See Hart's "Manual of American Literature.")

C. C.

Indian Child Raised by Jackson.—Is the Indian child Jackson raised still living; if so, where?

C. C.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Prophetic Dreams (Vol. ii, p. 42).—A grand-uncle and aunt of mine had taken passage from Liverpool in the Collins' line steamer "Atlantic." The night before they

were to leave London for Liverpool, my grand-aunt dreamed that the steamer collided with another vessel; and in her dream both vessels were "blotted out." The dream made such an impression on her that she prevailed on her husband to give up his passage; and on reaching Liverpool, he did so. The "Atlantic" was run down by the "Vesta," and all but the boat's crew were lost.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Nitocris' Tomb (Vol. ii, pp. 153, 253).—According to a writer in the *London Graphic*, and *Harper's Weekly*, Nitocris, or Rhodope, was the original Cinderella. A story, with pictures, was printed in these weeklies within two or three years, called "An Egyptian Cinderella."

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Use of the Long S (ſ).—In looking through the British Statutes, it is interesting to note that the long *s* is used invariably up to the year 1807, when it is replaced by the present short letter. That is, the change was made between the 37th–38th and the 38th–39th of George III. I do not know when a similar change was made in other countries; in France, however, it was made before that time, for in an edition of "Ossian," printed in "l'an 6" (1798) there does not seem to be a single long *s*.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Cowan (Vol. iii, p. 77).—The plant called "Cowan" (*Cowania plicata*), to which reference has been made in AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, is one of much interest. It bears a handsome red flower, much like a rose; and, indeed, is nearly related to the rose. It is a half-hardy plant in cultivation, and one which well deserves the attention of plant-lovers. It was named in honor of Mr. James Cowan, a merchant and plant-collector.

HENDRYX.

NEW JERSEY.

Whist and its Meaning (Vol. ii, p. 20).—I find the following in Pope's verses to Martha Blount:

"Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew * *
She went to plain work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking
rooks.

To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea—
To muse, and spill her solitary tea.

* * * * *

Some squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,
Whose game is *whisk* whose treat a toast in sack.
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are
coarse—

And loves you best of all things—but his horse."

The last line, by the way, suggests Tennyson's

"Something better than his hound, a little dearer
than his horse."

READER.

DENVER, COL.

Oldest Ruin in Rome.—Perhaps not the very oldest, but certainly among the oldest ruins of Rome is the "Agger," an embankment built by Servius Tullius. This wall has been traced nearly around the city, inclosing six of the seven hills. It excluded the Pincian, and crossed the Esquiline Hill. For many years a portion of this wall was visible in that part of the city about half a mile northeast of the railway station. Recently about one mile of its extent has been uncovered. That part of the wall which crosses the Appian Way is often asserted to be a portion of the one built by Romulus—a piece of nonsense which it is not necessary to deny. At the present time the only part of the Agger that has not been uncovered is the portion along the bank of the Tiber from the foot of the Aventine to that of the Capitoline Hill. There seems to be no reasonable doubt that this wall was built during the reign of Servius Tullius.

J. W. REDWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Was "Aladdin" one of the original "Arabian Nights"? (Vol. iii, p. 149).—From the moment Galland gave to France his translation of the Arabian fables, known then as "The Thousand and One Nights," since called more generally "The Arabian Nights," there has been controversy as to the authenticity of several of the stories. Nor was it a small contention. It has come down to us from the beginning,

and has included many of the best Oriental scholars, not only of the French, but in the English and German tongue. Several of Galland's translations were questioned as interpolations—"Aladdin," "The Forty Thieves," and others, but the former was the chief subject of attack. Were they genuine reproductions of Arabic MSS. or Galland's own handiwork? The general verdict was that Galland wrote them. The MSS. from which he translated did not contain them. They could not be found in other MSS. Lane left them out of his celebrated edition. Burton (though Burton, in his supplemental edition of "Aladdin" accepted it, as hereinafter shown) and Paine called them home-made, and their criticisms were generally thought just. On the other hand, it was claimed with equal tenacity that the stories were Oriental, and the controversy continued with no prospect of successful issue, until within this year, *tres bien merci*, the question has been settled, the authenticity of "Aladdin," and the other mooted fables decided, their Oriental derivation established, and the searcher after truth in literature has one less obstacle in his path.

The claims of "Aladdin" and the other doubted fables to Arabic origin were supported as strongly as they were attacked. One of the most enthusiastic of their supporters was the learned Jonathan Scott, LL. D., who, as recently as 1883, published in London his standard edition of four volumes, of which but one thousand copies were printed, when the type was distributed. In the preface he says, with confident emphasis:

"The existence in the Arabic language of the tales entitled "One Thousand and One Nights" has been so fully established on the evidence of Oriental travelers and scholars, such as Col. Capper, Mr. Dollo-way, the late mentioned Dr. Russell, and others of our own countrymen, not to mention many respectable foreigners, that any further testimony to prove what can be no longer doubted has become unnecessary. Of the stories translated by Mr. Galland, Dr. Russell procured, during his residence at Aleppo, copies of a considerable portion of the original, and most of the tales are

known to exist among the Arabic MSS. in the Vatican, the Royal Library of France, the British Museum, our Universities, and in private collections."

And he published "Alla-ad-deen" in Vol. iv. Further testimony to prove his emphatic declaration *was*, however, necessary, and we have it. In the *Book Mart* for June, 1888, page 31, is:

"M. Hermann Zotenberg, Keeper of Eastern Manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, has published within the last few days a volume called 'Histoire d'Ala Al-Din, ou la Lampe Merveilleuse: Text Arabe, public avec une Notice sur quel ques Manuscripts des Mille-et-Une-Nuits.'

"This book settles decisively the question of the origin of Galland's tales, on Galland's own authority. Sir Richard Burton told us indeed that M. Hermann Zotenberg had been lucky enough to obtain a copy of the Arabic text of the 'Nights' containing the originals of the story of 'Zeyn Al-Asnam' and, better still, of 'Aladdin.' From that recovered text Sir Richard made his translations of the two tales with which his readers are now familiar. At the same time Sir Richard Burton hinted that M. Zotenberg had much to disclose upon the originals of some of the other tales. Those disclosures are now before the world. M. Zotenberg has been fortunate enough to find Galland's journal, and Galland's journal records that on Monday, 25th of March, 1709, he met a certain M. Hanna, a Maronite of Aleppo, who had accompanied M. Paul Lucas, the Eastern traveler, to Paris. M. Hanna, then, at several later dates, told him Eastern tales, of which Galland was careful to make copious summaries to his journal. These tales included 'Aladdin,' the story of the 'Blind Man Baba Abdallah,' the story of 'Sidi Nouman,' the story of 'The Enchanted Horse,' the story of the 'Envious Sisters,' the story of 'Ahmed and the Peri Hanou,' the story of 'Ali Baba,' the story of 'Khodja Hasan Al-Habbal,' and the story of 'Ali-Khodja.' The Maronite Hanna even wrote out for Galland the Arabic text of the story of Aladdin. Here is indeed an astonishing revelation. The mystery of

the tales is solved at last, as far as Galland is concerned. But it has passed from Galland to Hanna—to the mystic Maronite, who has vanished into space like one of his own enchanters. Where did he get his marvelous budget of tales? Galland's reputation is satisfactorily cleared, somewhat at the cost of his imagination, and the shadowy figure of the Maronite Hanna takes his place in the puzzle. Who will track out his course? Who will tell us what became of him? Does Aleppo or Damascus rightly claim him? M. Galland in his journal attributes him indifferently to both these cities. Did he leave precious manuscripts behind him, and if so what has become of them? These are questions which must still tantalize the minds of the curious. In any case, thanks to M. Zotenberg, one vexed literary problem has been set at rest forever. Antoine Galland certainly was not the inventor of 'Ali Baba' or 'Aladdin' and the rest of the stories, whose origin was till this month veiled in obscurity. The year 1888 is, we are told by the wise, to be a lucky year. It has certainly begun luckily with the solution, partial indeed, but still highly satisfactory, of a literary problem which has perturbed scholars for many irritable generations."

RAWZ.

Moke (Vol. ii, pp. 95, 165; iii, p. 117).—"The English-Gypsy Index," by Mrs. Grierson, in the "Indian Antiquary" (Vol. xv, 1886), has (p. 17), "*Ass, māḡan*, female ass, *magarica*." These two words are from the work of Miklosich "Ueber die Mundarten und die Wanderungen der Zigeuner Europas. Theil V, Wien, 1875." It is possible that they may be etymologically connected with "moke" in the sense of donkey. Davies ("Suppl. English Glossary," 1881), quotes the word from Thackeray ("Newcomes," ch. xxx), with the remark, "*Moke*, a donkey, said to be a gypsy word."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The midsummer *Century* has for its opening article "The Stream of Pleasure—the River Thames," by the Pennells—husband and wife—who have written about and minutely pictured that gay and

thronged resort of boats and boaters. Little and big, there are twenty pictures in this article alone. Mrs. Foote's "Afternoon at a Ranch" has also a midsummer air; and inland vacationists will find matter of interest in Dr. Weir Mitchell's profusely illustrated article on "The Poison of Serpents"—a line of inquiry in which he has made important discoveries. Remington, artist and writer, describes with pen and pencil his outing with the Cheyennes; and a group of well-known wood engravers—French, Kingsley, Closson, and Davis—describe in their own language, and with drawings and engravings by each, a wood-engraver's camp on the Connecticut River, as well as the methods of the American school of wood-engraving.

Of other articles nothing is more important than the chapters of the Lincoln History, which describe "The Chicago Surrender," "Conspiracies in the North," and "Lincoln and the Churches." In the last-named chapter the authors discuss Lincoln's religious character, and publish for the first time a document written by Lincoln himself which throws light upon this subject.

A highly interesting chapter in the Kennan series describes "State Criminals at the Kara Mines."

Professor David P. Todd, in an illustrated article, shows "How Man's Messenger Outran the Moon" at the time of the recent eclipse.

George W. Cable gives the true and extraordinary history of "The Haunted House in Royal Street"; Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," has a short story called "A Positive Romance"; and in this number is begun a three-part story by Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), entitled "The Old Bascom Place." The illustrations are by Kemble.

The frontispiece of this number of the magazine is a portrait of Alfred Tennyson from one of Mrs. Cameron's celebrated photographs; and in connection with this portrait the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke gives the results of his study of Tennyson's use of the Bible, under the title of "The Bible in Tennyson." Dr. Van Dyke incidentally discusses the relation of the English Bible to English literature.

One of the most interesting of the old masters (Fra Angelico) is presented in this number in the Cole-Stillman series, engraved from the originals by Mr. Cole. Three full-page engravings are given from the works of the "angelical" painter.

Current Literature.—The arrival of *Current Literature* with its monthly wealth of well-selected matter is something to be looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, and it is only fair to say that it never disappoints. The August number contains an unusual amount of good reading, and all of its patrons must agree that they never before got so much for their twenty-five cents.

The American Booksellers' Illustrated Annual Bulletin of Summer Reading (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Pa.), is a handsome booklet of 75 pages, intended to furnish summer travelers with books not too heavy for vacation reading.

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Queries on all matters of general literary and historical interest—folk-lore, the origin of proverbs, familiar sayings, popular customs, quotations, etc., the authorship of books, pamphlets, poems, essays, or stories, the meaning of recondite allusions, etc., etc.—are invited from all quarters, and will be answered by editors or contributors. Room is allowed for the discussion of moot questions, and the periodical is thus a valuable medium for intercommunication between literary men and specialists.

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NOTES.

"FRENCH LEAVE."

Webster gives: "French Leave, an informal departure"—and this definition seems to convey the usual meaning of the expression. The exact significance of the qualifying adjective, and all that it might, or might not mean, has engaged the attention and pens of many learned writers, whose various views may be gathered and submitted, although, after all is said, naught but uncertainty is assured.

Brewer is inclined to interpret the words literally; and finds in them an allusion to the fact that the French, when invading another country, systematically take what they require, asking no permission, and offering no equivalent or "good consideration," in other words: "French leave is

no leave;" a conclusion which reflects very gravely upon one of the earth's great nations, but, as the sentiment of an Englishman, is not unusual.

Hotten, in his "Slang Dictionary," says it means "to depart sily, without saying anything," that is, without permission; and the following extract from a newspaper, bearing date October 16, 1805, will show that this definition was an accepted one more than eighty years ago. "On Thursday last, Mons. J. F. Desgranche, one of the French prisoners of war, on parole at Chesterfield, took 'French leave' of that place, in defiance of his parole engagement."

Adam Smyth, in the "Sailor's Word-Book," also makes "French leave" mean "absent without permission." This would certainly coincide with any school-boy's interpretation of the phrase. When a soldier, sailor, servant, or school-boy takes "French leave," it is invariably understood that for the time being, at least, some one else stands in authority over him, of whom he is bound to ask permission, as of a superior. The phrase is, in this sense, often applied to men on duty who run away without consultation; or to those who are suddenly missing in time of action; and doubtless has an origin in the old-fashioned contempt of the English sailor for any Frenchman whom he knew to have escaped danger only to fall into the hands of the enemy—a bit of British swagger which meant "running away" from the English troops.

Another application of the phrase is in the sense of *purlouining*, or taking without leave. As for instance, if a servant were to take "French leave" to retire from one's employ with some article which did not belong to him. This is frequently heard, though usually in a jocular manner, as "I took French leave to borrow your opera-glasses," implying a familiarity with another which would warrant great license of action.

Johnson and others give "leave" the meaning of *permission to depart*, and an article in *Fraser*, for May, 1864, in speaking of informal receptions then in vogue in Paris, says: "The visitors go without any formal farewells," which might be taken as completing the phrase; for, as Max O'Rell

himself, says, "S'en aller sans dire adieu à personne" s'appelle en anglais, 's'en aller à la française.'"

But the custom of disappearing unobtrusively from a crowded reception—instead of elbowing one's way through a throng of people to reach the hostess and distract her conversation with some one else merely to murmur a few words of farewell—is of no fixed origin, but was the natural outgrowth of a necessity dictated by consideration. But its general adoption in England has given rise to the French expressions, "S'esquiver à l'anglaise," and "Se retirer à l'anglaise," which are constantly met with in newspapers (for these verbs any others may be substituted expressive of quiet departure).

The expression "French leave" has many equivalents in German. In Sander's "German Dictionary," we find, under "Abschied," "französischen Abschied nehmen"—explained "ohne Abschied weggehen;" quoted from Gutzkow; under "französisch," "französischen Abschied sansadieu." In Hilpert's "German Dictionary," we have, under "Abschied," "Hinterder Thure Abschied nehmen" (very expressive), quoted from Fischart, and explained—"to go away without bidding farewell," to take *French leave*; and under "Stehlen,"—"sich aus einer Gesellschaft stehlen," translated, to take *French leave*.

Now Gutzkow was born in 1811, and Fischart lived from 1550-1589. We see, therefore, that the exact German equivalent for *French leave* is at least as old as the present century, and that the so-called English custom of withdrawing without a final leave-taking was an established practice in Germany three hundred years ago.

Finally, it has been suggested that *French*, in the phrase "French leave" may have no connection with the French people whatever, except what is implied by the etymology of the word *frank* meaning *free*, and that the expression may simply mean a permission which has been not granted, but assumed.

The French have returned the compliment, however, retorting with a similar phrase—"Prendre congé à la manière anglaise," and "Se retirer à l'anglaise."

In Boisgobey's "*L'Equipage du Diable*," Vol. i, p. 372: "Il en profita pour disparaître à l'anglaise, c'est à dire, sans prendre congé." *Figaro* of February 13, 1886, contains the phrase "partis à l'anglaise."

THE LEGEND OF CHILDE, THE HUNTER.

The "ancient and royal forest of Dartmoor" has been the scene of many legends and stories of moorland adventure, among which none is more famous than that of the bold hunter, Childe of Plymstock, whose fate has been celebrated in Carrington's spirited ballad, "Dartmoor," and in all the popular accounts of Devonshire antiquities.

This Childe, whose Christian name is unknown, was the last representative of one of the oldest families of Plymstock. He is supposed to have lived during the reign of Edward III (1327-1377), but very little is known of him beyond the fact that he was a gentleman, and possessed of vast estates.

Being childless, and with no heirs to inherit his wealth, he is said to have devised his lands to that church, wherever it might be, in which his body should find its last resting-place. It so happened, that some time after he had thus disposed of his temporal affairs, he was one day indulging in the pleasures of the chase—an amusement in which he found great delight—and, during the excitement of the hunt, strayed so far from his party that he was unable to make his way back to the place where they had separated.

It is no difficult matter to lose one's self in Dartmoor Forest, and old Childe's perplexity was increased by the fact that a heavy snow was falling, and it was impossible to recognize the usual landmarks.

Before long he began to realize that he was indeed in a very sore strait, and he bethought him what means he should adopt to keep body and soul together, until assistance should arrive.

Now, at that time in England, the legendary and miraculous adventures of the saints and holy men were familiar topics; and Mrs. Bray suggests that our unfortunate friend may have been inspired, in his ex-

trémity, by the remembrance of the story recorded of Elsinus, the Saxon Bishop of Worcester, when crossing the Alps to receive his pall from the hands of the Pope. (May we not venture to supplement Mrs. Bray by suggesting that perhaps a momentary recollection of Jonah's comfortable temporary residence in submarine apartments may also have crossed his mind?)

Be this as it may, however, old Childe now proceeded to slay his steed; and, removing the poor creature's internal organization, crept into the warm body, and made himself as comfortable as he could in his new hiding-place, while he awaited his rescuers. But this same ingenious experiment had not sufficed in earlier ages to save the life of the saint, and it could scarcely be expected to do more for a sinner.

The legend relates, therefore, that, perceiving escape from death to be impossible, and wishing, as his last hour approached, to confirm the terms of his will, he now "took some of his own blood" (the writer shares Mrs. Bray's incredulity on this point, and feels convinced that under the circumstances his horse is much more likely to have furnished the writing fluid), and prepared the following distich:

"He who finds and brings me to my tomb,
The land of Plymstock shall be his doom—"

Though this wonderful record has neglected to relate in what manner he procured the materials necessary for this achievement. That night Childe was frozen to death.

Now, modern critics may carp at the metrical codicil of his will, if they like; but the good fathers of Tavistock Abbey found there was in it matter of mighty import to themselves. When they heard that he had been frozen near Crockern-tor, they hastened to obtain possession of his body, that they might inter it in their own church, and so constitute themselves his heirs. But an inheritance of such extent, devised in so vague a manner, was open to much competition; and the inhabitants of Plymstock had no mind to sit quietly at home while the industrious friars were acquiring a goodly fortune for the price of a burial-service. The contested lands were, moreover, a part of the parish of Plymstock, which was an

additional reason for diligent action on the part of the townsfolk; so, although they had not been invited to the funeral, they determined to pay their respects to the old gentleman without solicitation.

To this end, therefore, they assembled in a body at a certain bridge that spanned the Tay, over which they knew the zealous brothers would be forced to bring their precious burden from the forest to Tavistock, determined that, if necessary, club-law should settle the heirship in their favor, even threatening among themselves, if put to it, to wrest the corpse from the hands of the friars. Now these latter were men of peace, but wielded the weapon of wit sharper than a sword, and, as Fuller says: "They must rise early, yea, sleep not at all, who over-reach monks in matters of profit!" For these wily brothers, discovering the purpose of the citizens, cast a slight bridge over the river, at another place; and, crossing over with the body of Childe, hastened to inter it in their abbey. The men of Plymstock, impatiently awaiting them some distance above, were left "the privilege of becoming very sincerely the chief mourners," while the monks entered into the possession of their new lands.

We learn that in memory of this pious strategy, the extempore bridge was afterward replaced by a permanent structure which bears the name of *Guile-bridge* (Guils-Bridge) to this very day, more commonly known as the Abbey-bridge.

As to the truth of this legend, Fuller says, "All in the vicinage will be highly offended with such who either deny or doubt the credit of this tradition." It is certain that the Abbot of Tavistock, in some fashion, came into possession of a fine property and manor house, now owned by the Duke of Bedford. Of the authenticity of the distich, Prince, in his "Worthies of Devon," has offered the following corroborative statement: "There is a place in the Forest of Dartmoor, near Crockern-tor, which is still called Childe of Plymstock's tomb; whereon, we are informed, these verses were engraven, and heretofore seen, though not now:

"They first that find, and bring me to my grave,
My lands, which are at Plymstock, they shall have."

There seems, also, to be something traceable of the tomb of our "hunter bold," in an arch which still remains in a state of "tolerable preservation" on the site of what there is every reason to believe had been part of the Abbey-Church. "It bears evidently the appearance of a shrine, or sepulchral monument, consisting of a rich and highly relieved moulding supported by three short pillars at either extremity. It is pointed at the top, but spreading, and being closed, or built so as to form part of a wall, is crossed just above the capitals of the columns by a range of small arches, supported also themselves by a row of little pillars on a kind of plinth."

The story of "Childe the Hunter" has been detailed at some length in an article entitled "Lost on Dartmoor," published some time ago in *Chambers' Journal*; and it gives one almost a shock to find this curious history repeating itself in our own country. Within the past week (December 29) there appeared an account of a man who, while hunting on one of the Western prairies, became separated from his companions, lost his way in the snow, killed his horse, took up his quarters inside the body, and subsisted for some time on the animal's liver. The English "saint" and "sinner" both died, but Young America prolonged life until help arrived, and now lives to tell the tale.

The following from the *El Paso Herald* is worth appending as a "modern instance:"

"Captain Crozier, a ranchman, got caught in the snow-storm while on the way from his ranch on Diamond Creek to Chloride, a small mining camp. He was mounted, but soon lost his way. He had neither a gun with him to discharge and thus attract attention and help, nor matches to start a fire. All he had was a pocket knife. When he found that he was fast getting benumbed he killed his horse with the knife, took out the entrails and crawled into the warm carcass, leaving only the liver inside. Completely covered up with snow he remained in his retreat for three days, eating, meanwhile, a portion of the horse's liver. When he was missed a party went out to hunt for him, and was successful in

its search. He was taken to Fairview, a mining camp on the Cudrillo Negro Creek. He is badly frost-bitten."

THE MÆLSTROM.

The whirlpool of the mælstrom (Nor. malestrom, *i. e.*, grinding or whirling stream) was anciently thought to be a subterranean abyss penetrating the globe, and communicating with the Gulf of Bothnia. Startling tales were told of the might of its current, which was powerful enough to draw within its influence and swallow whatever approached it within a distance of several miles. Bears, ships, and even whales were thus engulfed. A harrowing description of the mælstrom is given in "Sir Simon League, the Traveler," a poem supposed to be written by a baronet traveling through the North (Paris, 1832). The mælstrom havingsucked down a "weed-clothed whale," proceeds to swallow a ship:

"A simple sea-boy fires a signal gun,
Through the dull booming of this briny hell;
Its thunder breaks, their day is well-nigh done,
That long reverberation was their knell.
All human aid were vain! their sand is run,
Their latest breath is in their gurgling yell;
A foam-shroud opens! to their graves they go,
Nor hear their gallant vessel grind below."

In reaction from these traveler's tales, the mælstrom has not only been robbed of its terrors, but its very existence has been denied. Bayard Taylor says that he made diligent search for it when on a trip to the Loffoden Isles, and could not find it. (Letter to the *New York Tribune*, Oct. 6, 1857.)

Mr. W. M. Williams (in a lecture on Norway delivered before the Birmingham Philosophical Institute, 1857) declared that there was no such whirlpool, and an article entitled "Fiction-Crushing" in No. 354 of *Household Words* (Sat., Jan. 24, 1857) speaks of it as relegated to the land of myth, together with William Tell's apple, etc. A Norwegian skipper is said to have remarked that he had never heard of it except from English tourists. An official report presented to the King of Denmark by a commission of scientific and naval men sent to verify the size and danger of the mælstrom, affirmed

that search had been made night and day along the coast from the mouth of the Baltic to the north of Norway, and that no sign of the famous whirlpool could be seen, the water being smooth and the tides gradual; that the skippers and fishermen had all heard of the mælstrom, believed in it, and prayed against it, but not one had ever seen it. "The Report on the Fisheries of Norway" in 1857 by Consul-General Crowe states that the greatest rate of the tides in the so-called mælstrom is six miles an hour; that the fishery in that spot is plentiful and profitable, and that the inhabitants pass and re-pass it at all states of the tide, except at certain times in the winter.

The truth probably lies between these two extremes. Boie of Kiel testifies to the existence of the mælstrom in his "Journal of Travel in Norway in 1817," and a writer in the *London Spectator*, in 1877, says that he saw it plainly from the deck of a steamer.

There are more than fifty whirlpools among the high, rocky islands off the coast of Norway, one of which, the Saltstrom, far surpasses the mælstrom in grandeur, both being formed by the tide pouring through a narrow strait. The navigation of the rapids among the closely connected Loffoden Islands is not unattended with danger, particularly when at the spring-tide the wind is contrary and disturbs the regular flow of the water. The mælstrom lies between two of these islands, Væroe and Moskenæs, or rather between Moskenæs and a large solitary rock in the middle of the strait dividing Væroe from Moskenæs. (Hence its other name, Mosken-strom.) A cliff two thousand feet high rises sheer on one side. Through this narrow channel the ocean, checked in its course by the opposing rocks, as well as by other currents, sweeps around in a powerful current; the most dangerous place being at the deep sunken ridge called the "Horgan," between Lofotodde (the southern peninsula of Moskenæs) and the Hög-holmer (Hawk Islands), where the waves are tumultuous at almost every state of the tide, and even when the water is smooth outside of the strait. The tide flowing through the strait turns first to the southeast; after the flood it turns from the south to the southwest, and finally toward the northwest—

the circle of the current being completed in twelve hours. The commotion arises partly from the immense body of water forced through the narrow passage; partly because the depth, which outside the strait is one hundred to two hundred fathoms, suddenly decreases to sixteen to thirty fathoms within the channel.

According to a statement (1859) by Hagerup, Minister of the Norwegian marine, and by Major Vibe, Superintendent of the Norwegian hydrographic surveys, who personally examined the maelstrom, when the wind is steady and not too violent, boats may venture upon the whirlpool in summer at flood or ebb tide, when it is still for about half an hour. At the point half-way between flood and ebb it is most violent, and boats would then be in danger. At certain times it may be passed at any state of the tide by steamers and by large ships with a steady wind. But in winter and in storms it would be highly dangerous for any vessel to attempt to cross the maelstrom. During a westerly storm in winter, the stream runs continually to the east at the rate of six knots an hour, without changing its direction with the rising or falling tide; and if at such a time the tide is rising, the stream becomes entirely unnavigable. At certain states of the wind and tide in winter the whole stream boils in mighty whirls, against which the largest steamer could not successfully contend. These whirls, however, would not draw vessels to the bottom as was formerly believed, but would destroy them by dashing them against the rocks, or, in the case of small vessels, by filling them, and thus causing them to founder. There is no reason to suppose that the maelstrom has been changed by any convulsion or by the wearing away of the rocks.

As for the whales, their peril lies, not in the maelstrom, but in a narrow inlet called Qualviig, which runs into the island of Flagstadt, a little north of Moskenæs; this inlet is inclosed by rocks, and is at first extremely deep, then shoals to about sixteen feet. If a whale once swims into it, he is unable to retreat, for he cannot turn his huge body in such a small space. Many whales have perished here in this manner, and hence probably the stories of their being swal-

lowed by the maelstrom. A man named Sverdrup, who lived on a farm in Flagstadt, had in this way gained possession of over twenty whales, and on account of his good luck was called the "King of the Loffodens."

One of the most thrilling tales of Edgar Allan Poe's is the "Descent into the Maelstrom," in which the author allows his imagination full play. I make a few extracts from his description of the whirlpool:

"I became aware of a loud and gradually increasing sound, like the moaning of a vast herd of buffaloes * * * the current acquired a monstrous velocity; * * * the vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into phrenzied convulsion—heaving, boiling, hissing—gyrating in gigantic vortices. * * * In a few minutes the surface grew more smooth, and the whirlpools disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent (which), spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly this assumed a distinct existence, in a circle of more than a mile in diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming spray; but no particle of this slipped into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior was a smooth, shining and jet-black wall of water, * * * speeding dizzily round and round * * * and sending to the winds an appalling voice, half shriek, half roar, such as not even Niagara lifts up to heaven. The mountain trembled to its very base," etc., etc.

Poe quotes the account of Jonas Ramus, which I condense: "When it is flood, the stream runs up the country between Loffoden and Moskoe with a boisterous rapidity; but the roar of its impetuous ebb to the sea is scarce equaled by the loudest, and most dreadful cataracts, the noise being heard several leagues off; and the vortices or pits are of such an extent and depth, that if a ship comes within its attraction it is inevitably absorbed and carried down to the bottom, and there beat to pieces against the rocks; when the water relaxes, the fragments thereof are thrown up again. These intervals of tranquillity are only at the turn of the

ebb and flood, and in calm weather, and last but a quarter of an hour. When the stream is most boisterous, * * * it is dangerous to come within a Norway mile of it. Boats, yachts, and ships have been carried away by not guarding against it before they were within its reach. It likewise happens frequently that whales come too near the stream, and are overpowered by its violence; then it is impossible to describe their howlings and bellowings. * * * A bear, attempting to swim from Loffoden to Moskoe, was caught by the stream and borne down, while he roared terribly, so as to be heard on shore. * * * Firs and pine trees, after being absorbed by the current, rise broken and torn * * * as if bristles grew upon them. This shows the bottom to consist of craggy rocks, among which they are whirled to and fro. * * * In the year 1645 early in the morning of Sexagesima Sunday, it raged with such impetuosity that the very stones of the houses on the coast fell to the ground."

The story of the "Descent into the Mælstrom" is supposed to be told by an old Norwegian fisherman. He had gone out fishing with his two brothers among the islands where fish are plentiful in the eddies. They intended to cross the Mælstrom during the short period of slack water—a feat they had often accomplished before. This day, however, they were overtaken by a terrific hurricane which carried away both their masts and the youngest brother, then swept the frail vessel into the whirlpool. Its very lightness, however, added to the fact that it was wholly decked over, saved it from immediate destruction, and it was whirled around, gradually sinking lower and lower into the abyss—"a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, whose perfectly smooth sides might have been mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spun around. * * * The rays of the moon seemed to search the bottom of the gulf; everything there was enveloped in a thick mist, over which there hung a magnificent rainbow. * * * This mist was, no doubt, occasioned by the clashing of the great walls of the funnel, as they all met together at the bottom—but the yell that went up from that mist, I dare not attempt to describe."

The descent was so gradual that the men had time to observe the different objects—fragments of vessels, trunks of trees, boxes, barrels, etc.—which were revolving in the vortex, and soon discovered that the larger bodies and those of spherical form were carried along much more swiftly than bodies of less size or which, from their cylindrical shape, offered more resistance to the suction. This discovery suggested a way of escape; he lashed himself to a cask and leaped overboard. The vessel, bearing his eldest brother, whom he had tried vainly to save, was swept down rapidly and disappeared in the abyss; the cask, however, sank very slowly, and when at last the tide turned and the great funnel vanished as suddenly as it had formed, the cask was cast up on the surface of the water, borne down the channel, and, with its human burden, was picked up by some fishermen. During his terrible adventure, the man's hair had turned white.

GOD'S ACRE.

Diodorus Siculus says, "The Egyptians consider this life as of very small consequence, and value, therefore, a quiet repose after death. This leads them to consider the dwelling-places of the living as mere lodgings, in which, as travelers, they reside for a short time; while they call the sepulchres of the dead everlasting habitations, because the dead continue in the grave for an unmeasurable length of time." We have but to look at their vast ranges of tombs hewn into the mountains, and the gigantic pyramids upon which the Sphinx gazes, as one to whom Time and Eternity are the same, to believe the old historian. But English-speaking man, though he has a nomenclature as deep and wide and long as Webster's "Dictionary" for his living homes, has for that of the "Silent Majority" only the coldly classical one of *cemetery*, or the sepulchral *graveyard*. It is not therefore surprising that Longfellow should write:

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground 'God's Acre!'"

Beautiful as is the name, one of the genus,

who, as James Albery told Arthur Matthison, will probably be dissatisfied with the fit of their halo if they get to heaven, takes exception to it as smacking too much of the plow and measuring-tape; though the idea is finely carried on in the verses following:

"With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow,
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow."

But the German name of *God's Aker* was most probably not used in the sense of a measured quantity of land, but more as the old English word "*Acre*, any open ground or field, as, the castle acre," or, better still, "*God's field*," for a field is not necessarily measured or cultivated. One of the original laws of the twelve tables ran thus: "*In urbe ne sepelito, neve urito*," "Let no one bury or burn in the city." Inhumation and incineration, barrow or urn-burial, have been the most common modes of disposing of the remains of the dead. Some gypsy tribes bury their dead on the tops of mountains, or lay them in water, as the Hindoos do, that the sacred Ganges may wash away their sins as their bodies float upon it. Colchians and some American Indians suspended the bodies, wrapped in hides, from the trees. In the Balearic Isles they chopped up their dead and potted them, and the Cvens pulverized their ashes in a mortar and scattered them in the sea. Sir Thomas Browne refers to Artemisia, Queen of Halicarnassus, who is said to have had the ashes of her husband, Mausolus, mingled with her beverage, which he calls "a passionate prodigality," unlike the "rational ferity of burning the bones of the King of Edom (Amos ii, v. 1) for lyme." The Persians have tall towers covered with a grating, upon which the remains are laid and left. The elements and the birds of the air soon dispose of the flesh; and the bones, falling through the grating, are, after a time, collected and buried. They are named "The Towers of Silence," as the graveyards of the Afghans and the Turks are called "Cities of Silence."

The Orinocos suspend the remains in a running stream until the fishes have cleared

the flesh from the bones, and sacred dogs are kept in the Kingdom of Thibet and in Bactria for the same purpose; the bones being afterward interred. Some savage tribes dry the heads of their relations, and the Calatians eat them themselves.

No people have spent so much money on the last rites as the Egyptians and Chinese, in fact, nothing in their life was so important as their leaving of it. The former called their last resting-place *Necropolis*, city of the dead, while *Campo Santo*, Holy Field, is the Italian name. In Pisa it was filled with earth from the Holy Land, brought in ships by the Pisan Crusaders.

Many churches were built over the tombs of the early saints and martyrs. So common was this that Eusebius and other writers of that age use the term "martyrium" almost indifferently with that of Church. The little wattle church, afterward called Bough Church, built over the remains of St. Cuthbert, is now the magnificent Cathedral of Durham. The *Columbariums* of Italy are subterranean chambers with recesses in which to stand the urns containing the ashes of the deceased. Italy is the modern nation, as she was the ancient one, in which cremation is most commonly used. Roman urns have frequently been discovered in Great Britain, and in them, as in the barrows, have been found many valuable and curious articles and coins.

"They in the mound placed rings and bright jewels."
Iliad, 23d Book.

The Jews' places of burial were called *Cæmeteria*, "dormitories," or "sleeping-places;" afterward they were termed *Requietorium*. Camden's Remains, "Concerning British Epitaphs," published 1650, on p. 389 says: "The place of burial was called by St. Paul *Semenatio*, in the respect of a sure hope of a resurrection, and of the Greek *Cæmeterion*, as a sleeping-place until the resurrection, and of the Hebrews, 'the house of the living' in the same respect as the Germans call churchyards until this day *God's Aker*, or *God's Field*."

The *Catacombs* of Italy, France, and Egypt are too well known to require description.

QUERIES.

Bucket the only Prize.—In what battle was a bucket the only prize?

D. V. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

See "Bucket of Modena" (Vol. ii, p. 21.

Berners Street Hoax.—What was the famous Berners Street hoax?

D. V. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Theodore Hook was a famous practical joker, and once, at least, he perpetrated a jest that disturbed all London and amused all England. This was the famous Berners Street hoax. Berners Street in 1810 was a quiet street, inhabited by well-to-do families living in a genteel way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagon-load of coals drew up before the door of a widow lady living in the street. A van-load of furniture followed, then a hearse with a coffin, and a train of mourning-coaches. Two fashionable physicians, a dentist, and an accoucheur drove up as near as they could to the door, wondering why so many lumbering vehicles blocked the way. Six men brought up a great chamber-organ; a brewer sent several barrels of ale; a grocer sent a cart-load of potatoes. Coach-makers, clock-makers, carpet-manufacturers, confectioners, wig-makers, mantua-makers, opticians, and curiosity-dealers followed with samples of their wares. From all quarters trooped in coachmen, footmen, cooks, housemaids, and nursery-maids, in quest of situations. To crown all, dignitaries came in their carriages—the Commander-in-Chief, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, a Cabinet minister, a governor of the Bank of England, and the Lord Mayor. The latter—one among many who speedily recognized that all had been the victims of some gigantic hoax—drove to Marlborough Street police office, and stated that he had received a letter from a lady in Berners Street, to the effect that she had been summoned to attend at the Mansion House, that she was at death's door, that she wished to make a deposition upon oath,

and that she would deem it a great favor if his lordship would call upon her. The other dignitaries had been appealed to in a similar way. Police-officers were dispatched to maintain order in Berners Street. They found it choked up with vehicles, jammed and interlocked one with another. The drivers were infuriated. The disappointed tradesmen were clamoring for vengeance. Some of the vans and goods were overturned and broken; a few barrels of ale had fallen a prey to the large crowd that was maliciously enjoying the fun. All day and far into the night this state of things continued. Meanwhile, the old lady and the inmates of adjoining houses were in abject terror. Every one saw that a hoax had been perpetrated, but Hook's connection with it was not discovered till long afterward. He had noticed the quietness of the neighborhood, and had laid a wager with a brother-wag that he would make Berners Street the talk of all London. A door-plate had furnished him with Mrs. —'s name, and he had spent three days in writing the letters which brought the crowd to her door. At the appointed time he had posted himself with two or three companions in a lodging just opposite, which he had rented for the purpose of enjoying the scene. He deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country and there remain *incog.* for a time. Had he been publicly known as the author of the hoax he might have fared badly.

I have no Time, etc.—Who said, "I have no time to make money"?

NASHVILLE AMERICAN.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Louis Agassiz is said to have made this remark, and it is a curious fact that he did not. He was born in Orbe, Canton de Vaud, in 1809 and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1873.

Mud City.—What city is called by this title?

P. R. P.

VERONA, ME.

"Mud City" is the very doubtful translation of Lutetia, the old Latin name of Paris in France. See *The Iconographic Encyclo-*

pædia, new ed., vol. ii, p. 245. Whether Lutetia really means *mud city* or not, Paris was certainly a very muddy town up to a comparatively recent time.

Master of Contradiction.—Who was known by this title? P. R. P.
VERONA, ME.

John Wessel, a celebrated scholastic divine of the Middle Ages, won for himself the title of *Magister Contradictionis*, or Master of Disputation.

Country without Prisons.—In what country are there no prisons and no police? CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Perhaps "Goust" will answer—see AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES (Vol. iii, pp. 79, 127).

Prisoner of Ham.—Who was the prisoner of Ham? D. V. C.
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon.

REPLIES.

Famous Spinsters (Vol. iii, p. 166).—Louisa M. Alcott, Frances Willard, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Rosa Bonheur, Dame Juliana Berners (1388–1460), Charlotte Cushman, Laura Keane, Peg Woffington, Dora Jordan, George Ann Bellamy, Mlle. Mars, Rachel Felix, Madeleine de Scudéri, Hypatia, Sappho, Mary Lamb, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Susan Warner (Miss Wetherell, author of "The Wide, Wide World"). R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Heathen Hymn in Christian Churches (Vol. iii, pp. 141, 165).—The hymn "Awaked by Sinai's Awful Sound" was composed by Rev. Samson Occom, a converted Indian. I suppose the term "heathen" might once have been applied to him, though not when he wrote the hymn; this may not, therefore, answer E. Y.'s query. M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Famous Spinsters (Vol. iii, p. 166).—To the noble company of illustrious celibate women named as above, permit me to add the names of St. Hilda, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Theresa, Joan of Arc, Frances R. Havergal, Hrosvitha, Jean Ingleow, Anna Bijns (the "Sappho of Brabant"), Anna and Telschade (the illustrious daughters of Roemer Vischer), Queen Christina.

CHESSEX.

NEW JERSEY.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Terrapin.—Will not Mr. Chamberlain, (whose notes are always full of interest and instruction) inform us as to the origin of the above word? SALIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Parallel Passages.—In Spenser's celebrated list of the forest trees ("Faerie Queen," Canto i, 9, date 1590), occurs the line:

"The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound."

In Thomas Watson's "Tears of Love," Sonnet 30 (date 1593), occurs the line:

"The mirrhe sweet bleeding in the latter wound."

The word *latter* here seems a misprint. I quote from Arber's Ed., p. 193. It is well known that Spenser's very fine list of trees is imitated from Chaucer's list ("Parlement of Foules," 176, 549). Mr. Skeat has shown (Chaucer's "Minor Poems," p. 292) that the tree lists in Chaucer (a similar one occurs in *The Knight's Tale*, 2065) follows Boccaccio, *Teseide* xi, 22–24; and that similar lists occur in Statius, *Thebaid* vi, 98; in the *Romaunt de la Rose*, 1361; in Tasso, *Gier. Lib.* iii, 75. Mr. Skeat also cites the short but very beautiful list in Virgil's *Aeneid* vi, 179. Can any reader of AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES cite any more tree lists from any of the poets? TETTIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Hickory.—Most of the encyclopædias and gazetteers mention the hickory as growing in Liberia. Now it is well known that the true hickories are strictly American.

Can any one inform me as to the botanical name of this West African hickory?

FEENIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Tribes of Galway.—I desire a list of the Irish families, fourteen in number, which are, or once were styled the Tribes of Galway.

WESSEX.

NEW JERSEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Artists (Vol. iii, p. 168.—Sir J. D. Linton (born 1840) is a well-known English painter who, in 1885, was knighted in recognition of his merits. He is President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colors, and also President of the Institute of Painters in Oil-colors. He is understood to be one of the leaders of the anti-academic set of London artists, and has profited much by royal patronage.

GALAX.

NEW JERSEY.

A Nation of Shopkeepers (Vol. i, p. 180; vol. ii, p. 113; vol. iii, p. 173).—Looking into Timbs's "Things not Generally Known," I find this: "In the 'Prælia' to the *Chronicon Albedense*, attributed to Bulcidiu, Bishop of Salamanca, a Spanish writer at the end of the ninth century, we find the following singular refutation of an ungraceful compliment hitherto paid us by our Gallic neighbors. In a paragraph headed *De Proprietatibus Gentium*, we see the tables turned in our favor: '1, Sapientia Græcorum; 2, Fortia Gothorum; 3, Consilia Chaldæorum; 4, Superbia Romanorum; 5, Ferocitas Francorum; 6, Ira Britannorum; 7, Libido Scotorum; 8, Duritia Saxonum; 9, Cupiditas Persarum; 10, Invidia Judæorum; 11, Pax Æthiopum; 12, Commercium Gallorum.'" (John Timbs, "Things not Generally Known," vol. "Historico-Political Information," p. 12.)

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

The word "The" as a part of place names (Vol. iii, p. 120).—To the list given may be added the Narrows (New York harbor), the Highlands (of Scotland), the Piræus (the port of Athens), the Nore,

the Wash, the Naze, the Downs, the Goodwins (the Goodwin Sands), the Minch, L'Orient (a town in France), the Hague, le Doubs (in France), etc.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

God of the Gypsies (Vol. iii, p. 164).—According to *En. Brit.*, art. "Gypsies," the Romani name for God is *Devel*; cf. Skr. *Dyaus*; Gr. *Zeus*; L. *Deus*, *Jovis*; old Aryan *Dev*; Skr. *Deva*.

PHYLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Literature of the Magyars (Vol. iii, p. 152).—The *Enc. Britannica*, under art. "Hungary," gives a very readable and tolerably recent sketch of Magyar literature.

PHOLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Artists (Vol. iii, p. 168).—Mr. Linton's initials are W. J. He lives in New Haven, Conn., and is one of the best-known wood engravers. His wife is the novelist, Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. He is now in England, putting through the press a comprehensive book on wood engraving. Frederick Barnard is an Englishman, known chiefly for his illustrations of Dickens. He was in this country about a year ago, working for the Harpers. W. Small is chiefly known as an illustrator of the stories that appear in the London *Graphic* and *News*. None of the three is a member of the Royal Academy; they are all Englishmen.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Torture by Water (Vol. iii, p. 151).—John Evelyn's "Diary," March 11, 1651, gives a graphic account of this torture. At the Châtelet Paris, he saw a man charged with robbery, put to the trial. Having been stretched and racked and making no confession, while he was thus "drawn out at length in an extraordinary manner," the question by water was inflicted. The diarist tells: "In this agonie, confessing nothing, the Executioner with a horne (just such as they drench horses with) stuck the end of it into his mouth, and poured the quantity of two boukettts of water downe his throat and over him, which so prodigiously swelled him, as would have pittied and affrighted any one to see it. For all this,

he denied all that was charged to him. They then let him downe and carried him before a warme fire to bring him to himselfe, being now to all appearance dead with paine." Evelyn did not learn what became of him, but tells that, in such cases, when no confession was made, they could not hang the suspected culprit, "but did use to send him to the gallies, which is as bad as death."

DOLLAR.

NEENAH, WIS.

A Latin Newspaper.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"It is not generally known that a newspaper in classical Latin is published fortnightly in Italy. Its editor is Carlo Arrigo Ulrichs, a young scholar of Italian parentage on one side and of German parentage on the other, and he has the assistance of several learned contributors in both nations. Its place of publication is Aquiladegli Abruzzi, and its title *Alaudæ* (The Larks). The number before us contains a complimentary poem in Sapphic verse, 'Ad meas alaudas,' and a meditation over the ruins of the Temple of Neptune at Pæstum. This severely academical journal, like its ordinary Philistine contemporaries, conforms to the demands of the vulgar 'Zeitgeist' by publishing a sort of romance in its columns, 'Titi Imperatoris Libertas,' in which the author describes the ancient Sutmo and Arniternum. The oddest feature of the *Alaudæ*, and the most entertaining, is its ingenious rendering of nineteenth-century names into the pure Latin of the classic ages. Thus a railway station appears as 'statio viæ ferreæ,' a postal letter-box is 'capsa epistolis recipiendis.' Its daily Roman contemporary, the *Fanfulla*, is described as 'charta typis conscripta cotidie Romæ prodians.' The *Alaudæ* ought to find sympathetic subscribers in our universities. It is full of anecdotes, jokes, and verses in classical dress. The only thing as yet wanting to its perfect consistency is the translation of the advertisements into the tongue of Cicero."

Cocco for Yams (Vol. iii, pp. 47, 78).—*The National Exponent*, of New Orleans, says:

Cocco

Complaints are made regarding the trouble caused by Cocco. It is looked upon as a noxious weed, and suggestions are made that the planters should plant *Lepedeza*, or Japan clover, which, it is said, will spread over and destroy the cocco.

It is no wonder that farming is classed as a poor business, when we note the ignorance of our planters; in lieu of attempting the destruction of Cocco, it would be far more creditable to our simple-minded agricul-

turists to cultivate it and gain the benefits which it offers. Sugar, cotton, rice, and tobacco may appear to pay better, but this I very much doubt.

By scientific, thorough culture the farmer can cause the vine to produce a lesser number of nuts, but of a larger size.

Of these small nuts, there are fully one million produced on a piece of ground 25x25 feet or the one sixty-fourth part of an acre. In reducing the number and enlarging the size there will be an average number of, say, only one sixty-fourth the above number, and, enlarging the above, or 1,000,000 on one acre of ground.

Quotations show they are selling at \$25 per thousand, thus offering a return of \$25,000 for one single acre. Now an ordinary farm, say of eighty acres, thus scientifically cultivated, will give the intelligent farmer \$2,000,000 profit in one season! And this, too, without the tremendous outlay necessitated by the culture of cotton, sugar, rice, or tobacco. *Quid est Sapere!*

Etymology of Gospel (Vol. iii, p. 155).—Mr. Skeat's later, or latest, view (namely, that *gospel* comes from *good-spell*, and not from *God-spell*) is (*me judice*) almost certainly correct; because *good-spell* literally translates the Greek *εὐαγγέλιον*, while *God-spell* does not. The "historical method" in etymology is very excellent; but where our materials are so limited, as they are in this instance, I can but think that a little common sense will help us out amazingly.

LOMAX.

NEW JERSEY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

"*Psychology as a Natural Science applied to the Solution of Occult Physic Phenomena*," by C. G. Raue, M. D., \$3.50 (Porter & Coates) Philadelphia, Pa., is a pouring of old wine into new bottles with the avowed purpose not of saving the wine, but merely to see if the bottles will hold it, as Dr. Raue frankly admits that in his preface the present work, in its scientific aspect, is little more than a popular diaphrase of Dr. Beneke's psychological researches. The attempted adaptation to occult phenomena is a failure. In points where the explanation is true it is trite, and where it tries to be novel it ends in flat failure. The valuable portion of the book, and that, fortunately, by far the larger part, is the restatement of Beneke's method. This alone must ensure a place for this volume on the shelves of every student of biology."

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NOTES.

UP TO SNUFF.

Halliwell, in his "Archaic Dictionary," quotes the expression "Up to Snuff" as applied to a person of great acuteness or perception, but gives no conjecture as to its origin.

Rev. H. J. Todd, in his corrected and enlarged edition of "Johnson's Dictionary" (1818), derives one of the various meanings of snuff from the German *snuffeln*=to smell (Teutonic *snuffen*, Dutch *snuffen*); "a person up to snuff" may have originally indicated one quick in smelling or scenting a thing; figuratively quick to discern or scent out the true meaning of a speech or person. "He smells a rat," "he scents it out," "he is on the right scent" are analogous expressions. A shrewd, clear-headed, sharp-witted

fellow, not easily imposed upon, is "up to snuff."

Martial's line, in his epigram on Caecilius, (Book I, 42, line 18) is an appropriate comment:

"Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum."

In the Norwegian and Danish tongues, *snu*=cunning, crafty, shrewd; *snu* and *snöfte* both=snuff, snort; *snuus*=snuff.

The phrase "to take it in snuff"=to take offense, is probably derived from a different source, the Anglo-Saxon *snoffa*=dudgeon, allied to chaff (Spanish, *chufeta*=jest).

Another but probably incorrect explanation is that when snuff came into general use a connoisseur in the different kinds was said to be "up to snuff," and Goldsmith's lines, in "Retaliation" (1774):

"When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios
and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff,"

have been interpreted to mean that Sir Joshua Reynolds wished to convey the idea that he was "up to snuff," and knew more about art than the would-be connoisseurs. Probably there is no figurative meaning in the expression as here used, unless it implies that Sir Joshua *snuffed* or sniffed at their criticisms.

It was wittily said of a young tobacco-nist about to marry an old woman—"He took her at a pinch and found her 'up to snuff.'"

The "Proud Miss MacBride," when approached by an humble suitor, took good care to—

"Let him know she was 'up to snuff'
And altogether above him."

In a work by M. Francisque Michel, entitled "Études de la Philologie Comparée sur l'argot," to which is appended a vocabulary of English slang, the phrase "up to snuff" is translated "haut au tabac; éveillé, qui est au fait; to be wary, to be circumspect." Our English phrase, "I don't care a pinch of snuff," is the exact translation of "*Jeg agter det ikke en snus baerd*," possibly "up to snuff," therefore, is the word *snu*, cunning, coupled with *sneu* and *snöfte*.

The wild asses mentioned by Jeremiah, that "snuffed up the wind," are by that expression made types of alertness and quick discernment.

WARING, THE HERO OF BROWNING'S POEM.

By the name of Waring the poet addresses a very dear and intimate friend, Alfred Domett, the son of Nathaniel Domett, of Chamberwell Grove, Surrey. When sixteen years old he entered St. John's College, but after spending six years there left, in 1833, without a degree. This incompleteness of his college career was characteristic of the whole man in all his after life. Decidedly gifted as a poet, when but a youth he published a volume of verses, and as long ago as 1837 contributed numerous lyrics to *Blackwood* that justly won the commendation of editor and critics. One of these, a "Christmas Hymn," Stedman characterized as "among the best fruits of a long and restless life."

Restless Domett was, in the most eminent degree—restless, ambitious, and sensitive. He was always planning some great work, but never persevered until it reached completion, his powers being ever in excess of his performance; and yet, as Browning's poem shows, he was hurt if those he loved refused him credit for the best of which he was capable, even when he did nothing to display that hidden power.

In 1839, he issued a second volume of poems at Venice, the interval that had elapsed since his first publication having been passed chiefly in luxurious ease in London; a quiet existence from which he sought occasional relief and change by brief visits to the continent and America.

"An insatiable voyager, who could not rest from travel," his productions now dated from every portion of the globe, but were sometimes of such beauty that his friends persisted in their predictions of a brilliant future. Any one who "could throw off a glee" like—

"Hence, rude Winter, crabbed old fellow,"

gave them a right to such expectations.

By way of introducing some new interest into his life, in 1841 he was called to the

bar of the Middle Temple, where he shared chambers with Joseph Arnold, afterward Chief Justice of Bombay.

But this new occupation soon palled upon his uneasy spirit, and within a year he had purchased lands of the New Zealand Company, and before his friends were aware of his intention, had departed for the colony. It was just at this time that Browning wrote "Waring," a lament for his sudden disappearance and that want of sober restfulness which had been the occasion of it.

The poem is full of humor and sadness, humorous in its review of Domett's early life in London; sad, in reflection upon his great work unachieved, and the poet's own regret that his friendship may at times have seemed cold and critical. He fancies that Domett may be playing hide-and-seek with him; that while reported to be abroad in new and distant lands, he has, perhaps, slyly returned to London, and is living in their midst, unseen but absorbed in the conception and execution of some mighty achievement in literature or art.

But there was no pretense in Domett's withdrawal from London. He had, indeed, established himself in New Zealand, and there he remained for twenty-nine long years, during which time he seems to have filled in succession all the chief administrative offices in the gift of the government.

He was made Colonial Secretary for New Munster, in 1848; during the next eight years Secretary for the whole colony, Commissioner of Crown Lands, and Resident Magistrate at Hawke's Bay. Then he became Prime Minister of New Zealand, and, in addition to this distinction, he was again appointed to numerous small offices, which sank into insignificance beside his weightier trusts, but go to prove that there must have been good practical stuff in him, or he would not have received these posts of honor in such continued succession.

His successful career as a statesman in a foreign land seems strangely out of keeping with his total want of every-day application at home in England. His friends had ceased to know much of him during his long absence from home; but Browning had kept his memory green by his allusions

to him in "The Guardian Angel." "Alfred, dear friend! Where are you, dear old friend? How rolls the world at your world's far end?"

The question was satisfactorily answered, no doubt, when, in 1871, the vagrant bard finally terminated his public services abroad and returned to London. He brought with him an English wife, and a long South Sea idyl—"Ranolf and Amahia," descriptive of New Zealand scenery and Maori customs, in which he incidentally eulogized the genius of Browning, and the latter bestowed a very graceful and just criticism upon its varied beauties. Besides this literary work, Domett had written various political treatises, and essays bearing upon matters of interest in his adopted country. His last production was a volume of lyrics, old and new, entitled "Flotsam and Jetsam," dedicated to Browning; and he died just a year ago, on November 2.

WHY SHOULD LADIES BE ALLOWED TO PROPOSE IN LEAP YEAR?

In the "Illustrated Almanac" for 1865, the following origin is given for the "ladies' leap-year privilege:" By an ancient act of the Scottish Parliament, passed about the year 1228, it was "ordaint that during ye reign of her maist blessit maiestie, Margaret, ilke maiden, ladee of baith high and lowe estait, shall hae libertie to speak ye man she likes. Gif he refuses to tak her to bee his wyf, he shale be mulct in the sum of ane hundredity pundis, or less, as his estait may bee, except and alwais, gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit to another woman, then he shall bee free."

This custom of permitting the fair sex to make their own and deliberate choice is further explained in a work entitled, "Courtship, Love, and Matrimony," printed in 1606: "Albeit it is nowe become a part of the common lawe, in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every bissixtile year doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love unto the men, which they doe either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and,

moreover, no man will be entitled to the benefit of clergy, who doth in any way treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

So much for law and equity! Besides this, the old story of St. Patrick has given a legendary authority for the exercise of the "leap-year privilege," and the compensation of a silk gown in cases of unwonted obstinacy on the part of man.

As St. Patrick was once walking along the shores of Lough Neagh—after having "driven the frogs out of the bogs" and "the snakes out of the grass"—he was accosted by St. Bridget, who, with many tears and lamentations, informed him that dissension had arisen in the nunnery over which she presided, because the ladies were denied the right of "popping the question." St. Patrick, although a single man himself, was somewhat moved by this pitiful tale, and said he would concede them the right of making their selection every seventh year; but at this St. Bridget demurred, and throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed, "Arrah, Pathrick, jewel, I daurn't go back to the gurls wid sich a proposal. Make it one year in four."

To which St. Patrick replied, "Biddy, acushla, squeeze me that way again, ain I'll give you leap-year, the longest of the lot!" St. Bridget thus encouraged, bethought herself of her own husbandless condition, and accordingly popped the question to St. Patrick himself; but of course he could not marry; so he patched up the difficulty as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown.

The whole subject of leap-year, viewed in the light of its matrimonial possibilities, has been amusingly set forth by Buckstone, in his comedy entitled "Leap-Year; or the Ladies' Privilege." It would be very interesting to know just how much advantage has been taken in times past, of the benefits conferred on womankind by the considerate Queen Margaret; and it seems as if with the united assistance of the Scottish Parliament and Gretna Green, every Scotch lass, at least, should succeed in wooing and winning a mate. Do the statistics show that there are no old maids in Scotland?

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BETHNALL GREEN.

The celebrated "Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green" was none other than a "laird of high degree," Henry de Montfort, son of the famous Earl of Leicester, who assumed this disguise to escape the vigilance of his enemies' spies. We learn from the historical records of that time that in 1257 King Henry III's debts were so enormous, and the rapacity of his foreign relatives so unbearable, that his barons, under the leadership of Simon de Montfort, who had married Henry's sister Eleanor, rose in insurrection, and practically overturned the constitution.

The royal forces finally encountered the barons in the battle of Evesham, August 4, 1265, De Montfort, "fighting stoutly like a giant, for the liberties of England," fell overwhelmed by numbers, and Henry, his son, who had refused to leave his side, fell with him. De Montfort's body was treated with every indignity by the foot soldiers of the royal army; and in reading this thrilling chapter, we feel a natural anxiety to know what became of young Henry. Unromantic chroniclers of history lead us to suppose he shared his father's sorry fate, but tradition tells another story.

Left for dead on the battle-field, he was there discovered by a baron's tender-hearted daughter, who, perceiving that life was not wholly extinct, although his sight was gone, had the wounded man carried to her father's house, and there nursed him back to consciousness and health—and love—one might add, for of course he married the fair maid who had thus preserved him. The fruit of this romantic union was the "pretty Bessee," whose name is so familiar from that—

"Rarest ballad that ever was seen,
Of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green."

The original copies of this ballad have all perished, but it has been quite satisfactorily proved by Percy that it was written in the reign of Elizabeth. We are informed of the further fortunes of the disguised nobleman, who, it appears, was forced to maintain his incognito up to the time of his daughter's nuptials, on which joyous occasion he threw off all restraint, and related to an admiring and interested audience many of

the details which have been already mentioned.

It seems that when the Blind Beggar and his wife took up their residence at Bethnall (Bednall) Green, the youth of the vicinity immediately became enamored of pretty Bessee's fair complexion, for which the women, on the contrary, affected great scorn. Her life was made quite unhappy by her unfortunate position; so, with the consent of her parents, she journeyed to the village of Rumford, where, at an inn known as the King's Arms, she was received with great civility.

Before long four suitors "craved her favor" at once: a knight, a gentleman, a rich merchant, and the inn-keeper's son. The knight offered his love, the gentleman silks and velvets and social success, the merchant proffered whole ship-loads of jewels, and the inn-keeper's son swore he would die for her. To each one she made the same reply, that if he would win her father's consent he should have her hand; but when they learned, in answer to her inquiries, as to the whereabouts of her venerable parent, that he was—

"The silly Blind Beggar of Bednall Green,
That daily sits begging for charity,"

and, moreover, that he was always accompanied by the customary—but to the fastidious, offensive—dog and bell, they took their leave of her without urging their suit any further.

With one notable exception, however; for the knight remained faithful, and vowing that he did not weigh love by the weight of the purse, he carried his lady love off to ask her father's consent to their union. This eccentric individual, having heard the story of their young loves, ratified the contract with a purse of money almost fabulous in its amount; he having agreed to double the fortune of the young knight, and at the last, threw in an extra £100, for the purchase of a new gown.

The second part of the ballad is given up to the wedding-breakfast, and the sudden appearance on this festive scene of the *ci-devant* beggar, now resplendent in silken coat, velvet cap, feathers, laces, and jewels. He bears a lute slung over one arm by a

silken cord, and with this instrument he accompanies the recital of his personal history. All his listeners are filled with admiration, declaring that his noble bearing has always led them to believe that his birth must be above his circumstances; he is received into their aristocratic midst with joyous congratulations, and everything ends happily for the young bridegroom,

"Who lived in great joy and felicity,
With his fair ladye dear pretty Bessee."

The ballad was considerably altered by Percy, who made what he called "a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies which prevailed in the song as it originally stood." Eight of the stanzas in his version are the work of Robert Dodsley. The copy used here is the original version as contained in Bell's annotated "Edition of Ancient Ballads."

The Blind Beggar and his story are further celebrated in a drama, "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green," written by John Day and Henry Chettle, about 1592, which was acted in April, 1600, but was not printed until 1659. This followed the incidents of the ballad very closely; but in 1834 Sheridan Knowles recast Day's comedy, and produced it as "The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnall Green." In this there is no attempt made to adhere to historical facts. Bess, the daughter of a "blind beggar" named Albert, is beloved by Wilford, who, having seen her on the streets of London, follows her to her retreat at the "Queen's Arms" in Rumford, declares his passion, and discovers that Albert is his uncle, the brother of his father, Lord Woodville. Wilford marries his Cousin Bess, and Queen Elizabeth sanctions their union and takes them under her royal protection.

The Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green, still a public-house on the Whitechapel road, has decorated the signboard for ages. Not only is he adopted as a sign by publicans, but he figured in olden times on the staff of the parish beadle; and so convinced were the residents of Bethnall Green of the truth of his story that the house called Kirby Castle was generally pointed out as his palace, and two turrets at the extremity

of the court wall as the place where he deposited his gains.

Pepys, in his "Diary," enters, on June 25, 1663, the account of a visit with Sir William and Lady Batten, and Sir John Minnes, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bethnall Green; "a fine place," he adds, "and this very house was built by the Blind Beggar, so much talked of and sung in ballads."

Dickens places the house of Bill Sykes in one of a "maze of mean and dirty streets, which abound in the close and densely populated quarter of Bethnall Green." Its inhabitants now are made up of street vendors of every kind of produce; tramps, dog-fanciers, dog-stealers, sharpers, male and female shoplifters and pickpockets, and its general moral degradation is apparent to any one who ventures within its limits.

The following story, which was taken down in writing about 1834, from the lips of an illiterate peasant in one of the small islands of the South Hebrides, is singularly interesting in consideration of the fact that he had never heard of the Blind Beggar of Bethnall Green.

In the days when only one bridge crossed the Thames at London, there came from Cantire, a laird of the Macdonald clan, a man of great wealth and very benevolent, who having bound himself as "cautionary" for a large firm of merchants, had journeyed to London to see how matters were progressing. Having once given alms to a poor beggar on London Bridge, he had fallen into the habit of repeating the charity whenever he chanced that way.

On one occasion the gift was omitted, and the beggar, following to inquire the cause, learned that his benefactor was about to forfeit all his lands in payment of the money for which he had gone security, the firm of merchants having just failed. The beggar made minute inquiries into his circumstances, and learning that he was unmarried, offered to pay his debts for him, if he would consent to marry his daughter. Macdonald agreed to meet him at his home for further consideration of the proposal, and was amazed to find himself before the door of a splendid mansion.

He was ushered into a large room filled with statuary and paintings, and everything

that a refined taste could desire. The beggar, dressed as a gentleman, came forward to greet him, leading by the hand a beautiful girl, to whom Macdonald at once lost his heart. The marriage contract was signed that night by both parties, with a clause in it to the effect that Macdonald should sit begging three successive days on London Bridge, lest he might sometime reproach his wife with her father's occupation. This would place them on equal terms.

Disguising himself fantastically, Macdonald fulfilled the conditions of the contract, married the maiden, paid his debts, and retired to Cantire, where he and his wife lived long and happily.

PLACE-NAMES.

(CONTINUED.)

(Vol. iii, p. 126.)

Madeira means simply timber-island; and the *Madeira* River is the timber-river or forest-river. (*Madeira* strictly means *matter*, or stuff. In like manner the Greeks called "*matter*" or "*stuff*" and timber by the same name—*hule*. So also our carpenters and joiners speak of fencing-stuff, wagon-stuff, and the like.)

The Mexican town of Matamoras commemorates one of the national heroes; but more remotely, it is the old Spanish battle-cry of "*Santiago, mata moros*." St. James, kill the Moors!

It is "a far cry" from Mexico to the East Indies, a region full of curious place-names. The Laccadives (*laksha dvipa*) are the *lac* of islands—that is, the "one hundred thousand islands"—just as a *lac* of rupees is 100,000 rupees. This, however, is an extreme example of Oriental hyperbole, for the Laccadives include only nineteen noteworthy islands. In like manner the Maldivé group is said to take its name from words signifying "the thousand islands," the syllable *mal* corresponding to the Latin *mille*. There is some doubt, however, as to the real origin of this name. At all events, there are not over 200 distinct islands in the whole group, although its petty sultan calls

himself "Lord of the twelve thousand islands."

There is a group of islets near Iceland named the Westmanna Isles. This name signifies, in the Norse speech, the Irish islands. Curiously enough, this group has human inhabitants, but none of them, it is said, are natives. Great pains are taken to have all the children born upon the mainland of Iceland, since the people believe that all Westmanna-born infants die of "nine-day fits" (*trismus neonatorum*). The name Westmanna (West-men=Irish-men) recalls the undoubted fact that Iceland was discovered and in part settled by Irishmen before the Norse vikings found their way to it.

It has been suggested that the little Scottish isles of *Cumbræ* were named from the Cymri, or Welsh, who once lived in the adjacent parts of Southwestern Scotland. Here in later times lived the good old Scotch parson who used to pray "Lord, we beseech Thee to bless the islands of the Greater and Lesser Cumbræ, as also the adjacent Islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

The Peninsula of Avalon, in Newfoundland, was named after the "Island of Avilion," where King Arthur sleeps. Tradition identifies that mystic island with Glastonbury in Somerset; but there is an islet called Avalon off the Breton coast. In like manner, Brazil, California, and the Antilles bear the names of countries described in mediæval romance.

What strangely musical and suggestive names the Malays give their island homes! Romblou, Loutar, Rembang, Ceram, Penang, Timor. The sounds recall the tones of some barbaric instrument of music. In not a few cases these islands take the name of some tree. Penang is the betel-palm, Loutar is another palm-tree, Amboina is the island of the dew.

The *Azores* are the "hawk islands" (Portuguese *acor*, a "hawk"). The Island of *Corvo* seems to be named from its cormorants, called *corvi marini*, or sea-crows. *Flores* was named for its flowers, and so was our Florida.

ANAX.

NEW JERSEY.

QUERIES.

Battle of the Brothers.—What is the "Battle of the Brothers"? ?

The "Battle of the Brothers" is probably the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii, which occurred in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, the third King of Rome. See any history of Rome. The story is very simply told on p. 19 of Miss Sewall's "Child's History of Rome."

Bitter End.—What is the origin of the phrase "to the bitter end"? ?

The "bitter end" is a nautical term, and means the part of the cable that is abaft the *bits*—when a ship is riding at anchor, the cable is let out to the *bitter end*, or until no more remains to be let go.

Weeper of Wurtemberg.—Who was termed the "Weeper of Wurtemberg"?
CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Christian Frederick Alexander, Count of Wurtemberg, a German poet, born at Wurtemberg 1801, died 1844. He entered the army early and became colonel. In 1832 he married the Countess Helena de Festetics Tolna, by whom he had four children. Her death after long suffering was a serious blow to him. His first volume of poems was published in 1837 and his complete works in 1841. The poetry is characterized by the deep melancholy that earned for him his sobriquet.

Palace of Palenque.—Where is the palace of Palenque.
CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The palace of Palenque is in Mexico one hundred miles northeast of Chiapa and near the modern town of San Domingo de Palenque.

These ruins were discovered in 1767 by Antonio de Rio and J. Alonzo de Calderon, and are the most important remains of the period before the arrival of the Europeans in that country.

Vengeance shall come for the Heracles.—What is the story of the oracle, "Vengeance shall come for the Heracles?"

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The story as told by Pausanias is as follows: "There is a fountain at Marathon called Makaria, about which this story is told. Hercules, on leaving Tirynthus, to escape Eurystheus, betook himself to Ceyx, King of Trachinia. But after the death of Hercules, Eurystheus demanded the children of Hercules; the King of Trachinia, however, sent them to Athens, saying that he was too weak, while Theseus was strong enough to protect them. When the children arrived at Athens the Peloponnesians declared war against the Athenians because the latter refused to give up the children. At the same time the oracle declared that one of the children of Hercules must give herself to death or the Athenians could not be victorious. Accordingly Makaria, daughter of Hercules and Dejanira, offered herself up to death, and thus assured victory to the Athenians, and it is from her that the fountain received its name."

Milk Well.—"The Milk Well" or "Milk Fountain." Will AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES inform me where I can find the German legend of "The Milk Well" or "Milk Fountain"?

THOS. C. MACMILLAN.

CHICAGO, ILL.

There is a cave or grotto near Bethlehem where Mary and the infant Jesus are said by tradition to have taken refuge prior to the flight into Egypt.

This spot is a great resort for pilgrims, who are drawn thither by the belief that the stones of which the cave is formed can miraculously increase a woman's supply of milk.

Bits of this stone are broken off and sent all over Europe and the East every year because of its alleged virtues.

Possibly this is the information wanted.

The Blind Brother.—Who wrote and where can I find "The Blind Brother"?

?

See AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. ii, p. 279.

A King that held a Stirrup.—What English king held the stirrup for a pope to mount his horse?

D. V. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

John Lackland (1166-1216) held the stirrup for a pope's legate, but no English king that we know of held the stirrup for the pope himself.

Douzain.—What is the meaning of the word *Douzain*, used in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, in criticism of Mr. Browning's attack on Mr. Fitzgerald? Apparently it is used as a synonym for a vituperative attack or bitter invective.

MORRIS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The word refers to the number of lines (12), not to the character of them.

Child Blessed by Christ.—Which of the saints is said to have been the child blessed by Christ?

D. V. C.

BALTIMORE, MD.

St. Ignatius, of Antioch (A. D. 107) is said by tradition to have been the little child whom Jesus "set in the midst" and said "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

He and Saint Polycarp were disciples of St. John the Evangelist, and Ignatius afterward became Bishop of Antioch. He is said to have been allowed to hear the angels sing, and to have introduced antiphonal singing into the churches in imitation of the heavenly choir.

He was torn to pieces by lions in the amphitheatre at Rome, under Trajan's rule, for refusing to offer sacrifice to idols. His remains, first buried at Antioch, were afterward removed to the church of St. Clements, in Rome.

REPLIES.

Song Lore (Vol. iii, pp. 131, 166).—In the account given by Mr. Chamberlain in the AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES of August

3d, of the different translations of the Anacreontic ode of the wounded Cupid, I noticed that he had passed over Spenser's version of the story, which is to be found among his "Epigrams," and is probably the earliest translation of it. It is much longer than the other versions, and in comparison with them brings out the naiveté not to say prolixity of style of the early Elizabethans; besides, the poet compares his own fate to that of the bee-stung Cupid, complaining in the last few lines of the wounds inflicted on him by the ruthless boy.

"Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumb'ring
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle Bee, with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
About him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noyse,
And saw the beast so small;
'What's this (quoth he) that gives so great a voyce
That wakens men withall?'
In angry wize he flies about,
And threatens all with corage stout.

"To whom his mother closely smiling sayd,
'Twixt earnest and twixt game:
'See! thou thyself likewise art lytle made,
If thou regard the same,
And yet thou suff'rest neyther gods in sky,
Nor men in earth, to rest:
But, when thou art disposed cruelly,
Theyr sleepe thou doost molest.
Then eyther change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.'

"Nathelesse, the cruell boy, not so content,
Would needs the fly pursue;
And in his hand with heedlesse hardiment,
Him caught for to subdue,
But, when on it he hasty hand did lay,
The Bee him stung therefore;
'Now out alas,' he cryde, 'and well away!
I wounded am full sore:
The Fly that I so much did scorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.'

"Unto his mother straight he weeping came,
And of his griefe complayned:
Who could not chose but laugh at his fond game,
'Think now (quod she) my sonne, how great the smart
Of those whom thou dost wound:
Full many thou hast pricked to the hart,
That pitty never found:
Therefore, henceforth, some pitty take,
When thou doest spoyle of lovers make.'

"She took him straight full pitiously lamenting,
And wrapt him in her smock:
She wrapt him softly, all the while repenting
That he the fly did mock.

She drest his wound, and it embaulmed wel
With salve of soveraigne might:
And then she bath'd him in a dainty well,
The well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be stung as this,
To be so bath'd in Venus blis?

"The wanton boy was shortly wel recured
Of that his malady:
But he, soone after, fresh againe enured
His former cruelty.
And since that time he wounded hath myselfe
With his sharpe dart of love:
And now forgets the cruel careless elfe
His mothers heast to prove.
So now I languish till he please
My pining anguish to appease."

Whether Spenser drew on his imagination for the filling in of the story or whether his original was a variant from the ode attributed to Anacreon I cannot say, but if the former, it is a good example of the development of culture-lore, while the version given by "S. S. R." illustrates the descent of culture-lore into the realms of folk-lore.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Family Compact (Vol. iii, p. 177).—The "Family Compact" was a treaty of alliance between the French and the Spanish houses of Bourbon, signed at Versailles, August 15, 1761, by Louis XV of France and Carlos III, of Spain. The compact was the creation of the Duke of Choiseul, who was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the "compact" the two kings agreed that whatever powers of Europe were hostile to France or Spain were equally hostile to both, and no peace was to be made with any power without the mutual consent of the two powers in the "compact." They also agreed to furnish each other with land and sea forces. This famous family alliance, instead of strengthening the two powers, produced exactly the opposite effect, and England declared war against both powers, and in 1762 captured Havana from the Spanish, and the islands of Martinique, Tobago, and Grenada from France. Spain also lost the Philippine Islands. On February 10, 1763, the treaty of Paris was signed, which wrested from France Canada and the Gulf of St. Lawrence islands, several of her

West Indian possessions, and Senegal, in Africa. Spain was not so severely punished.

THOS. LOUIS OGIER.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tucquan.—What is the origin, the derivation, and the significance of this name? It is generally supposed to be an Indian name. We have in the county of Lancaster Big and Little *Conestoga* creeks, Big and Little *Chiquesalunga* creeks (now generally written *Chiques* or *Chickies*). *Conoy* creek, for a western boundary, and *Octoraro* for a southeastern boundary; besides *Pequea* creek, *Shawnee* run, and some others, all considered Indian names, and named after chiefs, families, or tribes of the aborigines of the county. *Tucquan* has its fountain-head in Martic township, in the vicinity of Rawlinsville, which, with its tributaries, forms a strong stream, and discharges its waters into the river *Susquehanna*, about two miles below the old York-Furnace Ferry (formerly York-Furnace Bridge). And, although the name has long been familiar to the citizens of the southern portion of the county, no one seems to know anything about the origin of the name or what it means; and history seems to be equally silent upon the subject. Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain, who has written so much about *Indian names* for NOTES AND QUERIES, might enlighten us, for we are free to confess that it is an enigma to those "that are to the manner born."

Formerly the *Tucquan* abounded in trout; latterly, however, only a very few are taken "now and then." In some of the earlier or smaller maps of the county, the name may not be inserted, but in the "Atlas" published by Bridgens, in 1864, the name is conspicuously present, both in the county and the township maps.

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Tuckquans, or Tuckquaners?—There is a fishing club now in Lancaster city that

has taken this name—organized in 1869—and is of some prominence in the county. There are a number of similar clubs, but the *Tucquan* is the senior. It encamps for a week or ten days annually, devoting itself to fishing and other rural recreation, and has continued to do so ever since its first organization on the banks of the *Tucquan* creek in July, 1869.

Editors, and some of the members themselves, are in the habit of alluding to the club, plurally or collectively, as *Tuckquaners*, which seems as inappropriate as to call the Algonquins *Algonquiners*, or the Pequots *Pequoters*. I may be wrong, but to me *Tucquans* seems fittest. What says AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES?

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Seal of Southern Confederacy.—What became of the seal of the Southern Confederacy?

M.

MCCONNELLSTON, PA.

Color of Bank-Notes.—Who first suggested green as the color for bank-notes, and why is it preferable to any other color?

?

Men Who Reversed their Horses' Shoes.—What two men saved their lives by reversing their horses' shoes?

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

What My Lover Said (Vol. ii, pp. 278, 311).—*America* has taken the pains to secure the author's version of this poem, which is copied below:

"By the merest chance, in the twilight gloom,
In the orchard path he met me;
In the tall, wet grass, with its faint perfume,
And I tried to pass, but he made no room,
Oh! I tried, but he would not let me.
So I stood and blushed till the grass grew red,
With my face bent down above it,
While he took my hand as he whispering said—
(How the clover lifted each pink, sweet head,
To listen to all that my lover said;
Oh! the clover in bloom, I love it!)

"In the high, wet grass went the path to hide,
 And the low, wet leaves hung over;
 But I could not pass upon either side,
 For I found myself when I vainly tried,
 In the arms of my steadfast lover.
 And he held me there and he raised my head,
 While he closed the path before me,
 And he looked down into my eyes and said—
 (How the leaves bent down from the boughs o'er
 head,
 To listen to all that my lover said,
 Oh! the leaves hanging lowly o'er me!)

"Had he moved aside but a little way,
 I could surely then have passed him;
 And he knew I never could wish to stay,
 And would not have heard what he had to say,
 Could I only aside have cast him.
 It was almost dark, and the moments sped,
 And the searching night wind found us,
 But he drew me nearer and softly said—
 (How the pure, sweet wind grew still, instead,
 To listen to all that my lover said;
 Oh! the whispering wind around us!)

"I am sure he knew when he held me fast,
 That I must be all unwilling;
 For I tried to go, and I would have passed,
 As the night was to come with its dew at last,
 And the sky with its stars was filling.
 But he clasped me close when I would have fled,
 And he made me hear his story,
 And his soul came out from his lips and said—
 (How the stars crept out where the white moon led,
 To listen to all that my lover said;
 Oh! the moon and the stars in glory!)

"I know that the grass and the leaves will not tell,
 And I'm sure that the wind, precious rover,
 Will carry my secret so safely and well
 That no being shall ever discover
 One word of the many that rapidly fell
 From the soul-speaking lips of my lover;
 And the moon and the stars that looked over
 Shall never reveal what a fairy-like spell
 They wove round about us that night in the dell,
 In the path through the dew-laden clover,
 Nor echo the whispers that made my heart swell
 As they fell from the lips of my lover."

Cicada Septendecim—now commonly but erroneously called the "Seventeen-year Locust"—made its appearance in many parts of Pennsylvania—notwithstanding its very general appearance throughout the State in 1885—the present season, 1889. It is said that Xenarchus, the "Rhodian sensualist," wrote—

"Happy the cicadas' lives,
 Since they all have voiceless wives,"
 in allusion to "the philosophical fact"

that the female cicadas are not capable of making any noise.

Applying the name "locust" to these insects is probably very modern, and very American. They were known to Aristotle under the name of *cicadas*. But so deeply and firmly does error often become rooted in the public mind that it is not likely to be ever known under any other name than *locust* by the masses.

Records of the appearance in Lancaster County, in the years 1749, 1766, 1783, 1800, 1817, 1834, 1834, 1851, 1868, 1885 of the same brood are extant, and we have seen, handled, and heard the five latter of these. The brood of the present season (1889) is a distinct one, although the same species, and we are cognizant of its presence in 1872, but we have no definite trace of its earlier appearance. The present year it was far more numerous, and more widely extended than it was in 1872. S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

"**Cowan**" (Vol. iii, pp. 77, 107, 143).—The Masonic meaning of the word is not one who would "peep into a key-hole" to surreptitiously obtain a knowledge of the secrets of Free Masonry, but simply an outsider, one who is unacquainted with the secrets of Masonry—one of the profane.

The word is derived from the Greek "*κῶν*," a dog. In the early ages of the Church, when the mysteries of religion were communicated only to initiates under the veil of secrecy, infidels and unbaptized profane were called "dogs." "Give not that which is holy to dogs" (Matt. vii, 6).

"Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision" (Philip. iii, 2).

Κῶν undoubtedly meant, among the early Fathers, one who had not been initiated into the Christian mysteries.

The term was probably borrowed by Freemasons, and in time corrupted into *cowan*. S. M. F.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

Artists (Vol. iii, p. 168).—Answering M. Cremer, on the authority of Andrew Lang ("The Library," London, 1881), Frederick Barnard and William

Small are grouped with Herkomer, Fildes, and Caldecott in a list of the prominent wood-cut artists of the *London Graphic*.

Barnard designed many of the illustrations to the "Household Edition" of Charles Dickens' works, and did half a dozen character sketches (Pickwick, Mrs. Gamp, etc.), which are very good, barring the large size.

W. J. Linton is the most eminent of the three artists mentioned, and has also written some books on engraving, and a volume or two of poems, all works of merit.

I do not know if either of the three is a Royal Academician.

As the line of work pursued by these gentlemen is so different from that of either Whistler or Meissonier, a comparison of their standing or work would be odious.

FRANK E. MARSHALL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"To Put a Dutchman in" (Vol. iii, p. 153).—I am told by a builder that German carpenters and cabinet-makers have a habit of fitting joints and mortises very loosely, and then making their work tight and firm by inserting small wedges. Hence the phrase current among the building fraternity, "to put a Dutchman in"—that is, where a joint does not fit perfectly, to insert a small bit of wood, after the German fashion.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Cowan (Vol. iii, pp. 77, 178).—There is a variety of the Cowan, *Cowania Mexicana*, that is found wild in New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado.

To be Sweet on (Vol. iii, p. 150).—I can give you an instance of the use of the phrase, "To be sweet" on so and so earlier than any you quote.

Robert Ainsworth, in his "English-Latin, Latin-English Dictionary" (first ed. 1736), gives the phrase "To be sweet upon a person" followed by the Latin equivalent, "*Alicui Adulari*," etc.

S. M. F.

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Poet-Lore for August contains a clever paper on "Browning's Science," by Dr. Edward Berdoe,

L. R. C. P., and in the London letter William G. Kingsland gives this interesting information:

"On the afternoon of July 1, in the charming grounds of Copp'd Hall and Totteridge, a performance of Shakespeare's 'Love's Labor's Lost' was given by the 'Pastoral Players.' Fortunately the weather was favorable, the sun glinting through the fine old trees and showing off the handsome dresses of the players. The part of Boyet was taken by Mr. Henry Irving, Jr., whose extraordinary likeness to his father, in face and voice, was noticed at the recent Oxford play. The part of Costard, the clown, was taken by Mr. Coningsby Disraeli; while Mr. Lawrence Irving (a second son of the great actor) took Sir Nathaniel. The whole affair was most successful."

La Revue des Traditions Populaires for July contains among other valuable articles a paper on "*La Pomme en Basse Normandie*," by L. F. Sauvé, from which we quote the following quaint bit:

"Du côté des légendes, une au moins est à citer, celle de la pomme d'Adam. Voici comment elle nous a été racontée, sur la route de Portbail à Barneville, par une vieille mendiante nomade du nom de Marie Lecouffet, en mai 1888.

"Ous avaez entendu prêchi p'tête biin du frut défendu qui s'trouvait dans l'courtin d'nos premis parents? L'boun Dieu leu z-avait dit: 'Ous n'y touquerez mèche.—Biin seür que nan—qui z-avaient fait—que j'n'y mettrons ni le deigt ni la goule, pique ous n'le voulæz pais.' Chu frut défendu, ch'était comme qui dirait eune pomme de grisernette, grosse comme mon chabot. Et y en avait pais qu'eune à l'arbe, mais des chents et des chents, da!

"Vlà eun jou qu'la mère Eve s'met à les r'luiqi, ches pommes: 'Mais qu'i sont don grosses, mais qu'i sont don belles!' qu'o disait. Et pis le lendeman, o les r'luique enco, et tous les jous comme cha. Si biin qu'v'la l'serpent s'met à li dire: 'Pour d'belles pommes, ch'est pour seür et chertain qu'ch'est des belles pommes, mais i sont enco pus goûtènes qu'i n'sont belles, et y en a taint, taint, que le boun Dieu li-même s'rait biin embarrassé d'les compter.—Tiins! qu'dit Eve, ch'est vrai tout d'même: eune pour mé, eune pour men homme, i n'y paratra brin."

"Et quand cha fut l'midi, comme tout faisait méronne dans l'gardin, olle en print deux. O print la pus belle pour li et n'en fit qu'eune goulæe, pis o s'n allit portaer l'aôte à s'n homme.

"Oh! qu'i dit, d'où que ch'est qu'o viint? je n'n ai jamais mougi d'si bounne.

"Mouju-là vite et t'tais, qu'o dit tout bas, mouju-là vite, tu n'n eras pais souvent d'comme ch'te chin."

"Not' grand-père Adam, à che coup-là, comprint la manigance, et il eut si grand poû, si grand poû, que l'raquillon qu'i s'depêchait d'sapaudaer, restit encrouaé dans s'n avaloux. Il y serait trejous si l'boun homme vivait enco. Mais, i n'est pais perdu pour cha, il a passé d'la guerguète d'Adam dans la cienne de tous ses descendants mâles. Les femmes, ieux, n'Pont pais, pasqu'o tiennent d'leu grand mère et que ch'te-là avait rongii le siin."

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Queries on all matters of general literary and historical interest—folk-lore, the origin of proverbs, familiar sayings, popular customs, quotations, etc., the authorship of books, pamphlets, poems, essays, or stories, the meaning of recondite allusions, etc., etc.—are invited from all quarters, and will be answered by editors or contributors. Room is allowed for the discussion of moot questions, and the periodical is thus a valuable medium for intercommunication between literary men and specialists.

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NOTES.

WOMANLESS ISLANDS.

Women have been forbidden on several islands ruled by the Catholic clergy. One of the most famous of these is Iona, or Icolmkill, called also I or Hy, a small island of the inner Hebrides (lat. 56° 22 N., lon. 6° 25 W.), nine miles southwest of Staffa, and separated from the island of Mull by a channel one and a quarter miles wide, called the sound of I or of Icolmkill; it is in Argyleshire, and has a population of about three hundred, whose only occupations are fishing and raising black cattle on the bleak moors. From earliest times the island has been accounted holy, and is still known to the Highlanders as *Eilean nah Druineach*, —the Sacred Isle of the Druids, for whose rites it was the chief seat. In 563 Conal

Christian, King of the Northern Scots, granted it to St. Columba, and Brude, King of the Picts, confirmed the gift on being converted. Columba built a chapel and hospice of wicker and mud thatched with heather among the three hundred and sixty gray Druidical monoliths, on which rude crosses were sculptured by the early converts. He also established a college, and sent out monks to the neighboring islands to build thereon little chapels from which to preach the new faith to the pagan Picts. On the Angel's Hill—*Croc-au-Aingel*—in Iona, Columba communed with angels; on the *Tor Ab*—Abbot's Hill—he sat to watch for pilgrims or pirates; in the *Port-na-Churraich*, or Harbor of the Boat, he buried the boat in which he had come from Ireland, that he might never be tempted to return. The island is full of such places of interest and relics of the saint; the *Lia Fail* is said to have been brought here from Erin, and to have formed a pillow for Columba the day of his death, in 597, ere proceeding on its travels to Westminster Abbey.

Columba's aversion to everything feminine was such that he forbade even the keeping of cows on the island, for, he said, "where there is a cow there must be a female, and where there is a female there must be mischief." Any married tradesman of Iona must keep his wife on the neighboring "Women's Isle," and when the Lords of the Isles and other great men were brought to Iona for burial, their wives were buried on the Isle of Finlagan. Near Columba's first chapel, dedicated to his companion St. Oran, was the Reilig Orain, or consecrated graveyard, where forty-eight Scottish Kings, eight Danish and Norwegian Sea-Kings, four Irish Kings, and one Bishop of Canterbury were buried. After Columba's death, the island was invaded by the heathen, and the monks forced to depart, taking with them the saint's body, which was re-interred in the Cathedral of Dunkeld or in Kells, Ireland. After this event a company of nuns came from a neighboring island, and established an Augustine priory. Later Queen Margaret of Scotland built a stone chapel on the site of that of St. Oran. In 1560 the religious establishments were abolished by

the Scotch Parliament, and the island passed into the hands of the McLeans; it now belongs to the Duke of Argyle. An ancient prophecy declares that seven years before the end of the world, a second deluge will submerge all the earth with the exception of Iona, which will swim above the flood; hence its merits as a royal cemetery. Macbeth is said to have been buried there. On June 13, 1888, a pilgrimage to Iona was organized to commemorate the fact of St. Columba's canonical appointment as patron saint of the diocese of Argyle and the Isles, and among the five hundred pilgrims were many women. The name *I-colum-Kill* signifies the Island of Columba's Cell.

Another account says it was to the above-mentioned St. Oran's rigid celibacy that the rule against women was established, by which they were forbidden to worship in his chapel or be buried in his churchyard. Walter Scott refers to this in his ballad of "Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach:"

"Or if she choose a melting tale
* * * Will good St. Oran's rule prevail?"

A similar prohibition existed in Lindisfarne, the "Holy Isle," off the coast of Northumberland, a few miles south of Berwick; it is surrounded by water at high tide, but at low tide the sands between it and the coast may be easily crossed on foot. Its ruined abbey is said to be the oldest church in England; it was established by St. Aidan, who founded the Church in Northumbria in 635 at the request of King Oswald, and who made Lindisfarne the episcopal seat of the see of Durham. It is famous as the scene of St. Cuthbert's labors. He was a shepherd who was induced by a vision to enter the priesthood. After preaching the gospel to the still half-savage people on the mainland, he lived eight years as a hermit on the barren islet of Farne, which he cultivated, living in a cabin with a wide trench around it to separate him from visitors. He was made Bishop of Hexham, and afterward of Lindisfarne, remaining at the latter place two years; feeling his health fail, he retired to Farne once more, where he died in 687. He was buried in Lindisfarne, whose soil was thought so sacred that the bodies of many Border chiefs were carried there for

burial. When the island was ravaged by the Danes, the monks fled, taking with them the body of St. Cuthbert, which, after long wanderings, was at last placed in a shrine of Durham Cathedral, where it worked miracles, and over it was hung a cloth used by him in celebrating mass, which, if carried as a banner, always insured victory. But the shrine was demolished in the Reformation, the body buried under the pavement, and the banner burned by Calvin's sister.

Scott has chosen Lindisfarne as the site of the nunnery in "Marmion," but he himself says this is entirely fictitious, for St. Cuthbert detested all women, on account of "a slippery trick played on him by an Irish princess." A cross of blue marble was set in the pavement of his shrine at Durham beyond which no female might set foot without being subjected to heavy penance. The cross is still to be seen, but its prohibitive authority has gone. The saint, however, seems to have been hardly consistent in his ban against the sex, for he conversed with Elfeda, daughter of King Oswy, through his cabin-window at Farne, he accepted a gift of a rare winding-sheet from Virca, Abbess of Tynemouth, and a coffin from a holy lady named Tuda, and he exchanged visits with the Abbess of Coldingham. On August 11, 1887, the twelfth centenary of his death was celebrated by a pilgrimage to Lindisfarne of four thousand men and women. Therefore, in Lindisfarne as well as in Iona, the prohibitive rule is now entirely disregarded, even by Catholics.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHAT IS THE ORIGINAL DRAMA ON WHICH "ERMINIE" IS FOUNDED, AND WHAT IS THE HISTORY OF THAT DRAMA?

The modern burlesque opera of "Erminie" (music by Ed. Jacobowski, libretto by Harry Paulton) is the latest of a long series of character sketches which, I fancy, had their real origin in the person of the infamous Chevalier Macaire, a French knight, who, more than five hundred years ago, aided by Lieutenant Landry, murdered Aubrey de Montdidier in the forest of Bondy.

There are many interesting details connected with this *cause célèbre*, among which are the apprehension of the assassin on suspicion aroused by the conduct of Montdidier's faithful dog, "Dragon," which had witnessed the attack; the animal's marked enmity toward the murderer; and the subsequent judicial battle between the two, ending in the defeat of the latter, and the confession of his crime.

But the matter now under discussion bears upon only one point in this history—that *Macaire* was the name of a notorious *French villain*. It is true that his first name was Richard, and not Robert, but this unimportant difference was a natural outgrowth of the changes which time will always work eventually in the case of any popular tradition. From that time (1371) Macaire, under various guises, became a familiar figure on the French stage, although, at first, or even until this century, the interest in the man was quite secondary to that which was felt for the dog, who was the real hero of the play.

Two of these dramatic renderings, one "La Forêt de Bondy, ou le Chien de Montargis," and the other "Le Chien D'Aubrey," enjoyed a vast popularity; the former, by Guilbert de Pixérécourt, was adapted to the English stage, and the leading character was played by a famous trained dog. In this manner the Chevalier was nearly lost sight of, and it was left to D'Aumier to revive him in all the glory of his original villainy in the melodrama of "L'Auberge des Adrets."

Robert Macaire had long been a name synonymous with every species of depravity, and it was not unnatural that D'Aumier should have represented him as a vulgar brigand, ready to cut a throat or pick a pocket on the slightest provocation, but always exercising his villainies with the purely sordid motive of personal gain. This character, however, underwent a miraculous transformation when the great Frederick Lemaitre adopted it as his favorite *rôle*, and gave it the interpretation which was the inspiration of his wonderful genius. Under this treatment, Robert Macaire became "un caractère buffon et ironique, contrastant singulièrement avec les crimes dont sa conscience

était lourdement chargée. Il fit plaisanter agréablement aux gendarmes, à force de sang froid et de lazzi; et sous ce bandit sceptique, ce scélérat gouailleur, l'assassin disparaissait presque complètement."

It was after this rehabilitation of the character that D'Aumier made his *début* as a caricaturist, by contributing to *Charivari* a series of sketches, in which Robert Macaire was successfully depicted as a banker, an advocate, a journalist, etc., in whom were personified perverseness, impudence, and charlatanism. They were remarkable as portraits of abstract qualities, and it is largely owing to their favorable reception on the part of a good-natured public that D'Aumier has come to be known in later times as the "Aristophanes of French caricature." And in this manner Robert Macaire came to be the sportive designation of a Frenchman in general.

About forty years ago, the late comedian and dramatist, Charles Selby, adapted "L'Auberge des Adrets" to the English stage; and few melodramas have been more frequently performed, or gained a more permanent place in public favor. It has always been a stock piece in the *repertoire* of eminent artists, and in very recent times the great Irving himself has consented to horrify and delight his London audiences with his wonderful impersonation of this "*gentlemanly villain*."

In the English "Robert Macaire, or the Two Murderers" we have the same grotesquely picturesque thief, with his timid, nervous accomplice, as in the comic opera of "Erminie," and their history is also substantially the same, although the attendant circumstances are different. In both renderings the scene opens at the door of an inn, where the thieves, escaped from prison, present themselves as guests. Their soiled, ragged, and heterogeneous attire subject them to close questioning on the part of the servants, but Redmond's cool audacity silences criticism, and they soon find themselves seated before a well-filled table—after the trembling Bertrand has all but betrayed them by supplementing his companion's demand for "the best of everything" with his own plebian request for "some bread and cheese and an *ingun*."

Bertrand is always nervously apprehensive that the gendarmes will catch them, while Redmond assures him they have nothing to fear; to which the former rejoins "Oh! haven't we though!" These remarks have been faithfully reproduced in "Erminie." The "Dickey Bird" song, which is such a popular feature of the opera, is suggested by Bertrand's reply when asked to sit down and breakfast with the gendarmes, before these officers have recognized their prisoners; Redmond, who has accepted the invitation with a show of great pleasure, calls to his companion, who replies, "No, I thank you, I am not hungry, I want to go into the fields, and hear the dicky-birds sing," and he is about to escape when Redmond forces him to return.

As in the opera, a wedding-party arrives at the inn, which the thieves join, introducing themselves as eccentric but distinguished strangers. One of the party is robbed and murdered during the night, and the perpetrators of the deed are arrested. Macaire is shot and his companion given up to justice. Before his death, Macaire is reconciled to his wife and son—who are prominent characters in the play—and dies repentant. It is a noticeable fact that in "Erminie," the youngest of a long line, it is upon the simpleton Cadeux, rather than on his clever chief, that public interest centres. This seems like a return to the original form of the drama, when the dog, and not Macaire, was the hero of the play.

QUERIES.

Lake of Czirknitz.—How do you account for the periodical disappearance of the waters of the lake of Czirknitz in Austria?

R. B. P.

VERONA, MAINE.

There is very little doubt that the lake of Czirknitz is simply an overflow-lake fed by some subterranean river. Very probably that river is the same one which reaches the sea in that wonderful fountain of Timavus, which Virgil so beautifully describes. When the water in the underground river is abundant, the great lake fills up; when it is

low the lake disappears. It is here noteworthy that Mr. Skeat makes "the dry sea" of Chaucer (*Book of the Duchesse*, 1028) to represent this lake. Other scholars, cited by Skeat as above, place the "dry sea" in North Africa. Skeat alludes to Mandevilles' "gravelly sea" in the land of Prester John. But why may not Chaucer and Mandeville refer to the *Han-Hai*, or "dry sea," of Central Asia described by Ritchtofen? Chaucer, just before the line quoted, has been referring to Tartary. It is true that Ritchtofen first made the name *Han-Hai* familiar to geographers. But did he really invent it?

River Flowing Inland.—What river flows from the sea into the land?

R. B. P.

VERONA, MAINE.

In the Greek island of Cephalonia there are inland-flowing streams, one of which turns the wheels of five mills; it is near the city of Argostoli. It is supposed that porous rocks absorb the water, and give it out again in certain saline springs.

Steenle.—Why did James I call his favorite, Buckingham, by the pet-name of "Steenie"?

P. R. B. P.

VERONA, MAINE.

Because, like St. Stephen's, his face was "as it had been the face of an angel." King James was a great admirer of masculine beauty, perhaps because he had so little of it himself. "Steenie" means Stephen.

Lion of Justice.—What king was called "the Lion of Justice" by his subjects?

P. R. B. P.

VERONA, MAINE.

Henry I of England.

Chimæra in a Vacuum.—Can you furnish me with a Latin quotation about a Chimæra in a Vacuum?

ALICE.

PHILADELPHIA.

In the days in which it was the fashion to ridicule the schoolmen and their studies, some one propounded this question: *Utrum chimæra bombinans in vacuo posset comedere*

secundas intentiones; that is, "whether a chimæra buzzing about in a vacuum would be able to eat Second Intentions?" The question is a purely ridiculous one, and is intended to be such.

King of the Penguins.—Who is called the King of the Penguins?

ALICE.

PHILADELPHIA.

This is a recent mock-title for the Governor of the Falkland Islands, a region which once abounded in penguins. Perhaps the popular name of King-penguin, which is given to one of the species, helped to shape the title in question.

One-Eyed Conquerors.—What great conqueror had but one eye?

ALICE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Hannibal; also Lord Nelson.

Blind Men of Distinction.—Please name some distinguished blind persons, including such as became blind.

ALICE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Samson, Eli, Isaac, Homer, Milton, Appian Claudius, John, king of Bohemia, Tiresias, Ziska, Fawcett, Blacklock, Huber, J. Waddell, Muley Hassan, Democritus.

Hazing.—What is the derivation of the word "hazing"?

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Webster says, "Cf. Sw. *hasa*, to hamstring, from *has*, tendon. O. D. *hassen*, ham. To vex with chiding, etc., to punish by exacting unnecessarily disagreeable or difficult duty; to play abusive tricks upon, chiefly used among college students and sailors."

Hey, the White Swan.—Where does this expression occur?

ALICE.

ST. CHARLES, MO.

Edward III, of England, had for a motto these lines:

"Hey, Hey! the white swan!
By God's soul, I am thy man!"

The White Swan was the cognizance of the Bohun family.

REPLIES.

The Lost Arts (Vol. iii, p. 177).—Among the lost arts might be mentioned that of engraving on crystal stones, as practiced by the Egyptians, and the art of painting on glass, practiced in the monkish ages.

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

So Long (Vol. ii, p. 48).—This phrase, in the sense of "good-bye," is quite frequently heard in Ontario, and its use is not entirely confined to the ranks of the vulgar. Bartlett ("Dict. of Americanisms," 1877) cites it thus: "*So Long*. Used in taking leave, like 'Good-bye, Louisiana.'" The "good gray poet" (Whitman) has written a poem with the title "*So Long*," which occupies pages 451-456 of the Boston (Thayer and Eldridge, 1860-1861) edition of "*Leaves of Grass*." From it I quote:

"While pleasure is yet at the full, I whisper *So Long*,
And take the young woman's hand, and the young
man's hand, for the last time."

* * * * *

"I feel like one who has done his work—I progress
on,

The unknown sphere, more real than I dreamed,
more direct, darts awakening rays about me—
So Long!

Remember my words—I love you—I depart from
materials,

I am as one disembodied, triumphant, dead."

"C. W. S.," in the *Athenæum* (No. 3222, July 27, 1889, p. 140), says: "The expression 'so long' is in common use amongst the working classes in Liverpool, in the sense of 'good bye.' I first heard the words used in that sense in and about New-Castle-upon-Tyne thirteen or fourteen years ago, then almost exclusively by sea-faring people. It has now become common, but I do not think I have ever heard it but once out of a sea-port, and that was in a Manchester railway station on the departure of a Liverpool train. The only literary use of the expression that I have ever seen is in *Chambers' Journal* for June 22, 1889, p. 397, col. I." Arthur Montifiore (*Athenæum*, *Ibid.*) remarks: "I can offer some slight evidence of its existence in remote country districts of Dorsetshire, among sons of the soil who speak the

language of tradition rather than that of literature. I have personally known men use this expression under circumstances which would point strongly to their inheriting, in opposition to their acquiring it." It may be that this word, like many others, has a good old English ancestry behind it, but at present its origin cannot be determined with certainty. A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Terrapin (Vol. iii, p. 190).—Bartlett ("Dict. of Americanisms," p. 700) assigns to this word an Indian origin. Palmer ("Folk-Etymology," p. 387) follows Bartlett. Smith ("Glossary of Terms and Phrases," p. 478) gives the forms *Terrapene* or *Terrapin*. Stormont (8th ed., 1884) has "*Terrapin* or *Terrapene* (Fr. *terrapene*). All have heard of 'Brer *Tarrypin*,' in 'Uncle Remus.'" The citations Bartlett gives seem to prove the Algonkin origin of the word. It occurs in Whitaker's "Good News from Virginia" (1623), p. 42, in the form "*torope*, or little turtle;" in Lawson's "Natural History of Carolina" (1709), p. 133, as "*terebins*;" and in Beverly's "Virginia" (1722), p. 151, we find "a small kind of turtle or *tarapins*." Father Rasles, the early Abenaki missionary, has in his vocabulary of that language "toarebe, turtle." Eliot, in his "Indian Bible" (Leviticus xi, 29), has for "tortoise" *toonuppasog*. Campanius (1645), for the language of the Indians of New Sweden, gives *tulpa* or *turpa*, a tortoise (*l, n, r* are interchangeable in some Algonkin dialects). William Strachey (1618?) in the vocabulary appended to his "Historie of Travaille into Virginia Britannia," has "a sea turtle, *tuwucppewk*." Dr. D. G. Brinton ("The Lenâpé and their Legends" p. 225), says, "The Lenâpé word *tulpe* means turtle or tortoise, especially, says Zeisberger, a water or sea-turtle." The turtle plays an important part in the cosmogony of the Eastern Algonkins, symbolizing the earth. The Dutch travelers, Donkers and Sluyter, heard the tortoise-myth in 1679 from the New Jersey Indians (see Brinton, 132). Besides, the turtle or tortoise was an important article of food. So it is no matter for surprise that this Algon-

kin word early crept into the speech of the English colonists. It is noticeably an Eastern Algonkin word for turtle or tortoise, and probably from the *in* termination, a diminutive. The Western Algonkin words for the same or similar creatures appear to be quite different. In the dialect of the Lake of the Two Mountains (Quebec), we have "*posikato*, land turtle; *mikinak*, tortoise or turtle in general; *telebikinak*, soft-shelled turtle," and the Cree and Ojibeway terms conform closely to these. The negroes of Surinam call the sea-turtle *krapé*, and the land-turtle *serkrepatoe*.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Heathen Hymn in Christian Churches (Vol. iii, pp. 141, 165).—It does not seem to be generally known that the hymn "Vital Spark of Heavenly Flame," was, according to Pope himself (*Spectator*, 223, 229), to him who reads between the lines, suggested by Sappho's ode Ad Lesbiam:

"My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame.
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

But the "heathen hymn," most probably is—

"Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise."

It is an extract from Pope's "Messiah," first published in the *Spectator*, No. 378, May 14, 1712, with comments by Addison. There it is said to be written in imitation of Virgil's "Pollio." It is almost a literal rendering of Virgil's 4th Eclogue, and it seems to me is the hymn which most fully answers the question, Virgil being, indeed, a heathen.

M. N. ROBINSON.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nicknames.—Among nicknames bestowed upon prominent men I recall the following. Will correspondents kindly add to the list?

PINAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Erasmus was called *errans mus*, or "wandering mouse," by the friars; Claudius Tiberius Nero was called *Caldius Biberius mero*, "Drinker heated with wine," by some of his contemporaries. Cotton Mather nicknamed Hanserd Knollys "Mr. Absurd Know-less."

Eternal Vigilance, etc. (Vol. i, pp. 46, 203).—In looking over some notes made a year or two ago I find this:

"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance, and the price of wisdom is eternal thought."

"FRANK BIRCH."

The note has no meaning to me now, though, to quote the words ascribed to Browning, I suppose it did mean something when I wrote it. Can anybody tell who is "Frank Birch," or where I got the quotation?

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Drum.—Will you please find the old song, entitled "The Drum"? I myself have hunted many books which I thought might contain it, but my efforts were fruitless. You might possibly find it in a work entitled "Songs and Ballads of the Revolution." This book I have been unable to obtain.

E. S. LARA.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Blind Monk of Ephesus.—Who was the "Blind Monk of Ephesus"?

D. B. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Hand, Etc.—Who first used the expression:

"The hand that rocks the cradle,
Is the hand that rules the world?"

MACQUE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Brief Letters.—Are there any epistles known shorter than the following, which passed between a Pittsburg coal-dealer and his nephew?

Dear Nephew,

;

Your Uncle.

The answer, briefer, if possible, was :

Dear Uncle,

Your Nephew.

MACQUE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Nothing like Leather.—Can you tell me where this expression originated? I remember, when a boy, hearing the following rhyme, accompanied at times by the expression, which, I was told, was a common one in Ireland: "Leathery breeches are a very good thing of a frosty morning." I quote these lines from memory :

"A town feared a siege and held a consultation,
Which was the best method of fortification;
A grave, skillful mason said, 'In his opinion,
Nothing but stone could secure the dominion.'
A carpenter said: 'Though that was well spoke,
It was better by far to defend it with oak.'
A currier, wiser than both these together,
Said, 'Try what you please, there's nothing like
leather.'"

MACQUE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Telling the Bees (Vol. i, p. 312; Vol. ii, pp. 238, 274).—Edward Clayton in his interesting article, "Sunrise in Sussex," in *Longman's Magazine* (July, 1889, pp. 262-274), says (p. 269):

"I interrogated him (a Sussex keeper) as to whether he had ever heard of the New England custom which Longfellow writes about, of 'telling the bees' of a death in the household, and he admitted somewhat apologetically, with a glance at his wife, that he had done it himself.

"What did he do?"

"Oh! he went and just tapped the hives with his knuckles."

"Didn't ye say nothing?" says Mrs. Woolven.

"No, don't know as I did."

"Well, good sakes alive, what was the use then?" You should have said, 'So-and-so's dead, tap, tap, tap, so-and-so's dead.' Not that Mrs. Woolven believed in it, but if

you *were* going to tell the bees, why, do it properly."

The same article contains other interesting items of folk-speech and folk-lore.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Seven Golden Cities (Vol. i, p. 181).—The famous legend of the "Island of the Seven Golden Cities" has given name to a district of the island of St. Michael, in the Azores. The district of the "Seven Cities" is a volcanic tract of no small scientific interest. It is noteworthy that the Arabian geographers describe the Azores as having cities of considerable importance. But before their alleged re-discovery in 1432, they seem to have become depopulated. It is remarkable that the fabled island of Brazil, on at least one early map (1361), appears in almost exactly the place of Corvo and Flores, the westernmost of the Azorean group.

SALIX.

NEW JERSEY.

Land of Inverted Order (Vol. iii, p. 151).—Among Mr. Ullathorne's points of dissimilarity between Australia and Europe there are several which will not bear criticism. The *mole* he speaks of is the *Ornithorhynchus*, and is not at all like a real mole. "Dogs never bark" is true of the native *dingo* in its wild state; like the *atco* of tropical America in the old days, it has no bark; but the ordinary dogs of Australia bark as much as any dogs.

"Codfish are caught in the rivers," refers to the wonderful fish, *barramunda*, which has both gills and lungs; but it is a codfish only in name. "Winged serpents are found" in no part of the continent, though frilled and quasi-winged lizards are not rare.

The *emu* is not a *cassowary*, and neither is "as large as an ostrich," although the emu's plumage is hair-like.

Additional points of "inverted order" often noted are these: the sun is in the north at noon; the chief rivers (those west of the eastern coast-range) flow inland and not directly seaward; the "pear-tree," *Xylomelum pyriforme*, bears wooden fruit; the trees (that is, such as have *phyllodes* instead of leaves) cast no shade; the (so-

called) cherry, *exocarpus inpressiformis*, is said to have its stone or pit on the outside of the fruit; the opossums and jackasses fly; the opossum is not really an opossum and does not really fly, but glides through the air like a flying squirrel, while the *jackass*, in this case, is a bird (a kingfisher who never catches fish); Christmas comes at midsummer; the (native) peas are poisonous; the oaks (*Casuarina*, *Grevillea*, etc.) bear no acorns; the apple (*Angophora*) is not eatable; the chestnut (*Castano-spermum*) has no burrs.

NEW JERSEY.

HYRAX.

Similia Similibus Curantur.—This Hahnemannian formula, as is well-known, is as old as Hippocrates' time. In Puttenham's *Arte of Englishe Poesie* (p. 63, Arber's ed.), I find: "Not with any medicament of a contrary temper, as the *Galenistes* vse to cure, *contraria*, *contrarijs*, but as the *Paracelsians*, who cure *similia similibus*, making one dolour to expell another."

NEW JERSEY.

JACOX.

Crick-Creek.—The pronunciation of the word *creek* (a small stream) as *crick*, which obtains in some parts of the United States and Canada, is said by some to be modern and an Americanism. The word, however, occurs at least as early as 1631, for at page 19 of Captain John Smith's "Advices for Inexperienced Planters," (Works, Arber's ed., 1884), we find, "among the *cricks* and coves." In a description of Nova Scotia by Mascarine, transmitted to the Lords of Trade by Governor Philipp in 1729 ("Selections from the Public Documents of the Province of Nova Scotia," Halifax, 1869) the word occurs twice; *cricks* (p. 45, p. 46). We have in English "*crick*" (in the neck), a word etymologically identical with *creek* (see Skeat, under *creek* and *crick*), and coinciding in pronunciation with the American word.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

A Cold Day.—In "Gil Morrice," (Percy's "Reliques," bk. vii, xviii, lines 39-42) occur these lines:

"Yes, I will gae your blacke errand,
Though it be to your cost;
Sen ye by me well nae be warn'd
In it ye sall find frost," etc.

Is not this the original of our slang expression, "it's a cold day" for some one? "Gil Morrice" was printed in a second edition in 1754, and, according to Percy, "lays claim to a pretty high antiquity."

R. G. B.

Cool of the Evening (Vol. iii, p. 50).—At the time of Lord Houghton's death, the *Tribune* correspondent, G. W. Smalley, wrote:

"The confidence of demeanor which earned for him very early in life Sydney Smith's sobriquet, 'the cool of the evening,' remained with him, but it mellowed with age."

I have elsewhere seen it stated that Lord Houghton was so called by Bulwer.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Wild Darrell (Vol. iii, p. 40).—In Lady Wilde's "Legends of Ireland" is the story of "The Doctor and the Fairy Princess," closely allied in its main incidents to the Wild Darrell legend. Also in Keightley's "Fairy Mythology" are somewhat similar tales regarding Pixies, Nixies, and other fairy folk. Mr. Hubert Hall's attempt to "whitewash" the tarnished name of Darrell is greatly assisted by the fact that legendary lore long ago furnished these fables; popular credulity being ever ready to avail itself of any suspected name as a peg upon which to hang such old-wives tales.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Caerlaverock Castle (Vol. iii, p. 176).—For information in regard to this castle and its owners, the Maxwells, see Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Vol. ii, and in particular the ballad, "Lord Maxwell's Good-Night," with the notes thereto. The fourth verse of the ballad reads:

"Adieu! Dumfries, my proper place,
But and Caerlaverock fair;
Adieu! my castle of the Thrievr,
Wi' a' my buildings there."

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Names of Days of the Week (Vol. ii, p. 58; Vol. iii, p. 276).—The following paragraph from Moncreux Conway's "Demons of the Shadow" (*Scribner's Monthly*, 1872) supplements the communication of "R. G. B." in your issue of August 10th:

"Some of the associations which the poor and ignorant people of Germany had with their gods were so tenaciously clung to that the Church thought it well to adopt them. Thus the god Odin was thought to revisit the fir-tree near the time of his old Yule festival, and those who paid him honor thought they would receive gifts. This became the Christmas tree, and the god himself was personated coming in with gifts for the children. It was thought best * * * to connect the custom with a saint; and St. Nicholas was chosen. It was also thought necessary to make the custom more moral. Now St. Nicholas was the patron of children, as the Boy-Bishop legend showed; but he was also austere, having, while yet an infant, refused maternal nourishment on fast days. Hence, when St. Nicholas came in to give Christmas gifts, he instituted a sort of judgment day among the children, * * * evinced a preternatural knowledge of all their little naughtinesses, and carried * * * a pannier to carry off the bad children after it had yielded its presents to the good ones."

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Caerlaverock Castle (Vol. iii, p. 176).—Caerlaverock is the "original" of Ellangowan Castle, in "Guy Mannering." It is a wedge-shaped building, once of great strength. There were three moats, traces of which still remain, and three portcullises; above the grove in which the second portcullis ran can still be seen a channel through which melted lead could be poured on assailants fortunate enough to pass the first gate. Over the entrance is, or was until recently, a room, sealed up years ago, and never since opened. Of course, it is said to contain treasure.

One of the Maxwells, of Nithsdale, so the story goes, married a fair maid, and to his wedding invited his disappointed rival—perhaps one of the Scotts. At night this rival rose, broke into the bridal chamber,

and killed Maxwell. Then he stole away through a private door, mounted his horse, and rode away. In the morning, to his horror, he saw that he had forgotten to cross the three moats, and had ridden hard all night around and around the castle. He was, of course, captured and put to death with horrible tortures. "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

The present head of the Maxwells is Lord Herries, of Torregles. The barony of Herries dates so far back that its origin is unknown.

R. G. B.

Golden King (Vol. iii, p. 175).—"Golden King" was one of the titles of the Burmese sovereigns. Their seat was the Golden Throne; to be allowed to kiss the Golden Foot was a high privilege. The highest title of honor conferred by them was a membership in the order of the Golden Sun.

ROLLOX.

NEW JERSEY.

Corrigenda—*Prophetic Dream* (Vol. iii, p. 177).—A correction must be made, "Atlantic" should read "Arctic."

R. G. B.

Attention was also called to this correction by "S." Binghamton, N. Y.

I have no time, etc.

The last word of the second line of the answer to this query should be "died," not "did," and the first word of the next line "rich" instead of "not."

Clephane (Vol. ii, pp. 106, 131).—There is a place called Clephantown, in the County of Nairn, Scotland, six and a quarter miles southwest of the town of Nairn.

PHYLAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Scholastic Doctors.—I have come across in my reading the following names and titles of mediæval schoolmen, *in addition* to those given in my copy (old edition) of Wheeler's "Noted Names:"

Adam de Morisco, *Doctor Illustratus*.

Pope Alexander V, *Doctor Refulgidus*.

Alexander Alemannicus, *Doctor Illibatus*.

Alex. Andræ, *Doctor Dulcissimus* (*dulcissimus* in Wheeler).

St. Anthony of Padua, *Doctor Optimus*.

St. Thomas Aquinas, *Doctor Communis* (as well as *Doctor Angelicus*, Wheeler).

Jacobus de Ascoli, *Doctor Profundus*.

W. Barley, *Doctor Planus et Clarus*.

Bertrand de la Torre, *Doctor Famosus*.

Nicholas Bonet, *Doctor Proficurus* (?) (What does this mean?)

Walter Brinkel, *Doctor Bonus*.

Francis of Candia, *Doctor Fertilis*.

Landolpho Caraccioli, *Doctor Collectivus*.

Hugh de Castronovo, *Doctor Scholasticus*.

Duns Scotus, *Doctor Marianus*, etc.

Gregory of Fontes, *Doctor Venerandus*.

Alexander of Hales, *Doctor Doctorum*, etc.

Hildebert, *Doctor Venerabilis*.

Innocent V (pope), *Doctor Famosissimus*.

Nicholas Lyra, *Doctor Utilis*.

Francis de Mairone, *Doctor Amtus*, etc.

Francis de Marco, *Doctor Illustratus*.

Richard Middleton, *Doctor Fundatus et copiosus*, etc.

Alphonsus de Novo Castro, *Doctor Ingeniosissimus*.

Wm. Occam, *Doctor Singularis*, etc.

Gerard Odon, *Doctor Scholasticus*.

Peter de l'Isle, *Doctor Notabilis*.

Peter of Aquila, *Doctor Sufficiens*, etc.

John of Ripatransone, *Doctor Difficilis*.

Peter Tome, *Doctor Invincibilis*.

Gulielmus Varro, *Doctor Fundatus*.

The list is far from complete.

FAIRFAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Nitocris' Tomb (Vol. ii, pp. 153, 253; Vol. iii, p. 178).—In "Chivalric Days," by E. S. Brooks, is given the story of the Egyptian Nitocris who figures as the Cinderella of that country. She was the daughter of an image-maker; her sandal was dropped by an eagle at the feet of the young king, Nebi, with the orthodox result. After she had been some years queen, Nebi was murdered by conspirators; Nit-a-ker, or Nitocris, planned to avenge her husband. Beneath a pyramid tomb she caused to be built a great subterranean chamber; an aqueduct connected this with the Nile. At the Feast of Inundation, she invited her husband's murderers to a banquet in the great chamber.

When the feast was at its height, she and her attendants withdrew, the flood-gates were opened, and the revelers perished. Then Nitocris, having avenged her husband, threw herself upon a heap of smouldering ashes and died, and was entombed in her pyramid.

A friend has sent me a sonnet (by Julia Mills Dunn) which seems worthy a place in the "ana" of Queen Nitocris.

QUEEN NITOCRIS.

"Men call me dead. Long centuries ago—
Ere yet the desert's drifting sands had hid
The crouching Sphinx, or marred the Pyramids,
When all my pulses bounded with the flow
Of riotous blood that fed my heart's fierce glow,
When lovers lived or suffered as I bid—
Death came and breathed upon my dusky lids,
And round my tomb the carven lotus blows.
Empires have risen and crumbled since my time,
New worlds have grown in lands across the sea;
And yet across the shifting seas of sand
I draw my lovers by a spell sublime,
To seek the tomb that men have built for me—
And so Love conquers Death at my command."

According to Herodotus, I think Nitocris of Egypt succeeded her *brother*, whose death she avenged as above related.

M. A. N.

NEW YORK CITY.

Etymology of Chewink.—Bartlett ("Dict. of Americanisms, 1877"), has "*Chewink*. The ground robin; so-called from its peculiar note. On Long Island it is called the Towhee Goldfinch, and in Louisiana, from its plumpness, Grasset." Mr. Torrey, in his delightful book "Birds in the Bush," says (p. 62), "The towhee is of a peculiarly even disposition. I have seldom heard him scold or use any note less good-natured and musical than his pleasant *cherawink*." And (p. 178) "What has any finch to do with a call like *cherwink*, or with such a three-colored harlequin suit? (See also pp. 179, 180.) While this onomatopoeitic origin (direct) may be correct, it is interesting to find in Strachey's "Virginian Vocabulary" (*Circa*, 1618), "*cheawanta*," a robin red-breast."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Cocco (Vol. iii, pp. 78, 192)—The *cocco* described in the quotation from the *National Exponent* is not the same plant as that noticed in Vol. iii, p. 78. The *Exponent*, no doubt, refers to *Cyperus Hydra*, a well-known noxious weed called *coco-grass* in many places.

CAREX.

NEW JERSEY.

The word "The" in Place-Names (Vol. iii, pp. 120, 191).—Add to the list the Asturias, the Sahara, the Solent, the Hamoaze. A very large number of French town-names begin with *Le*.

HYRAX.

NEW JERSEY.

Curious Passages from "Lyly's Euphues":—Venus had hir Mole in his cheeks, which made hir more amiable; *Helen* hir scarre in hir chinne, which *Paris* called *cos amoris*, the whetstone of love; *Aristippus* his Wart; *Lycurgus* his Wen.—"Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit;" Arber's ed., p. 34.

Perfumes doth refresh the Dove and kill the Betill.—*Ibid.*, p. 41.

The stone *abestos* being once made hot will never be made cold.—*Ibid.*, p. 42.

It must be a wyly mouse that shall breed in a cat's care.—*Ibid.*, p. 63.

Would mine eyes had been rubbed with the sirop of the cedar tree, which taketh away sight.—*Ibid.*, p. 63.

* * * the serpent *Porphirius*, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse he hurteth none but himself.—"Euphues and His England," p. 372.

The camill first troubleth the Water before he drinke.—*Ibid.*, p. 378.

FERREX.

NEW JERSEY.

Serpent and Ash-Tree.—The belief in the antipathy between the serpent and the ash-tree is very widespread, even at this day. Lyly says: "As little agreement shal there be betweene us as is betwixt * * * the Serpent and the Ash-tree" ("Euphues," p. 373). Yet in the old Norse myth the world-serpent lies coiled at the foot of the ash-tree Yggdrasil.

FERREX.

NEW JERSEY.

Swine and Crab.—During a recent visit to Cape May County, N. J., I saw the

pigs being fed with king-crabs, and the latter were eaten with great avidity. It recalled a place in Lyly's "Euphues," p. 61, as follows: "The filthy Sow, when she is sicke, Eateth the Sea-crab and is immediately recured; the Torteysse having tasted the Viper sucketh *Origanum* and is quickly revived."

FERREX.

NEW JERSEY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Journal of American Folk-Lore (July-September) is at hand with its well-edited and well-selected contents. H. Pomeroy Brewster writes on "The House that Jack Built," an admirable supplement to the discussion in AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, pp. 77, 119. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain contributes "A Mohawk Legend of Adam and Eve," that forms an interesting contrast to the version cited in AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, p. 204. Other articles on "English Folk-Tales in America," "Leaves from an Omaha Note-Book," etc., etc., will find interested readers.

The Atlantic Monthly for September contains an article, "La Nouvelle France," which will be the subject of discussion in the United States, and of something more than discussion in Canada. It endeavors to show how the French-Canadian party is steadily gaining Canada to itself, and how by its consummate organization it is reconquering it from its nominal English rulers. The paper is an interesting pendant to that on French-Canadian literature in the August number. "The Isthmus Canal and American Control," by Stuart F. Weld, is a consideration of the policy promulgated by the United States Government in its desire to control the Inter-Oceanic Canal, with (as XVIIIth century writers would put it) "some animadversions thereon." Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an article on "James Wilson," a Scotchman who settled in Pennsylvania, and whose services in behalf of the Constitution of the United States are too little known. Another sketch of the "Americans at the First Bastille Celebration," completes the more important articles. Miss Jewett contributes "The White Rose Road," and two stories, to which that much-abused word "weird" can actually be applied seriously, will be found in "Voodooism in Tennessee," and the ghostly little story of "The Gold Heart." Mrs. Preston's poem, "Phryne's Test," an odd paper on "The Black Madonna of Loreto," and Messrs. James's and Bynner's serials fill out the number.

The Catholic World, for September, offers its readers, among other matter, "Clues to Ancient American Architecture," by W. Nemos, and an entertaining paper, "'Varsity Reminiscences," by Charles E. Hudson, M. A. Cantab.

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NOTES.

WOMANLESS ISLANDS.

[CONCLUDED.]

The Celtic clergy seem to have cherished an especial aversion to women. During the building of a convent near the holy well of St. Augustine in Ireland, bells were rung by invisible hands and angelic music accompanied the workmen. A woman came to draw water from the well, and immediately the music ceased and the work could not proceed. The monks were forced to choose another site, around which they drew a circle and forbade any woman to step inside; the bells and music recommenced, and the building was soon completed. Thomas Moore wrote a ballad founded on one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose rock-bed is still shown in Wicklow, at Glendalough.

"By that Lake whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er," St. Kevin hid himself from his former sweetheart Kathleen, who followed him to the solitudes; the saint hurled her from the rock into the waters beneath, and ever after

"Her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

St. Kevin's hermitage, however, was, I think, on the shore, not on an island. Though I suppose the question to refer to these ecclesiastical prohibitions, some other instances of islands forbidden to women may be mentioned. E. E. Bourne in an account of the Isles of Shoals, writes, "The law allowed no women or hogs on the island. In 1647 John Reynolds went to live on Hog Island, carrying with him his hogs, and also his wife, which made a great uproar among the inhabitants. The people petitioned the Court of York County that they might be compelled to remove them. The Court ordered the hogs off, but allowed his wife to stay, if there were no personal objection to her."

The island of Fernando Noronha is situated in the South Atlantic off the coast of Brazil, (3° 50' S. lat., 32° 25' W. long.). It is four and three-quarter miles long, one and a half miles broad; its volcanic origin is traceable in a high rugged peak on the northern shore, whose height is estimated at one thousand feet, and which in the distance looks like a church-spire. The village belongs to Brazil, and is used as a penal colony. Upon it are a prison where the convicts are confined every night after the day's liberty, a fort, citadel, hospital, chapel, and Governor's house. Flour and other provisions are sent from Brazil, but the supplies are at times deficient. The principal employment of the inhabitants is fishing, but they are extremely indolent, and suffer the rich soil to go untillied. No women are allowed to live on the island, no one is permitted to own a boat, and all intercourse with shipping is strictly regulated. The island has been held successively by Portugal, Holland, France, and Brazil, and has been used for centuries as a place of exile and imprisonment.

Marco Polo says, in his "Travels," that "Distant from Kesneacoran about five hundred miles toward the south, in the ocean are two islands about thirty miles from each other; one being inhabited by men without the company of women; the other by women without the company of men; they are called respectively the Island of Males and the Island of Females." The exact location of these islands is doubtful; they have been thought identical with the Footnote Islands, called "Les deux Frères" and "Abd-al-Curia" near Socota, but these are too small to be inhabited, and too near the Red Sea to correspond with those described by Marco Polo. More probably the "Island of Females" is identical with Serodah, fifteen miles from Goa, on the west coast of India, which is solely inhabited by dancing-girls, old and young, who retire thither in the hot weather to rest after their winter's occupation on the continent; the island seems to have been used for this colony of bayaderes for many years.

Regarding the "Island of Males," I have no further information.

I have inadvertently left till the last an interesting instance of insular prohibition—one of Moore's Irish melodies, which I give in full.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

SENANUS.

"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
The holy bark, ere morning smile;
For on its deck, though dark it be,
A female form I see,
And I have sworn this land of God
Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod."

LADY.

"O Father! send not hence my bark
Through wintry winds and billows dark.
I come with humble heart to share
Thy morn and evening prayer;
Nor mine the feet, oh! holy saint,
The brightness of thy sod to taint."

The lady's prayer Senanus spurned;
The winds blew fresh, the bark returned.

But legends hint that had the maid
Till morning's light delayed,
And given the saint one rosy smile,
She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

In a note to these verses, Moore says that the metrical life of St. Senanus is in an old Kilkenny MS. In the "*Acta Sanctorum Hibernia*," p. 610, is the account of his flight to the island of Scatterry, where he resolved no woman should ever land. This rule was not broken even for a sister saint, St. Cannera, whom an angel had taken to the isle for the express purpose of introducing her to Senanus. The monk's reply was:

"Cui Praesul, quid foeminis
Commune est cuon monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam."

According to Dr. Ledwich, Senanus is the river Shannon, but O'Connor and other antiquarians indignantly deny the metamorphosis.

In the *West India Pilot* we find some account of the little island Navassa, which belongs to the Great Antilles, and lies in the Windward Passage, twenty-eight miles from Cape Tiburon and thirty-three miles from Cape Dame Marie, both on the coast of Hayti. Situated between Hayti and Jamaica, it is claimed by both of these islands, but the title to it is not yet established.

Navassa is but two miles in length, one mile broad, and about three hundred feet high. "The surface is nearly level, with steep, sloping sides verging all round into bold perpendicular lines." The white cliffs which face the sea are twenty feet high, and quite inaccessible, except at the landing platform on the northwest side of the island, which was constructed by an American settler, who "since 1855, has been engaged in the export of guano."

The island is of volcanic origin, composed of limestone, interspersed with veins of sharp, honey-combed rocks of iron pyrites, which, when struck, give out a sound similar to that of bell-metal. The spaces between these rocks are filled up with guano, making a flat surface, which is in some places fourteen feet deep. It is odorless and sells

for ten dollars a ton, the purchaser providing for its removal. In one day eight men can ship fifty tons; which can be retailed for twenty dollars a ton.

This is, of course, quite statistical, and seems to have little bearing upon the question. But when we look into the matter, we discover some rather more interesting items with regard to this island. Navassa is now leased to a guano company from the United States, whose employés are obliged to promise that they will remain on the island four years, without their families, and without leaving the place in the meanwhile. Naturally, no *women* are allowed to visit the island under any circumstances.

There are no buildings of any sort, other than the barracks occupied by the workmen. No vessels, except those of the company and the United States Mail steamers are permitted to land, although I am informed that, in several instances, the customary rigor has been relaxed for the time, on behalf of some shipwrecked unfortunates, whom an unkind fate had cast upon these inhospitable shores. Champlin, in his work on "Hayti," would seem to imply that the *ban* which forbids women to approach the island has not yet been removed. Certainly this same company was at work there up to within a very few years.

The island itself is peculiarly unattractive. It lies in the route of the Pacific Mail steamers, and looms up, dark and forbidding, with nothing to betoken occupancy, save its solitary barracks, and a lonely flag-staff from which the vessels learn whether they are to stop on their journey past. It is regarded as somewhat dangerous to navigation, and one writer goes so far as to dub it "a nuisance which should be abated, with dynamite if necessary!"

Alcedo tells us that in former times the island was the haunt of iguanos, which assembled there in great numbers. To catch these animals, which somewhat resemble a lizard, the English sailors used to come over from Jamaica, and greatly relished the gluey broth into which they were afterward made.

If we go back to the days of Ptolemy Philadelphus, we read of the exquisite island of Philæ, now "the most sentimental ruin

in Egypt." It lies in the Nile, beyond the proper limits of Egypt, and was revered by the ancient inhabitants as the sacred burial-place of Osiris. "So holy was the place," says Wilkinson, "that no one was permitted to visit it without express permission, and it was fancied that no bird would fly over, nor fish swim near this consecrated spot." The island is oval in shape, not more than twelve hundred feet long, encircled by an artificial wall; among its ruins are scattered the most luxuriant date-palms, and the whole is like "a precious jewel set in a circle of blue water."

The most interesting of these monuments is the beautiful temple of Isis which was begun by Ptolemy. The priests who officiated here were never allowed to leave the island, and *none but priests* were allowed to approach it. Every day three hundred and sixty cups were filled with milk, by priests expressly appointed for the purpose, who, calling on the names of the gods then uttered a solemn lamentation. This is the most ancient form of monastic life of which history speaks. The island is now deserted, and the abolishing of that heathen worship has removed the *ban* which *forbade* a *woman's foot* upon pain of death to enter.

THE DERBY RACES.

"We justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own,"

Wrote Cowper two hundred years after Shakespeare had used the word Jockeys, as applied to gentlemen who followed horse-racing as a pursuit; the word grates somewhat on the modern ear, but London must still admit that of her rare holidays the Derby Day is the day most universally kept by high and low; two hundred thousand people, it is said, attend it; and the roar which gathers volume as the favorite flashes by, comes simultaneously from the throats of "Peer, Poet, and Peasant," though for Peasant read "'Arry," as for Derby—Darby.

These races are held the week in May succeeding Trinity Sunday, and Derby Day is Wednesday, the second day of the grand

Spring meeting, which takes place at Epsom, in Surrey.

Newmarket is the oldest English race-course. Some fine horses having escaped from the wreck of the Spanish Armada were put upon trial at Newmarket Downs, and astonished those who brought them there. In a short time horse-racing was established as a summer sport, under the patronage of James I. Charles II wishing to have the amusement nearer home, decided upon Surrey Downs, near where the Court went to drink the waters of Epsom, and though second to Newmarket, it now rivals it in popularity, and ranks above Ascot, Doncaster, and Goodwood. The name of Epsom is abridged from Ebba's hame, the house of Ebba, a Saxon queen, and daughter, it is said, of Ethelfred. She is said to have been baptized by Wilfrid about 590. Epsom, in the "Doomsday Book" is mentioned as part of the possessions of the Abbey of Chertsey.

The well-known mineral springs were discovered about 1611. Fuller's "Worthies" contains an account of the discovery, and very soon the gay world of London flocked there, and being there had necessarily to be amused. Banstead Downs, which included much of what is now called Epsom Downs, was in the neighborhood of many fine country seats, notably Non-Such Place, Woodcote, later Durdans, and The Oaks, and numerous smaller estates. Prior wrote—

"So merchant has his house in town,
And country seat near Banstead Down."

And Banstead Downs was long used for foot-races between the "running footmen" of "the quality." Pepys mentions in 1663 an intention of going there "to see a famous race." So at that time the races had not yet taken the name by which they are now known over the world. Again he tells us that a race was put off "because the Lords do set in Parliament to-day." Quite the reverse of what now takes place in Parliament on Derby Day!

When James I first established horse-racing the rules were very much the same as at the present day. A silver bell was the annual prize as early as 1609 or 10, hence

the proverb, "to bear the bell." The bells were gradually superseded by bowls, cups, or money. In the *London Gazette* of August, 1698, mention is made of the Banstead Downs Plate, of £20 value, to be run for on the 24th inst. That racing near Epsom existed in Charles I's time, is proved from Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion." "A meeting of Royalists (1648) was held on Banstead Downs under pretense of a horse-race, and six hundred horses were collected and sent to Reigate."

Heywood in the "English Traveller," 1655, speaks of racing at Epsom. After the Restoration, it again became popular under the patronage of royalty, but it was not until the reign of George III, in the year 1780, by the Earl whose name they bear, that the Derby Stakes were first instituted. The Earl of Derby of that day (interesting also to us, as the father-in-law of General Burgoyne, who ran off with Lady Charlotte, the Earl's youngest daughter—more successful in love than in war), was a sportsman so thorough-going, that his neighbors, in gratitude for his efforts in their behalf, run at Epsom in 1779, "The Oaks Stakes for three-year old fillies," so named from his hunting-box—"The Oaks," afterward occupied by the forgiven Burgoyne. (Burgoyne wrote a popular drama, "The Maids of the Oaks.") The stakes are always run the Friday of Epsom week. The first Oaks was won by Lord Derby; and the next year was won the first Derby stakes for three-year old colts, one and a-half mile races. From that time to this there has been an uninterrupted succession of these annual races. In the first Derby, May 6, 1780, the winning horse was Diamond; there were thirty-six subscribers, and the stakes were £1,125. The Prince of Wales won the Derby in 1788; in 1801, the Oaks and Derby were both won by the same horse—Eleanor—a fortune so rare as never to have been repeated, though several of the winning horses have also taken the "Two Thousand" and the "St. Leger." It 1820 it was run during a hurricane, and appropriately won by Sailor, a son of Scud; in 1839 and 1867, the start occurred in a snow-storm.

The Derby stakes have been named "The Blue Riband of the Turf," as, like the

Order of the Garter, it is the object of ambition to dukes, marquises, and statesmen. Lord George Bentinck having parted with his stud, in order to devote himself to politics, it happened that the new owner of his horse Surplice, won with him the Derby of 1848, to Lord George's grief. "All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it? You don't know what the Derby is." "Yes, I do," replied D'Israeli, who was attempting to comfort him, "it is the Blue Riband of the Turf," which title received Lord George's full concurrence.

The champion jockey of the Epsom races was Fred Archer, who died not long ago. In twelve years he won nearly two thousand races, and made more than £30,000 a year by his profession, it is said. Charles Wood and George Fordham are among the best-known jockeys.

The quotation heading this paper might be revised, as in 1844, the Derby was won by fraud, by a horse belonging to a Jew, and in 1865, by the French horse Gladiateur; in the first event, Running-Rein was deprived of his honors and the stakes given to the second horse. Count La Grange had also won the Oaks in 1864, with a French horse, and the Englishmen resenting the carrying off of the "Blue Riband" by a foreigner were very bitter, publicly insulting the owner of the horse, and intimating that history had merely repeated itself, and the Derby of '65 was only a parallel of '44.

But in 1881—

"The Yankee came down with Long Fred on his back,
And his colors were gleaming with cherry and black;
He flashed to the front, and the British star paled
As the field died away, and the favorite failed.

"Oh! A was an Archer, A I at this fun,
And A was American, too,—and A won!
And B was the Briton, who ready to melt
A sort of a je ne sais (Iro)—quois felt,
To see his blue riband to Yankee-land go,
B, too, none the less, was the hearty 'Bravo!'"

—Punch, 1881.

Iroquois belonged to Pierre Lorillard, and had also won the St. Leger stakes.

It seems remarkable that horse-racing

should be a comparatively modern amusement in England, when it is considered how long ago it was popular in Rome, Greece, and Scythia. Probably strength was desired more than speed in the early English horse.

Frith, the English artist, has painted a wonderful picture of Derby Day. What would we not give to see its companion of the prototype of the Chariot race in *Ben-Hur*, painted also from the life!

It is said the best account of the Derby Day may be had in Frank Smedley's novel—"Frank Fairleigh." I have forgotten how he pilots his hero past the one thousand three hundred and forty-eight public houses between Shoreditch and the grand stand at Epsom.

WHO WAS THE WEEPER OF WÜRTENBERG?

(Vol. iii, p. 199.)

In the historical annals of his country the Weeper of Württemberg is known as Eberhard IV, who, between the years 1344 and 1392, wielded the imperial scepter of that small, but important, kingdom. The story of his reign is but a detailed account of innumerable feuds with his nobles and the free cities; and if we regard him in this light only, he is neither interesting nor admirable, except that *success* is always interesting, and, after a long struggle, Eberhard was successful, totally routing the troops of the free cities in the battle of Döfflingen, in 1388; after which he devoted himself to enlarging his kingdom, materially enhancing the extent of his possessions by his marriage with the Countess of Moutbéliard.

It is not as a "Weeper" that Eberhard is most familiarly known, but as "*Der Greiner*," *The Quarreller*, a nickname bestowed upon him by the nobility in allusion to his never-ceasing contention and strife. As the "Weeper" he forms the subject of a very celebrated painting by Ary Scheffer, now in the Corcoran Art Gallery of Washington. It represents the interior of a tent. In the foreground, stripped of his armor and sword, lies the body of a dead young man, over whom his father bends in mute

agony. Outside, through the uplifted curtain, is seen the smoke of battle—a strange contrast to the quiet stillness of death within.

The story embodied in this scene has been related by Schiller in one of the most popular of his early ballads, and in Bulwer's spirited translation it is noticeable that Eberhard is spoken of as "*The Quarreller*"—not yet as the "Weeper." Ulrich, his young son, had been defeated by the nobles in the battle of Reutling, in 1377, and had afterward been coldly repulsed by his father, who was greatly displeased at the result of the conflict. Stung by his harsh treatment Ulrich rushed madly into the next engagement, and achieved a splendid victory, but was slain while bravely defending his father's cause.

While in the midst of battle Eberhard thought of little else than glory, and, crying, "My son is like another man," bade his forces press on to victory. Soon the nobles gave way, and Eberhard and his troops returned to camp, where the latter were soon engaged in a joyful celebration of their recent triumph.

"And our old Count and what doth he?
Before him lies his son,
Within his lone tent loneliness
The old man sits with his eyes that see
Through *one dim tear*—his son!"

Even on this occasion it was but a passing weakness the old man allowed himself, and the very unwontedness of this *single tear*, shed by one to whom such signs of emotion were quite unknown, has perpetuated him as the "Weeper"—a curiously inappropriate title, considered apart from this one incident.

This stalwart old warrior has been the subject of many ballads. His deeds have been a favorite theme with the poet Uhland, who was himself a Schwabian, and proud of his doughty countryman. One of the most familiar of his ballads on this subject is "*Die Schlacht bei Reutlingen*," which, in point of time, forms the prelude to Schiller's ballad quoted above, as it relates the story of Ulrich's defeat at Reutling.

In the first few hours of the engagement it seemed as if victory were assured to the

youthful commander, but, suddenly, one of the old oaken doors of the tower, which was their stronghold, gave way, and a mighty host of foes rushed through, dealing death and destruction on every side. Ulrich was wounded, and carried to a place of safety.

Having recovered sufficiently, he returned to Stuttgart, the capital, to present himself to his father. The old Count was dining when he arrived, and gave his son a most freezing reception; he uttered no word, but motioned silently to an opposite seat at the table. Fish and wine were served, and the youth, with downcast eyes, was about to begin his repast, when, without a word, the old man seized a knife and cut the tablecloth between them.

("Da fasst der Greis ein Messer und spricht kein Wort dabei
Und scheidet gwischen beiden das Tafeltuch entzwei.")

There is a well-known painting illustrating this scene in the Museum at Rotterdam, called "Cutting the Table-cloth." It was in consequence of this cruel insult that Ulrich soon after met his death.

Beside the nicknames already mentioned, Eberhard was often called "Rush Beard," from the rustling of that hirsute adornment with which nature had favored him to no ordinary extent. The expression "by my father's beard," which Ulrich used, when vowing that blood should atone for the shame of his disaster at Reutlingen, had therefore a peculiar significance.

"Der Alte Rausehebart" figured in many adventures during his wars with the barons, one of the most famous of which was commemorated by Uhland in the ballad "Der Überfall im Wildbad." This little village in the Black Forest is still noted for its healing springs, which are now the property of the government. It was the custom of the old Count to repair frequently to this romantic spot and renew his youth in its tepid waters.

On one occasion, while indulging in a bath, he was suddenly surprised by a band of nobles, who thought to take him when unprepared for attack. And had he not been warned by a faithful peasant, he would

have fallen into the hands of his foes. Eberhard was at all times the idol of the lower classes, whose liberties he so stoutly maintained, and they did not fail him now in his extremity. One handed him his coat, and helped him to make a hasty toilet, and another led him away by a secret mountain road, to a place of safety. Worn out at last by the unusual fatigue of climbing over a rocky path frequented only by goats and herdsmen, the old Count would have been unable to proceed if his devoted guide had not taken him on his back and carried him thus during the remainder of the journey to Stuttgart.

In memory of this escape, Eberhard afterward ordered some new coins to be struck, and inclosed the open springs at Wildbad, for the protection of future bathers.

The nobles were much chagrined at being thus outwitted; and three of the chief malcontents, who styled themselves "the Three Kings," vowed to have their revenge. They therefore met one night to confer as to the manner in which they should ensnare the Count; and after completing their arrangements, retired to rest. Before daylight they were awakened by the trampling of hoofs and the shouts of a besieging army, and soon discovered that the tower was surrounded by the Count's peasantry, with "Rush Beard" at their head.

He reminded them, tauntingly, of the ambush they had laid for him at Wildbad, and the punishment merited by such treachery. He then gave the signal to his followers, who applied their torches with such diligence to the wood heaped about the doors, that the fortress was soon a mass of flames, from the midst of which, with humbled mien, came the "Three Kings," who but a few hours before had boasted loudly of their expected triumph. As they filed past, they were observed by one of the peasants who had been most active in demolishing their refuge:

"Drei Könige zu Heimsen, so schmolzt er,—das ist Viel!
Erwischt man doch den Vierten, so ist's ein Kartenspiel,"

a bit of scornful witticism that can scarcely be expressed in English. Despite his rough,

uncompromising character, when "Der Greiner" is touched up by the Schwabian poets there is something interesting about him, after all.

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH.

The ancient manuscript "Book of Armagh" is one of the most precious possessions of Trinity College, Dublin. The name of the scholar whose faithful pen transcribed its contents—in the most exquisite and unique manner—can only be guessed at, but it is generally attributed to Ferdommach, who died 844 A. D. Its beginning is now shown to be defective, and the exact import of its contents will probably never be fully understood, and yet it is almost priceless.

Among the native Irish it appears to have been originally known as the "Canon of St. Patrick," since this work is recorded as having been carefully encased for preservation in 937 A. D. by Donogh, King of Ireland, and was at one time regarded as the handiwork of their beloved patron saint.

The first portion of the manuscript is occupied with notes in Latin and Irish on the acts of St. Patrick. Folio 16 contains an account of his having founded a church at Trim, and of his relations with Fedelmed, King of Ireland; one entry purporting to have been made in the presence of King Brion, of Borumha; and reference is made to the death of Louvman and the committal of his church and disciples to "Holy Patrick." This is considered to have been written about 1002, when, after subduing Ulster, King Brion made an offering of twenty ounces of gold on the altar of Armagh; and the scribe is thought to have been his counselor, Maelsuthian na Caerbhaill, head of a clan in the South of Ireland. He was characterized as "the best sage of his time," and his writings were carefully preserved in the Church at Innisfall, the annals of that place being also attributed to his pen.

In folio 18, we have St. Patrick's acceptance of this charge, when he replied to the question put by Germanus, "And thou, wilt

thou be obedient?" "It shall be as thou wiltest." Thereupon the saint was visited by an angel, who said to him, "It is to the west of the river thy resurrection is to be, in Cuil Maige;" and in the following fragmentary directions one recognizes the germ of many kindred, but heathen legends:—"Where they shall find a hog, there they should build their refectory; and where they shall find a doe, there they shall build their church."

The record of these acts of St. Patrick, and what is styled his "Confession," constitute the oldest writings now extant concerning him, and are also the most ancient specimens known of narrative composition in Irish and Hiberno-Latin. This portion is supposed to have been originally taken down by Bishop Tirechan from Ultan, who was the apostolic head of Ardbrossan, about 650 A. D., at the request of his preceptor, the Bishop of Slethy, in the same century.

A collection of matters relating to the rights and prerogatives of the See of Armagh is also contained in the first part of the work; and then follow St. Jerome's letters to Damasus (the Pope to whom he owed the suggestion which led to his celebrated revision of the Latin translation of the Bible); his Eusebian Canons, translated under the direction of the great Greek scholar Gregory of Nazianzus; and his Preface to the New Testament.

After these comes a list of Hebrew names, to which are appended careful interpretations; the gospel of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, St. John, and St. Jude; the Apocalypse; Acts of the Apostles, and the Life of St. Martin of Tours by Sulpicius Severus.

The writing is mainly in double columns, and the headings of chapters in most of the gospels are partly in Greek characters. These latter are interesting literary relics of the ninth century, at which period Joannes Erigena appears to have acquired in Ireland a knowledge of the then unfamiliar Greek language, which scholarly triumph enabled him to translate for Western Europe the writings attributed to Dionysius Ariopageita, and thus lend a powerful impulse to the study of mystic theology.

A slight attempt at illumination is evident

in the faint green, yellow, and red colorings imparted to some of the capital letters. In one of the plates (XXVIII) are uncolored drawings of the Evangelistic symbols, which doubtless originally accompanied the gospels.

There is a reference in one passage to the Scotia language which has been traced as analogous to Adamnan's preface to his life of St. Columba written in the seventh century.

The Irish word *trogan*, meaning *wretch*, appears opposite to the name of Judas on folio 38; and on the margin of the 13th chapter of St. Mark, the name *Kellach* is written in semi-Greek characters. This, it is conjectured, relates to the Abbot Cetlach, who took charge of the monastery of Kells, about 807 A. D., shortly after the Columban community had been driven from Iona by the Norsemen, who slew many of their number; it being supposed that the description in this chapter of the destruction of Jerusalem was applicable to the distress which they endured at this period.

On folio 103 is displayed a remarkable specimen of the skill of the scribe to whom we owe the Book of Armagh. The central portion of the page is written in the shape of a diamond, in half slanting letters, most curiously arranged and accommodated to each other. This manuscript is thought to be alluded to by St. Bernard in the twelfth century, as being then regarded as one of the insignia of the See of Armagh; and that it was probably used in the ratification of oaths and covenants seems very apparent from the fact that many of the pages are worn and rubbed as if they had been constantly touched and exposed for the purpose of swearing.

The hereditary custodian of these annals was styled in Irish, *Maor*, or Keeper, and held an endowment of land in virtue of his office, his descendants being called *Meic Maori* or Mac Moyre, Sons of the Keeper. Usher, Archbishop of Armagh in 1625, and the most learned prelate of the time, published extracts from the Book of Armagh in 1639; and Sir Joseph Ware refers to it, in his edition of the "Confession of St. Patrick."

On the reverse of leaf 104, with the date 1662, appears the autograph of Florentinus,

or Florence Moyre, the last of that family who had the custody of the Book of Armagh. This Florence and his brother John, appeared at London in 1681, at the trial of Oliver Plunket, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Ireland, to testify on oath that he had been engaged in making treasonable overtures to foreign powers for the invasion of Ireland. On this testimony he was found guilty, and was executed at Tyburn in the same year.

Before making this journey to London, Florence had placed the Book of Armagh in pledge for £500; and it appears to have been soon afterward acquired, with its ancient leather case, by Arthur Brownlow, of Lurgan, who arranged and numbered the leaves. Sir William Bentham, Ulster King of Arms, erroneously concluded that the work, which was for a time in his hands, had been written by Aidus, Bishop of Sletty, who died 698 A. D. A careful examination of the manuscript was made subsequently by the Rev. Charles Graves, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Trinity College, Dublin, and now Bishop of Limerick.

The results of this investigation as communicated to the Royal Irish Academy in 1846, proved to be very important. Mr. Graves observed that numerous erasures had been made in this manuscript, and in some places so effectually had the original writing been effaced that all attempt to decipher it was at first abandoned. But in subsequent efforts, by a weak solution of gallic acid in spirits of wine, he succeeded in reviving the traces of the original writing, and, aided by a magnifying glass, at the expense of infinite labor and time, the greater part of the work was rescued from oblivion. It was also made evident that both the original and subsequent work had been executed by one hand.

The signature of the scribe has been determined as that of Ferdommach, who is supposed to have been contemporary with Archbishop Forbach in the ninth century; but it remains to be ascertained exactly who he was, and when he lived.

The whole of the writing is remarkable for its distinctness and uniformity; the letters being perfectly shaped and executed with artistic skill. The Book of Armagh remained in possession of the Brownlow family

until purchased in 1853, for £300, by the Rev. William Reeves, D. D., who subsequently transferred it to the late Primate Beresford (to whom the town of Armagh owes its rescue from the decay into which it had fallen after the Conquest of England, having been reduced at that time to a collection of dilapidated cabins). And afterward the Book of Armagh was presented by him to the Library of Dublin College.

QUERIES.

Gehenna.—Why is the word Gehenna used as a synonym for hell?

STUDENT.

AMHERST, MASS.

Gehenna was a place in the Valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, where fires were kept up continually to burn the bodies of the dead pilgrims who had succumbed under the long journey to the Holy Sepulchre, hence the present meaning of Gehenna. Cf. the French *gêner*, to annoy, which is derived from Gehenna.

Carat.—What is meant by the word carat in "carat weight"?

H. C. PETERS.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Carat is the name of a bean which was formerly used by the natives of Africa in weighing gold, and by the natives of India in weighing diamonds; hence the name. The weight of the carat is nearly four grains Troy.

Kangaroo.—What language does this word come from?

SCIOLIST.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

It is said that when Captain Cook discovered Australia he saw some of the natives on the shore with a dead animal of some sort in their possession, and sent sailors in a little boat to buy it of them. When it came on board he saw it was something quite new, so he sent the sailors back to inquire its name. The sailors asked, but not being able to make the natives understand, received the answer: "I don't know," or in the Australian language, "Kan-ga-roo."

The sailors supposed this was the name of the animal, and so reported it. Thus the name of the curious animal is the "I-don't-know."

Halloo.—What is the origin of the word halloo?

C. J. THOMAS.

NEW YORK CITY.

It is said by the author of the "Queen's English," that the people of Carnwood Forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance call out not "halloo!" but "halloup!" This, he imagines, is a survival of the times when one cried to another: "A loup! a loup!" or as we would now say: "Wolf! wolf!"

REPLIES.

A King that held a Stirrup (Vol. iii, p. 200).—Henry II, of England (1154-1189), in 1161, held the stirrup for Pope Alexander III, to mount his horse, at the Castle of Torci, on the Loire. See *Quissism, and its Key*, query 177, p. 57.

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

BALTIMORE, MD.

The Wooder (Vol. ii, p. 164).—This poem appeared in *Putnam's Magazine* in 1854. It was written by the Rev. Xavier Donald McLeod, originally a Presbyterian, then an Episcopalian clergyman, and last, with the prefixed name Xavier, a Roman Catholic priest. He wrote several poems, and was killed in a railroad accident in Indiana in 1865, when forty-four years old.

R. G. B.

Men who Reversed their Horses' Shoes (Vol. iii, p. 202).—Ainsworth, an English novelist (born 1805), has introduced into "Rochwood" Dick Turpin's famous ride to York, in which he saved his life by reversing the shoes on his horse's hoofs.

Turpin was a famous highwayman who was at last executed in York, in 1739, for horse-stealing.

Robert Bruce escaped in a similar manner from England into Scotland.

M. R. SILSBY.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Turning to the Right (Vol. i, pp. 179, 214, 227; Vol. ii, p. 240).—It is a wonder to many American tourists in England that the law of the road there is "Keep to the left." A reason sometimes given for the English custom is that in turning to the left a driver, sitting on the right, can better see when he is in danger of collision with a team he meets. What reason can be given for the American usage? When and where did it originate, or how far can it be traced back? Is there no part of England where drivers follow the American practice?

"The law of the road is a paradox quite
As you're driving your carriage along;
If you go to the left you're sure to go right,
If you go to the right you go wrong."

JAMES D. BUTLER.

MADISON, WIS.

William Tell.—It occurs to me that Lady Godiva having been dethroned, that the following may please some iconoclastic reader:

"IS WILLIAM TELL A MYTH?"

"I was curious to see on what ground the guide-books based their statement, and to learn why we should class the tale of Tell with such tales as that of Æneas of Troy, King Arthur and the Round Table, or Robin Hood in the green woods of England. The facts I obtained were scattered through various volumes, and I can only give briefly a few of the principal points, mostly taken from a German book, 'Tell and Gessler in Legend and History,' by Rochholz.

"Chroniclers most nearly contemporary with the time of the supposed life of Tell do not refer to him. The earliest chroniclers of the legend lived nearly two hundred years later. In many ages and countries are found legends of famous marksmen shooting at various small objects, rings, tablets, nuts, fruits, etc. Not a few legends exist of shooting at objects placed on the heads of persons: A Persian poet in 1175, wrote a legend of a king

who put an apple on the head of a favorite slave, shot at it, and split the apple. The slave was made ill by the fright. Among European legends one is found in Westphalia: A father, named Egel, was compelled by a prince to shoot an apple from his son's head. He took three arrows out of his quiver, afterward confessing that, if he had injured his son, he meant to kill the prince. In Denmark, a writer in the year 1200, relates that in 912 a man named Toko was compelled by King Harold, the Blue-Toothed, to shoot an apple from his son's head, and that he also, had he harmed his child, meant to shoot the king. A king of Norway, Olaf the Pious, obtained a promise from a heathen marksman that he would be baptized into the Christian faith if the king would contend with him in shooting and win the match. The king shot at a chess figure or tablet on the head of a boy and hit between the tablet and the head, but grazed the head. On the entreaties of the boy's mother and sister, the marksman forebore to shoot again, and confessed himself conquered. Another Harold commanded a man to shoot at a nut on his brother's head. Years after, the king was pointed out in battle by this man to another marksman, who shot him dead. All these were before the time of the Swiss Tell.

"Later, the legend appears in Holstein. The leader of an insurrection against Christian I, in 1472, fled and concealed himself in a swamp. The barking of his dog betrayed his hiding-place. He was taken prisoner, but promised his freedom on the condition that he shot an apple from the head of his son. He put one arrow on the bow-string and took another between his teeth, confessing afterward that, if he failed in his first shot, he intended to shoot the king. An old picture shows the marksman with the bow ready to shoot and the arrow between his teeth, the boy standing, and the dog between the father and the boy.

"The legend and name of Tell seem to have originated in Sweden or the islands thereabouts, and to have come into Switzerland with the earliest settlers of that country, who were wanderers out of

Sweden. Tollus or Tellus (Tell) was a giant who lived on an island, Osel, belonging to Sweden. He used to amuse himself with throwing stones about. When he died he told his people to bury him in his garden, and if war came he would rise and help them. One day some children who had heard this tale stood on his grave and fought and then called: 'Tollus, rise! War is on thy grave!' Tollus put his head out, but was so angry at seeing only children that he never appeared again. A similar legend is told of William Tell, that he was once disturbed in his sleep under the Axenberg by a herdsman who was seeking for a lost cow, and that he was indignant at the disturbance. In the legend of the Swedish Tollus there is no mention of shooting at an apple, but this part of the legend is current among their Finnish neighbors."

S. C. RANDOLPH.

ORANGE, N. J.

Cockles of the Heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298, 312; Vol. iii, pp. 8, 71, 80, 117).—I fancy "The Duchess" is hardly a literary authority, but I venture to send the following as a "parallel passage": "It should stir the cockles of even a heart of granite like yours, etc."

"A Troublesome Girl," p. 80. (Seaside ed.) P. T. C.

CHICAGO, ILL.

A Singular Name.—I heard of such a singular baptismal name while in Virginia—"Carolina Liberty Secession." It came from South Carolina.

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Men of Grütli.—Your correspondent will find a picture of Grütli on page 109 of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for September.

Crane and Stone.—In the arms of the Cranston (or Cranstoun) family there is depicted a crane with a stone upheld by one of the bird's feet. *Apròpos* of this, I find in Lyly's "Euphues" (p. 426, Arber's reprint) this expression: "Having always

the Stone in their mouth which the Cranes vse when they flye over mountaines."

NEW JERSEY.

FERREX.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Century for September contains a paper on Napoleon Bonaparte of unusual interest and importance, being contemporary accounts, by British officers, of the ex-Emperor's exile to Elba; his voyage to St. Helena and life on that island. Not the least valuable part of this record consists of the conversations here preserved with Napoleon on some of the most prominent passages of his career.

The Lincoln installment has to do mainly with Lincoln's triumphant re-election. The authors quote freely from unpublished MSS. by Lincoln, and their own letters and diaries. The sketch of Chase's career is continued to his death, and includes an account of his appointment as Chief-Justice. *Apròpos* of the latter portion of the Lincoln history is the article by Justice Bradley of the Supreme Court on Chief-Justice Marshall, accompanying a rare portrait of the great Chief-Justice by the French artist, Mémín.

An article appropriate to the season is Mr. Hamilton Gibson's ingenious and original study of butterfly and plant life, accompanied with illustrations by the author. This paper is entitled "Winged Botanists," and shows the remarkable botanical knowledge of the various butterflies in selecting allied plants for food in the caterpillar stage.

The American artist, Mr. Wores, whose studies of Japanese life and landscape have recently attracted so much attention in New York and London, writes appreciatingly and most interestingly of Japanese things; and the text is illuminated by reproductions of a number of his oil-paintings.

Mr. Paine, whose article on the "Pharaoh of the Bondage" will be remembered, presents an illustrated study of the identity of "The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son"—in the light of their monuments.

George Kennan closes his account of "The Kara Political Prison," in an article devoted to the tragic history of the institution.

Another illustrated article is Emmet O'Brien's account of "Telegraphy in Battle" during the civil war.

In fiction there is the second installment of Joel Chandler Harris's "The Old Bascom Place";—a striking, strange, true story by Cable, "Attalie Brouillard"; and a story by Mrs. Eichberg King, "Jutrow Van Steen," illustrated by Edwards. The latter is a companion story to the same author's "Papa Hoorn's Tulip." James Jeffrey Roche has a poem on "Albermarle, Cushing," and there are other poems by Charlotte Fiske Bates, Langdon Elwyn Mitchell, Louise Morgan-Smith, Nathan Haskell Dole, and Richard E. Burton.

"Ballot Reform Progress" and "Eight Hours a Day," are treated editorially.

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NOTES.

THE PLOT OF "FEDORA."

M. Louis Ganderax, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for January, 1883, in an elaborate review of "Fedora," then recently produced in Paris for the first time, pointed out that the plot of that drama was undeniably like that of "Le Drame de la rue de la Paix," by Belot; that the two stories were the same, in short—Sardou's rendering being executed with greater power and ability.

The similarity will be easily recognized by a brief comparison of the two. In "Fedora" the scene, in order to lend probability to the events of the story, is laid in St. Petersburg in the year 1882, at a time when Nihilism was engaging the attentive interest of the whole world—a locality well chosen.

Fedora Romazof is a princess; young, and a widow, possessed of a large fortune,

and about to marry Wladimir Yarischkine, son of General Yarischkine, head of the Russian police. He is a young man of fashion, graceful, handsome, and clever, but a spendthrift, whose ruined fortunes are to be repaired by a marriage with the rich widow. Shortly before the date appointed for the nuptials, he is mysteriously assassinated, suspicion resting upon Comte Louis Ypanof, who had been seen, on the previous day, extracting a letter from Wladimir's desk. But the police are dilatory, and he escapes to Paris, that haven of Russian refugees.

Fedora, aware of her lover's mercenary motive in wishing to make her his wife, is overwhelmed with grief, and vows that if his father and the authorities fail in hunting the assassin down, she will pursue him, and deliver him up to justice. To this end she follows Ypanof to Paris.

They meet repeatedly, and all ignorant of her former ties with his friend, Ypanof falls desperately in love with her, and she, to facilitate the accomplishment of her vengeance, encourages his passion.

Time passes; and little by little her own affections are stirred, and her suspicions begin to weaken. She tries to believe him innocent; and summoning all her courage, puts the question to him in such a way as to entrap him, if he is guilty. To her great joy he denies the commission of any crime, but exhorts from her a confession of her love for him; after which, he admits having slain Wladimir.

Her horror at this intelligence nearly leads her to betray herself, but making a supreme effort she affects not to understand him, and appoints an hour when he is to return and explain the matter. During his absence she gives the alarm to the police, and when he returns they are without, ready to arrest him when he again reappears.

The interview takes place, and Fedora learns that Ypanof has slain Wladimir because of the latter's intimacy with his wife, and in proof of this, he shows Fedora the letters which has passed between them. His wife is since dead, and he urges that nothing need prevent their immediate union; but Fedora, overwhelmed by the truth, is crazed with terror for his safety. She has

delivered him up to death for the sake of a man who was faithless to her. His apprehension and arrest now follow; he discovers that he has been betrayed by a woman, but does not know her name. Fedora drinks poison; confesses everything, and dies with his kiss of forgiveness upon her lips.

In Belot's drama (said to have some foundation in fact) it is true we have also a woman, Julia Vidal, who encourages the devotion of her husband's murderer, in order to obtain from him the avowal of his crime, and who gradually abandons her suspicions, and becomes infatuated with the assassin. It is true, that at the close, Albert Savari confesses to Julia that he has slain Maurice, but the motive is not the same as in the case of Ypanof. Savari has killed Maurice because the latter has injured him in some money transaction. The honor of Julia is not concerned, and the questions of casuistry in which Sardou delights, have no place in the distress of the heroine. Albert has only to kill himself, and Julia to keep silence, and the curtain falls.

Sardou's tragedy owes its value to the moral questions with which it deals; in the other play, there is an absence of such consideration. Belot's work contains one scene in the first act, which is admirably sustained, that in which Albert undergoes a judicial examination. The progress of the play is interesting, without the dramatic value with which Sardou has invested it.

In the last act, in which Julia avows her recent suspicions to the man whom she now believes innocent, and whom she loves, there is something spontaneous in her confessions which contrasts favorably with the less natural and constrained silence which Fedora preserves under the same circumstances; but the execution of the whole drama is coarse, uncertain, and ill-conceived. The rendering of "Fedora," on the contrary, is distressing, and even revolting in many details, yet as a whole, presents the mental refinement, moderation, and consistency, which betray the workmanship of a finished artist: a treatment which the plot of such a play demands.

May we not also see in the principal features of "Fedora" a general likeness to the "Œdipus" of Sophocles? In the

ancient classical drama we have a woman, who, her husband being slain, vows vengeance upon his slayer, and in executing this vow she comes to love the very man whom it is her duty to abhor. Of course, in the case of Jocasta, she was unaware of Œdipus's identity with the slayer of Laius, but the same results ensue, ending in the total destruction of the two principal characters upon whom destiny has set its doom.

THE PLOT OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

Irving probably founded his story of "Rip Van Winkle" 1. On an old popular tradition in Germany, related in Otmear's "Volcks-Sagen" ("Traditions of the Hartz"), Bremen, 1800.

2. Peter Klaus, a goatherd of Sittendorf, was one day leading his herd to pasture on the Kyffhäuserberg in Thuringia, when a youth accosted him and beckoned him to follow. Peter went with him to a deep dell enclosed by craggy precipices, where twelve knights were playing at skittles in complete silence. Peter observed a can of delicious wine, and drank from it; at first he was exhilarated by the liquor, then overpowered by sleep. When he awoke he was surprised by the height of the grass, and could find no trace of his goats or dog. Descending the mountain and entering the village, he finds everything changed; the people are for the most part strangers; the few faces he recognizes have grown old. At last he learns by mutual inquiries, that he has slept for twenty years.

Carlyle alludes to this legend:—"Your Epimenides, your somnolent Peter Klaus, since named Rip Van Winkle."

3. The incidents of a tale in an anonymous Spanish story-book, entitled "Tareas de un Solitaire," are exactly like those of Rip Van Winkle.

These three stories are only variations of an ancient and world-wide myth. I note below some of the legends of long sleepers, beginning with that of the Seven Sleepers, as perhaps the most important, though not the earliest.

4. The principal authorities for the story of the Seven Sleepers, which has been told

by many writers, are the Korân ("The Cave, Revealed at Mecca" ch. 18); "Legenda Aurea," by Jacques de Voragine; "De Gloria Martyrum," by Gregory of Tours; and the "Oriental Tales" of the Comte de Caylus, 1743. It seems to have originated in the East. Jacobus Sarugien-sis, a Mesopotamian bishop of the fifth or sixth century, is said to have been the first priest to commit it to writing. Gregory of Tours perhaps introduced it to Europe. Dionysius of Antioch (ninth century) told the story in Syrian, and Photius of Constantinople reproduced it with the remark that Mahomet had adopted it into the Koran. Metaphrastus alludes to it. Eutychius (tenth century) has inserted it in his annals of Arabia. It is found in the Coptic and the Maronite books, and in the works of Paulus Diaconus, Nicephorus, and other early historians.

The Seven Sleepers have also been celebrated in a poem by a trouvère named Chardri; in a German poem in 935 verses of the thirteenth century; and in a Spanish drama called "Los Lietes Durmientes," by Augustin Morreto.

The story as told by Voragine in the "Legenda Aurea" is as follows: The Emperor Decius came to Ephesus and ordered temples to be built there and all the inhabitants to sacrifice before him; the Christians were to be sought out and put to death if they refused to worship the idols. Seven noble youths named Maximian, Malchus, Martinian (or Marcian), Dionysius (or Denis), John Serapion and Constantine, being Christians, refused to sacrifice, but remained at home fasting and praying. They were brought before Decius, and confessed their faith. They were given a little time to reflect, and occupied it in distributing their goods among the poor; then they retired to Mount Celion. Malchus, disguised as a physician, went back to Ephesus for food, and learned that Decius had ordered search to be made for them; he returned to his companions assembled in a cavern, and bade them prepare for death, but suddenly "by the will of God they fell asleep." Decius sought for them in vain; thinking they might be in the cavern, he blocked up the mouth with stones, that they might per-

ish with hunger. After three hundred and sixty years, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Theodosius, a heresy broke out which denied the resurrection of the dead. An Ephesian, building a stable on the side of Mount Celion, took away the stones from the mouth of the cave; the sleepers awoke, thinking they had slept but a single night, and resuming their conversation where it was broken off. Malchus went again to the town for bread, and was amazed to hear the name of Christ frequently spoken, and to see crosses over all the gates. His offering a coin of the reign of Decius excited suspicion, and he was brought before the governor and the bishop, who examined him, and were as perplexed as he at his replies. He conducted them to the cave, followed by a great crowd, and there sat his six companions with faces "fresh and blooming as roses." All recognized a miracle and glorified God; Theodosius was summoned, and embraced the saints, who testified that they had been resuscitated that men might believe in the resurrection. They then bowed their heads and died. The Emperor ordered golden reliquaries made for them, but they appeared to him in a dream, saying that hitherto they had slept in the earth, and there they wished still to sleep.

Gregory, of Tours, relates a similar story, but gives the duration of the sleep as 230 years.

In the "Oriental Tales" the names of the sleepers are Jemlikha, Mekchilinia, Mechlima, Merlima, Debermouch, Charnouch, and the shepherd, Keschetiouch. The first six were slaves in the palace of Dakianos, (Decianus, Decius,) who, having risen to the throne from a low degree, gave himself out to be a god. But Jemlikha doubted his divinity, because he observed that the king was much tormented by a fly, and concluded that there must be a god to whom both Dakianos and the fly were subject. Communicating his thoughts to his companions, they all fled from the palace. They met the shepherd Keschetiouch, whom they converted, and who led them to a cave, known only to himself. A dog named Canier attempted to enter with them, but the youths refused him admittance; whereupon the dog said, "You go to seek God,

but am I not also a child of God?" The youths, astonished, carried him in immediately, and he kept guard over them while they slept, himself neither eating nor sleeping. Dakianos blocked up the cave, and the seven youths slept for 309 years; and died a few hours after their awakening.

The names of the sleepers are not given in the Korân; they prophesy the coming of Mahomet on their awakening from a sleep of "three hundred years and nine years over." The dog's name is Kratimir, Kratim, or Katmir; he also is endowed with the gift of prophesy, and is one of the ten animals to be admitted into Paradise. When he entered the cave, the youths tried to drive him out, and broke three of his legs with stones, but he said, "I love those who love God. Sleep, masters, and I will keep guard."* Sale, in his notes to the Korân, adds that the sleepers were buried in the cave, and a chapel erected to mark the spot.

Al Seyid, a Jacobite Christian of Najrân, says there were but three sleepers and the dog; others say five and the dog; but most writers follow Al Beidâwi, who gives the number as seven, beside the dog.

The truth of the legend seems to be that in the Decian persecution of 250 A. D., three or seven young men suffered martyrdom, and "fell asleep in the Lord;" were buried in a cave on Mount Celion; that their bodies were discovered by Theodosius, and consecrated as holy relics.

In spite of their request to be left in the earth, Theodosius sent their remains in a large stone coffin to Marseilles, which is still shown in St. Victor's Church.

In the Musæum Victorium at Rome, is an ancient representation of the sleepers in a cement of sulphur and plaster, their names being engraved beside them with certain attributes; near Constantine and John are two clubs; near Maximian a knotty club; near Martinian and Malchus two axes; near Serapion a burning torch, and near Danesius (Dionysius,) a large nail; all probably representing the instruments of their torture. The saints are young and beardless, indeed, in ancient martyrologies

*Mahomet says that the sun went out of his course twice a day to shine into the cave.

they are frequently called boys. June 27th is dedicated to them in the Roman calendar.

William of Malmesbury says that Edward the Confessor had a vision, in which he saw the Seven Sleepers turn from right to left. This was interpreted to portend some great disaster to Christendom. A curious illustration of the Sleepers as seen in this vision is reproduced in Dean Stanley's "Memorials of Westminster Abbey."

5. The transformation of the seven martyrs of Ephesus into seven sleepers may have been suggested by an older legend, related by St. Hippolytus, that St. John the Evangelist is slumbering at Ephesus.

In the words of Sir John Mandeville, "Ye shalle understand, that Seynt Johne bid make his grave there in his Lyf, and leyed himself there-inne all quyk. And therefore somme men seyn, that he dyed noughte, but that he resteth there till the Day of Doom. And forsoothe there is a gret marveule: For men may see there the erthe of the tombe apertly many tymes steren and moven, as there weren guykse thinges undre."

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

WHO WAS THE PATIENT GRISELDA, AND BY WHAT AUTHORS HAS SHE BEEN CELEBRATED?

Chaucer's "Flour of Wifely Patience" was the Griselda who has come down to us as the model of conjugal submission and obedience. Her story, as related to the Canterbury Pilgrims by the Clerk of Oxford, is, perhaps, more familiar to English readers than the versions of Boccaccio and Petrarch, to whom Chaucer was undoubtedly indebted for this favorite character.

Griselda was the daughter of a poor charcoal-burner named Janicola. Walter, the Marquis of Saluces, being importuned by his lords to take a wife—since, having none, he spent his time in nothing else but hawking and hunting—after much solicitation, agreed to please his subjects; and, thereupon, to her father's great joy and her own surprise, he made choice of the humble Griselda, who, meekly accepting

her royal suitor, was led in pomp to his palace, where the nuptials were performed with no less splendor than if she were been of the noblest blood of the land.

Unfortunately for Griselda, she had pledged herself, upon marriage, to be in all things "gentle, humble, and patient" to her husband's desires. At first, however, all went well, and the neighboring counties talked of little else than the happiness of this strangely assorted pair. But, in the course of time, the Marquis—inclined to pride himself upon being the most prudent and discerning man in the world for having discovered this paragon of virtue, and, not content with the evidences of her perfections apparent in the course of their daily lives—resolved to make a trial of her patience, by long and intolerable suffering, and convince all his people of his far-sightedness.

To this end, he first took from her her little daughter, who was secretly conveyed to Bologna, where she was carefully educated by a relative, while Griselda was led to believe that she had been slain. Then was her second child, a son, torn from her in like manner, her husband feigning that the people hated a future master of so mean a birth. All this Griselda bore without a murmur; but finally, after thirteen years of married life, the Marquis determined to make a last proof of her endurance, and to that end announced his intention of repudiating her and espousing another wife, more fitted to his exalted rank.

Even this intelligence, however, was received without question, and Griselda returned to her father's cottage, dressed in the peasant's garb which belonged to her changed estate. But even a greater humiliation awaited her in the summons to return and prepare his mansion for the wedding. Then she went back to the palace, where she had been so lately mistress, and, with her own hands, began to sweep and give directions to the cooks in the kitchen for the banquet; never ceasing until all was in order for the approaching ceremony.

Now, when the hour had arrived, and Griselda, in her poor attire, stood ready to welcome the bride, a procession appeared, escorting a lad and a lovely young girl.

Perceiving that her patience was proof against all trial, the Marquis presented them as her son and daughter. "'This is enough, Griselda mine,' quoth he, and her in arms he took, and 'gan to kiss.'" Overcome by this unlooked-for termination to the day's events, she swooned away for very joy; but was soon restored to a happy consciousness by the loving embraces of her children. "Thus had this piteous day a blissful end."

Such is the story of patient Griselda. In his envoy Chaucer moralizes on the tale much in the spirit with which a modern writer might speak from personal experience:

"Griseld is dead, and eek her pacience,
And both at ones buried in Italle;
For which I crye in open audience—
No wedded man so hardly be tassaille
His wyvës pacience, in hope to fynde
Griseldës, for in certain he shall faille."

That Chaucer was not the earliest chronicler of Griselda's virtues is abundantly evident from his own admission in the Prologue, where he says that he learned the tale at Padua of a "worthy clerk, Francis Petrarch, whose rhetoric so sweet illum'd all Italle of poetry."

But Petrarch himself, although he had done much to perpetuate Griselda's memory, had but spiritualized the story which he had received from Boccaccio, to whom international literature is indebted for this charming creation. Griselda's history, as related in prose and verse, dates from the year 1353, when it appeared as the last tale of the famous Decameron. Petrarch, although most intimately associated with its author for nearly thirty years, did not see a copy of the Decameron until just before his death. His delay in perusing a work of such remarkable ability was probably due to the fact that Boccaccio, who seemed to have destroyed his own manuscript of it after he had received a prophecy of his approaching death from a Carthusian monk, had withdrawn his interest from the book; while Petrarch's attention was directed rather to the Latin writings of his friend; for by his Latin works, each hoped to endure in future ages.

In the latter part of the year 1373, when

Boccaccio's health was failing, and Petrarch was also near his end, the latter read the Decameron for the first time, it having fallen into his hands accidentally, while residing at Arque. The last novel of the volume, the story of Griselda, pleased him so much that he first committed it to memory, in order that he might repeat it to his friends at Padua; but, finding that it was more popular than any of the other tales, for the benefit of a large class of readers who did not understand Italian, he translated it, with a few alterations, into a Latin spiritual myth, "*De obedientiâ et fide uxoria mythologia*," in which he embodied the moral repeated by Chaucer, when he took this version as the original of his Clerke's Tale:

"For sith a woman was so patient
Unto a mortal man, well more us ought
Receiven all in grece that God us sent."

or, as Job has it, "The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Petrarch sent his rendering of Griselda to Boccaccio, with the last letter he ever wrote; and in it he related the circumstances which led him to make the translation, adding that when he showed it to one of his Paduan friends the latter, touched with the pathos of the story, burst into such frequent and violent tears, that he was unable to read on to the end.

In the same letter he says that a Veronese having heard of the Paduan's exquisiteness of feeling upon this occasion desired to try the experiment. He read the whole aloud, from beginning to end, without the least change of voice or countenance; but on returning the book to Petrarch, confessed that it was a most affecting story, and added, "I should have wept, like the Paduan, had I thought the story true, but the whole is a manifest fiction; there never was, and there never will be, such a wife as Griselda."

Petrarch's Latin translation was never printed, but copies of the manuscript may be seen in the Royal Library at Paris, and in the Library of Magdalene College at Oxford. We have received Chaucer's declaration that he had the tale from Petrarch. We know also, that in 1372, he was despatched to Genoa as a commissioner to ar-

range a commercial treaty with the Genoese. The latter fact has lent countenance to the opinion that the English poet did occasionally visit the Italian bard at Padua, and learned the tale, not from the Latin translation, but from Petrarch's own lips. This, however, is only a probability; as it is a moot point whether or not the poets ever met.

Chaucer's tale is much longer, and more circumstantial than Boccaccio's, while portions of it, particularly in the sixth part, are said to be almost literal translations of Petrarch's Latin.

The publication of the "Canterbury Tales," in 1388, soon made Griselda's story very popular. Lydgate introduced this heroine among his celebrated lovers in his manuscript poem, "The Temple of Glass;" and, a few years later, the comedians of Paris introduced her in one of the few French mysteries on a secular subject, "le mystère de Griseildis, Marquise de Saluce." Germany followed, in 1546, with Hans Sach's drama of "Griselda," which ended with a copious moral, as was his wont; and in 1603, Dekker and Chettle, assisted probably by Haughten, produced the English comedy of "Patient Grissel," which was reprinted in 1841 by the Shakspeare Society. This was probably founded upon the prose tradition which had given rise to several ballads in the previous century, as no immediate influence of Chaucer is apparent in the work.

Miss Maria Edgeworth published a novel in 1804, which she styled "The Modern Griselda," and in 1873, appeared a tragedy in blank verse, by the popular novelist, Mary Elizabeth Braddon, which was performed at the Princess Theatre, London, in 1874. Mr. Edwin Arnold has also produced a tragedy, exceedingly fine in parts, but inclined to "heap up horrors," as he causes Janicola to die during Griselda's enforced exile from her husband's house. Baker, in "Biographia Dramatica" (1782), mentions a comedy by Radcliffe which was never printed, and another by an anonymous author.

The story is often enacted in Italy at the Marionette theatres built expressly for puppet-plays, and in an Italian chap-book

it was circulated with a prose introduction as a tract, which now appears in the "Garb of Good-Will." Besides all of which, the story of Griselda has been musically interpreted in the operas of Paer an Bononcini, and a song, in celebration of her "wondrous patience," was current in England in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The query has often arisen, was there ever a real Griselda? Her character, as limned by many master hands remains as life-like to-day as when she first drew tears from Petrarch. It is true that some authors assert quite confidently that Griselda was known to Boccaccio in real life, and that fame which subsequently attended her, resulted from her own worth as much as from his skill in portraiture, and Bouchet in his "Annales d' Aquitaine," maintains that she flourished about 1025, and that her real history exists in manuscript under the title of "Parcinent des Dames."

But, as the picture of her submission, now almost sublime in its renunciation of self, now ludicrous in its unquestioning acceptance of a palpable wrong; her obedience, full of a beautiful dignity, that is mingled with the unreasoning acquiescence of a child; her mild and sedate approval of her husband's cruelties, accompanied by the demonstration of a passionate natural love; her moral strength; her mental simplicity—we find ourselves in such a bewilderment of paradoxes, that we answer "no," unhesitatingly. A conclusion which is verified by experience, instinct, observation, history, and psychology. Husbands answer "no," emphatically; still more emphatically their wives, too, echo "no."

And yet, some few years ago, a missionary, the Rev. William Wyatt Gill, triumphantly produced a "modern Griselda," whom he found in Polynesia! one who even added to the virtues of her prototype, for this one went to the extreme of allowing her husband to eat her.

QUERIES.

The Doctor.—I have a book entitled "The Doctor, etc.," printed by Harper

& Bros., New York, 1836. Can you tell me who wrote it?

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

The above is the title of a book by Southey; the hero's name in Southey's book is Dove. Perhaps this answers your query.

Il n'est Si, etc.—What is the origin of the proverbial expression "Comme disait le roi Dagobert à ses chiens 'il n'est si bonne compagnie qui ne se quitte.'"?

FRANÇAIS.

N. Y. CITY.

Dagobert was a king of France (602-638). Tradition says "Quand le roi Dagobert avait dîné, il faisait dîner ses chiens et quand le roi Dagobert mourut il dit à ses chiens 'il n'est si bonne, etc.,'" as quoted above.

The Ship in the Desert.—Who was the author of the poem "The Ship in the Desert"? Where and when was the vessel found?

C. G. F.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Cincinnatus Heiner, popularly known as "Joaquin Miller," is the author of the poem. At the time of its publication this poem occasioned no little speculation as to the history of the mysterious vessel, and, as is usual in such cases, the consensus of public opinion favored the theories advanced by those men least capable of intelligently investigating the subject. The locality of the famous vessel is the southeastern part of California, a short distance from a rancheria and trading post known as Algodon. It is on the border of the Colorado desert, and less than a day's ride from the site of Fort Yuma.

It may be proper to say here that a large area of the desert extending from Arroyo del Muerto or Death Valley, through the link of the San Felipe, and thence across the border of lower California, lies below the sea-level at a maximum depth of about four hundred feet. According to popular belief this depression was at one time an arm of the sea, but from a personal knowledge of the region, I am strongly inclined to a contrary opinion. As a matter of fact the marginal deposits and the few relics of

animal life found in its bed are of lacustrine and not marine origin. Furthermore, of true sea-sand there is not a grain in the whole extent of shore or bottom.

That the frame of a vessel was found in the Colorado desert is also certain, and putting the two facts together, it is only natural that a variegated assortment of traditions should be begotten of the union. It is unnecessary to speculate on the probable evolution of these traditions, inasmuch as the facts furnish all the necessary evidence.

In the first place, the frame of the vessel is not stranded in any part of the depression noted above, but is situated many miles away at an altitude of several hundred feet above the sea-level. Secondly, the alleged wreck is not the dismantled hulk of a deep-water vessel, on the contrary, it was originally designed as a ferry-boat of dimensions so small that two men might paddle or "pole" it across the river.

Timber is scarce in the region through which the river flows, and when the projector of the enterprise determined on building a new boat he found it necessary to lay the frame at a distance of many miles from the ferry-landing, because there was no available lumber nearer at hand. When at length the frame was completed, the builder sought to drag it to the landing by means of half a score or more of bull-teams. But the frame was heavy, the sand deep, and the weather intensely hot, as a result, most of the teams perished for want of water, and the half-framed boat was abandoned to the mercy of the sand storms. The projector of the enterprise was living near the Colorado River as late as 1884 or '85.

Tear Handkerchief.—What is the "tear handkerchief"?

S. C.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

In some parts of the Tyrol a peculiar and beautiful custom prevails among the peasantry. When a peasant girl is going to be married, before she leaves her home to go to the church, her mother gives her a handkerchief, which is called the "tear handkerchief." It is made of newly-spun linen, and has never been used. She is supposed to dry her tears with this when she leaves her home and when she stands at the altar.

After the marriage is over, and the bride has gone with her husband to her new house, she carefully folds up the handkerchief and places it unwashed among her little treasures. So far it has done only half its duty. Her children grow up, marry, and go away to new homes, each daughter receiving in her turn a new "tear handkerchief," and yet the last present, the present received from her mother, has not fulfilled its object. Years roll by, and the once young and blooming bride becomes a wrinkled old woman, and outlived, perhaps, her husband and all her children. At last, when the weary eyelids are closed for their long sleep, the "tear handkerchief" is taken from its resting-place and spread over the placid features of the dead.

Orange-Blossoms.—Why are orange-blossoms worn at weddings by the bride?
E. C. H.

TROY, N. Y.

The custom of wearing orange-blossoms at weddings is of comparatively recent date with us. It came to us like most other female fashions in dress, from the French, who in their turn have derived it from Spain. In the latter country it had long obtained, and is said to have been originally of Moorish origin. There is, however, an old Spanish legend which gives a different account of its introduction. According to this, soon after the importation of the orange-tree by the Moors, one of the Spanish kings had a specimen of which he was very proud, and of which the French ambassador was extremely desirous to obtain an offshoot. The gardener's daughter was aware of this, and in order to provide herself with the necessary dowry to enable her to marry her lover, she obtained a slip, which she sold to the ambassador at a high price. On the occasion of her wedding, in recognition of her gratitude to the plant which had procured her happiness, she bound in her hair a wreath of orange-blossoms, and thus inaugurated the fashion which has become universal. As the orange was introduced into Spain at a very early period by the Moors, this legend sufficiently establishes the antiquity of the custom as far as that country is concerned, although

many centuries elapsed before it spread over the rest of Europe. Up to forty or fifty years ago it was the practice for ladies to be married in hats or bonnets; and the fashion of dispensing with the bonnet seems first to have established itself after the example set by her present Majesty on the occasion of her wedding in 1840.

REPLIES.

The Drum (Vol. iii, p. 211).—There is an old "Ode to the Drum," by John Scott, which begins thus:

"I hate the drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round,"—

which may possibly answer E. S. Lara's question. It may be found in Chambers' "Encyclopædia of English Literature."

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Welsh Rabbit (Vol. iii, pp. 49, 103, 168).

Sudden Death.—This in Indian gastronomical parlance is a broiled chicken, a spatchcock. When a guest or traveler arrives unexpectedly, the handiest repast to serve is a chicken; which, strutting about in the compound, at, say 1 P. M., is caught, decapitated, plunged in boiling water, plucked, singed, split, broiled, and sent to table by 1.15 P. M., which is a sudden death with a vengeance.

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Bloody Shirt (Vol. iii, p. 83).—See Blondel's song in "The Talisman"—Walter Scott—"The Bloody Vest." M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Drum (Vol. iii, p. 211).—A fragment of an old song with this title is still lingering in memory, although it is a relic of 1830, one stanza of which was, so far as I can recollect, in this wise:

"Come each gallant lad,
Who for pleasure quits care,
To the drum, drum, drum, to the drum,
To the drumhead with spirit repair.

Each recruiter with his glass,
And each young soldier with his lass,
When the drum beats tattoo,
When the drum beats tattoo,
They'll retire the sweet night to pass."

The *air*—which also lingers in my mind—to which it was sung, necessitated the repetitions, as above. This is perhaps the one-half, or the one-third of it; and the last lines were:

"When the drum beats the reveille,
When the drum beats the reveille.
We'll fire a *feu-de-joi*."

It seems to have been an Austrian bachanal, and was sung by a "Mess of comrades" in their tent, during a military encampment. I have a faint impression that I subsequently saw a song book containing it, but even that is more than fifty years ago, so that I know nothing about its author, or the date of its publication. S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Brief Letters (Vol. iii, p. 211).—This is said to have passed between two brokers—father and son.

Dear Pop.

?

Your Son.

Dear Son,

o

Your Pop.

And is equivalent to an inquiry if there is anything new in stocks, and the answer—nothing.

S. S. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Binishes (Vol. i, pp. 214, 227).—*Binish* is a Turkish word, probably of Persian origin. It means: 1. A viewing, a seeing. 2. A kind of levee, or royal audience. 3. A sort of robe or mantle, presumed at first a robe to be worn at a royal audience. Mangan appears to use the word in the sense last mentioned.

MASSAX.

NEW JERSEY.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Wigwam (Vol. i, pp. 52, 124).—The use of this word in the boot and shoe trade to

denote a kind of open leather shoe, is worth recording, as it departs so far from the ordinary signification of the word. It was in use in Toronto (and I suppose in the United States also) in 1888.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, OTT.

Bim and Bimshire, etc.—The Barbadians are called *Bims* in the West Indies, and Barbadoes itself enjoys the nickname of *Bimshire*. The Bahamans, black and white, are called *Conchs*, from the conch-shells which abound in their islands. The negroes of St. Kitts are called by the name of *Cha-cha*, or *Cha-cha Ballahoo*, ballahoo being the name of a kind of drogher or schooner. St. Helena men are *Yam-staiks*. A Bermudian is a *Moojin* and the same name (*Moojin*) is given about Philadelphia to young sturgeons.

BERYX.

NEW JERSEY.

"Jennie Kissed Me" (Vol. iii, p. 110).—Marian Lee in the *Critic* writes: "This little stanza, the authorship of which is attributed to Leigh Hunt, is an old acquaintance of the American public, and the impression is widespread that the lady who thus honored the poet was Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle. I had seen it stated so often and so positively, that I accepted it as one does the catechism—upon trust; but a question that appeared, a short time since, in AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, set me to thinking. Taking it for granted that Mrs. Carlyle was the 'Jenny,' I found myself asking, 'What wrought her up to this osculatory fervor?' Nothing in her life or her letters indicates this lady to have been given to 'gush.' Where, then, are we to look for the mainspring of the 'jumping' immortalized by the bard?

"In a publication, called, I think, *Queries*, I found it asserted that Mrs. Carlyle kissed Leigh Hunt on his bringing the news that her husband had been awarded a pension of 300*l.* per annum by the British Government. Here was a reason with a vengeance! A pension! Had the great apostle of literary independence felt an itching in his palm, and yielded his fingers to toy with the Government purse-strings? My atten-

tion once fixed upon this point, I found this reason for Jenny's kiss to be the generally received one; but I knew it to be a direct contradiction of Mr. Froude's published statements on the pension subject, so to Froude I determined to appeal. But I wanted an authority to quote. The articles I had met were anonymous, and I sought for a name—a name of note.

"All comes, sooner or later, to the patient; so, on a certain day, I set jubilant eyes on the thirty-ninth volume of *Harper's Magazine*, and exclaimed, 'Eureka!' For here Mr. Moncure D. Conway, in the fourth of his 'South Coast Saunterings in England,' asserted most roundly, the verse, the Jenny, the kiss, and the pension. Mr. Conway speaks of the pension awarded by England to her literary children as a 'graceful custom;' says that instead of being a bribe to sycophancy it is usually bestowed upon those 'who have been most faithful to their ideals;' and that Carlyle 'who consented through long, dreary years to be painfully poor, rather than turn his pen to the kind of work that promised gain, was pensioned by the nation he had so remorselessly criticised.' To this he adds: 'His friends can remember the happy scene when Leigh Hunt came with the happy news, for telling which Mrs. Carlyle kissed him. To this kiss, so characteristic of one of the noblest of women, we are indebted for one of Leigh Hunt's charming improvisations.' Here was a foeman worthy of Froude's steel. I immediately presented the matter to his notice, and, by return mail, received the following reply, in which the illustrious English author stands staunchly by his colors:

" 'December 20, 1888.

" 'MADAM.—I have read your letter with much surprise. I never heard that Mrs. Carlyle had kissed Leigh Hunt. I think it exceedingly unlikely that she ever did, and equally unlikely that if she ever had, Leigh Hunt would have written a poem about it. * * * I never heard that a pension had been offered to Carlyle until near the end of his life, when he refused it. I am certain no pension was ever offered to him while Leigh Hunt was alive, and I am certain, also, that at no time of his life, even when he was in

extreme poverty, would Carlyle have accepted any pension. Moncure Conway may possess information which is unknown to me, but in the absence of any authority which would lead me to believe it, I do not hesitate to regard the story as without foundation. You may make any use you please with this letter. Your faithful servant,

" 'J. A. FROUDE.'

"Nothing can be more explicit, and I think Mr. Froude's denial of the pension should be published as widely as Mr. Conway's assertion. Doubtless a record is kept of all pensions granted by the English Government, so that the truth can be established beyond controversy. If 'Conway possesses information not known' to Froude, let him make good his statement; but if Carlyle refused all Government emolument to the very last, let him not, in this lucre-loving age, be debarred the credit due such self-denial."

Turning to the Right (Vol. i, pp. 179, 214, 227; Vol. ii, p. 240; Vol. iii, p. 227).—*Bizarre Notes and Queries* says: "It is stated that the Puritans in a spirit of defiance of English customs and manners, and for the purpose of alienating themselves from such home influences, introduced turning to the right, but retained the custom of sitting on the right.

"When we've been there Ten Thousand Years, etc." (Vol. iii, pp. 21, 58).—Fordham, of Boston, Mass., writes of having heard this stanza sung many times in Methodist meetings in addition to Watts' familiar hymn of four stanzas, beginning, "When I can read my title clear." I agree with Fordham, in having heard it sung as an additional verse to that good old hymn, but it has no more right to be added to that hymn, than to a dozen others of like metre, that I have heard it added to. There are but four stanzas to the original hymn by Watts. I do not think the stanza inquired about belongs to any hymn in particular, but can be sung to any hymn that any good old-fashioned Methodist brother or sister in the fervor of religious enthusiasm cares to add it to. I have never seen it in print but

in one case, and that is as the fifth verse to the hymn beginning with the following stanza :

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh ! how I long for thee;
When will my sorrows have an end—
Thy joys when shall I see."

The hymn of which this is the first stanza, and which has for its fifth the stanza inquired about, is to be found on page 69, of a Hymnal in common use in all the Methodist Protestant Churches, called "The Tribute of Praise," and is published by the Board of Publication of the Methodist Protestant Church, both in Baltimore and in Pittsburgh. It is edited by Dr. Eben Tourgée, of Boston, Mass., who might give some information in regard to the matter if asked personally. This Hymnal was first published in 1882, I think.

"IPSE."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Where Women are Barred (Vol. iii, pp. 206, 217).—While talking on this subject it may be interesting to say that there is a mine near Leadville into which women are never admitted. If a woman were permitted to enter this mine I believe every last man on the premises would quit work. The mine has had an accident for every woman who has visited it. Immediately after a woman has been admitted some mishap, with damage to property or life, has followed. Hence, the superstition of the miners.—*Denver Republican*.

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Gretna Green (Vol. iii, p. 196).—All Scotland is a Gretna Green; that is to say, marriage is there legally regarded as a purely civil contract, to be entered into and substantiated like any other contract. Gretna Green had its fame from its being the first posting-station in Scotland on the great north road from London, and England generally, lying some seven miles north of Carlisle. As soon as it was reached the landlord of the hotel (and others in the village) was ready to do the office for the

love-struck swains and maidens for a consideration. Gretna Green is in my county (Dumfriesshire), and I staid two or three days in the hotel some forty odd years ago just before the passing of Lord Brougham's act requiring that one, at least, of the parties must have resided six weeks on Scotland in order to make marriage there legal.

J. H.

VIENNA, VA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Chautauquan for October. The October issue of *The Chautauquan* is the initial number of volume X, and appears in a new form, and with a handsome cover of new design. It presents the following in the table of contents: "The Politics which Made and Unmade Rome," by President C. K. Adams, LL.D., of Cornhill University; "The Life of the Romans," by Principal James Donaldson, LL.D., of the University of St. Andrews, Scotland; Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," paraphrased by Arlo Bates; "Map Quiz" on *The Chautauquan* Map Series; "Sunday Reading," selected by Bishop Vincent; "The Study of the Seasons," by Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University; "Child Labor and some of its Results," by Helen Campbell; "Mental Philosophy," by John Habberton; "The Uses of Mathematics," by Professor A. S. Hardy, Ph. D., of Dartmouth College; "The Burial of Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani, LL.D., of the University of Rome. A. W. Lyman, Washington correspondent of the *New York Sun*, tells "How we get our Washington News," Dr. Titus Munson Coan describes some delightful tramps in "The Swiss Alpine Club"; Professor La Roy F. Griffin explains the general principles of "Explosions and Explosives"; "Canada and Ireland: A Political Parallel," is discussed by Professor J. P. Mahaffy, of Dublin University; "The Future Indian School System" is an article full of practical suggestions for improving Indian schools, by Elaine Goodale; the Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-Minister to Persia, writes entertainingly of "The Women of Persia"; Bishop J. F. Hurst, LL.D., tells much that is interesting about "The Current Literature of India"; Frances E. Willard furnishes a sketch of the life of Dorothea Dix; "Impressions Made by the Paris Exposition" is a timely article, translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; of especial interest to the C. L. S. C. Class of '89 is Dr. David Swing's address on "The Beautiful and the Useful," prepared for this year's graduates at Chautauqua, and the Class Poem by Edith M. Thomas. The list of contributed articles ends with the Rev. J. G. Wood's observations of "Some Odd Fishes." The usual amount of space is devoted to C. L. S. C. matters and editorials.

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NOTES.

THE PLOT OF RIP VAN WINKLE.

(Vol. iii, p. 231.)

[CONCLUDED.]

Having devoted so much space to the Ephesian sleepers, I must note more briefly the many kindred legends, which are roughly classified by countries. Many of them deal with historic or semi-historic personages, and their similarity is evident, especially among the tales of kings or warriors who are believed to be still sleeping, and whose return to the scenes of their greatness is confidently expected.

6. The following paragraph is from the *Shanghai Courier*: "It is related in the Chinese *Contes des Fées* that a shepherd boy named Ch'u-p'ing was carried away by a Taoist priest and placed in a cave on the Golden Hill, when he immediately forgot all about home and friends and everything else. There he remained more than forty

years, until he was at length discovered by his elder brother, who asked him where the sheep were. Ch'u-p'ing said they were on the hillside, but his brother soon came back saying that he could only see a quantity of white stones lying there. Ch'u-p'ing then went out and bade the white stones arise, whereupon they all got up, and lo! there was a flock of many hundreds of thousands in number."

7. The Arabian historians relate that the prophet Saleh or Salech entreated God to destroy the Thamudites because of their impitence; an angel put him to sleep in a cave and he awoke after twenty years; no one recognized him, and his friends and followers were all dead. The angel Gabriel said to him: "Thou wert hasty in desiring the destruction of this people; therefore God hath withdrawn from thy life twenty years, taken from thee in sleep." Gabriel then gave Saleh Adam's shirt, Noah's sword and other holy relics, and Saleh preached to the Thamudites, working many miracles; the marvelous camel which he produced from a rock being another of the ten sacred animals admitted to Mahomet's Paradise.

8. Mohammed Mohadi, the twelfth Iman, sleeps till the coming of Antichrist, whom, at his awakening, he will conquer.

9. Elijah the prophet sleeps in Abraham's bosom till the coming of Antichrist, when he will awake, return to Jerusalem, and restore the temple.

10. Elijah Mansur, the warrior, prophet, and priest of Asiatic Russia, who was considered a heretic because he taught a more tolerant form of Islam, was condemned and imprisoned in a mountain, where he is now sleeping, waiting for a summons to arise and overthrow the Muscovite power.

11. Nourjahad, wife of the Mogul Emperor Geanjir, who discovered otto of roses, has slept many centuries, but will awaken some day.

12. When Constantinople fell into the hands of the Turks, a priest who was celebrating mass in St. Sophia, prayed that the Blessed Sacrament might be saved from profanation. The wall of the church opened, the priest entered bearing the host, the wall closed upon him, and he fell asleep; he will

awaken when the Turk is cast out of Constantinople, and St. Sophia is released from its profanation.

13. Endymion, the shepherd of Mount Latmos, beloved by Diana, was thrown into a perpetual sleep by Jupiter, that his youth and beauty might be eternally preserved.

14. The story of Epimenides, related by Pliny, is probable a version of the older legend of Endymion.

Epimenides, wearied one hot day by a search for a stray sheep, went into a cave to rest. He slept fifty-seven years, and on awakening, found everything changed, his brother, whom he had left a stripling, was now a gray-haired man. Epimenides had been endowed with miraculous wisdom during his sleep; he became an epic poet and a Gnostic philosopher; after his death, at the age of 154, 157, 229, or 289 years, he was revered as a god, especially among the Athenians. He flourished in the time of Solon, and is reckoned as one of the Seven Sages by those who exclude Periander.

15. The French victims of the Sicilian Vespers sleep at Palermo until the time when they may arise and avenge themselves.

16. Knez Lazar, of Servia, supposed to have been slain by the Turks in 1389, is slumbering and will some day awake and smite his enemies.

17. Bobadil el Chico, the last of the Moorish Kings of Granada, sleeps spell-bound near the Alhambra. On the appointed day he will awake and re-establish the Moorish government.

18. Sebastian I, of Portugal, the invader of Morocco, supposed to have been killed in the battle of Alcazarquebir, 1578, is sleeping somewhere, and will wake to deliver his country in her hour of need. (Dr. Brewer says "will make Brazil the chief kingdom of the earth." Qu., is this the same Sebastian?)

19. Napoleon Bonaparte is believed by some of the French peasantry to be slumbering, and his reappearance is expected.

20. Three members of the Tell family sleep at Rütli near the Vierwald-stätter-see, in Switzerland, waiting for the hour of their country's direst need. A shepherd once crept into their cave. "What hour is it?" asked the third Tell. "Noon," replied the

shepherd. "The time is not yet come," said Tell, and lay down again.

21. Three miners sleep far down in the heart of the Kutenberg in Bohemia.

22. Charlemagne sleeps in the Odenberg in Hess, or in the Untersberg near Salzburg, seated on his throne, his crown on his head, his sword at his side, waiting till the time of Antichrist is fulfilled, when he will burst forth to avenge the blood of the saints.

23. In the Kyffhäuserberg of Thuringia—the scene of the adventure of Peter Klaus—is a cave which leads into the heart of the mountain. There by a stone table sits Friedrich Barbarossa with six of his knights. A shepherd once found his way into the hall, and the Emperor hearing the footsteps raised his head to ask,—“Do the ravens still fly over the mountains?” “Sire, they do,” was the reply. “Then must we sleep another hundred years.” According to another authority, this colloquy takes place between the Emperor and one of his attendants at the close of every century. Friedrich’s red beard has grown through the table, but not until it has wound itself around it three times will Friedrich and his knights awake from their slumber and go forth to conquer the world, and exalt Germany to the first place among the kingdoms of Europe.

24. Charles V, Emperor of Germany, will some day awake from sleep and resume his monarchy over Germany, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Belgium, and the Netherlands.

25. Ogier the Dane (Olger Dansk) will some day shake off his slumber and come from the dream-land of Avalon to avenge the right.

26. The Scandinavian hero Sigurd or Siegfried slumbers, awaiting a call to come forth and fight.

27. Olaf Tryggvason, King of Norway, who introduced Christianity into Norway, Iceland, and Greenland, was overcome by Swolde, King of Sweden, A. D. 1000, leaped into the sea, swam to the Holy Land and became an anchorite. When very old, he fell asleep; when he wakes, he will sever Norway from Sweden and re-establish his kingdom.

28. The annals of Iceland relate that in

1403, a Finn named Fethmingr, living in Halogaland, in the North of Norway, happening to enter a cave, fell asleep and woke not for three whole years, lying with his bow and arrows at his side, untouched by bird or beast.

29. King Arthur, grievously wounded on the field of Camlan, did not die, but was borne thence by the three queens who watch over him as he slumbers in Avillion. Some day he will awaken, claim the British throne, and bring back the golden age in Britain. Some authorities say he is metamorphosed into a raven, and “consequently the English never kill a raven.” (?)

30. Gyneth, daughter of King Arthur and Guinevere, was thrown into an enchanted sleep by Merlin, in punishment for her refusal to put an end to a combat in which twenty knights, including Merlin’s own son, were mortally wounded. This sleep lasted five hundred years. (Scott, “Bridal of Triermain.”)

31. St. David was thrown into an enchanted sleep of seven years by the necromancer Ormandine, from which he was reclaimed by St. George or by Merlin. (“Seven Champions of Christianity.” R. Johnson.)

32. According to an Arabic legend, St. George thrice rose from the grave or from an enchanted sleep.

33. Merlin himself sleeps in the forest where the wily Vivian bewitched him with the slumber-working spell which he himself had taught her.

34. Brian Boromhe (Brian Born) the King of Ireland, who conquered the Danes in twenty pitched battles and was supposed to have been slain at the battle of Clontarf, 1014, was merely stunned and is now sleeping in Kincora Castle. Ireland waits for the day when he shall awake and deliver her from the oppressor.

35. Desmond, of Kilmallock in Limerick, said to have perished in the reign of Elizabeth, sleeps beneath the waters of Lough Gur. Every seventh year he reappears at early morning, and, clad in full armor, rides around the lake. At some future time he will return to claim the family estates. (Scott, “Fortunes of Nigel.”)

36. Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildown slept seven years upon the Eildon Hills,

which seemed to him but a single night spent in Fairy Land. After his awakening, he lived some time among mortals, but at a summons from the Fairy Queen he disappeared, and tradition says he is sleeping to this day under the Eildon Hills.

The most important of the fairy tales—or folk tales—in which an enchanted sleep occurs is that of the Sleeping Beauty, which is found in Basile's "*Pentamerone*;" in Pearault's "*Contes des Fées*," with the title of "*La Belle au Bois dormant*;" and in Grimm's "*Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen*," with the title of "*Doruröschchen*." It is probably derived from the Norse Saga of Brünhild. Odin pierces Brünhild with the sleep-thorn, and she slumbers, surrounded by a wall of flames, through which no one can force his way save Séquid who awakens her.

The German story of "*Sneewitchen*" ("*Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen*")—the maiden who dwelt with seven dwarfs in the mountains, who was poisoned by her step-mother, and lay as if dead for a long time, but with unimpaired beauty, but was awakened from her trance by a Prince, is essentially the same, and a similar legend is told of Snafriða, the beautiful wife of Harald Harfager, whose countenance remained fresh and rosy after death, so that the king sat by her body for three years, thinking she would return to life.

All these stories are probably forms of the wide-spread slumber-myth. And the familiar nursery tale of Little Bo-peep, when seriously considered, is seen to have points of resemblance with that of Peter Klaus and others of the foregoing legends, notably that of Ch'u-p'ing.

There are authentic accounts of persons sleeping for an unusual length of time, but these stories are too suspiciously alike to be explained in each case as an exaggeration of facts. The place of slumber is in almost every case a cave in the heart of a mountain or under the ground; in several instances the hero is a shepherd, or goatherd, and in two legends (the Tells and Friedrich Barbarossa), a shepherd visits the sleepers; the awakening is looked forward to with hope as bringing better days (the Seven Sleepers awoke in the days of heresy to bear

witness to the truth of the Resurrection, while the kings will return to re-establish their former power, and to bless each his own kingdom); Arthur, Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Olaf, and the other chiefs resemble each other strongly. The number seven is prominent in many tales; Ogier the Dane stamps his iron mace on the floor once in every seven years; Charlemagne starts in his chair and Barbarossa changes his position at similar intervals. The dwarfs of "*Sneewitchen*" are seven in number, the Ephesian martyrs, seven; St. David and Thomas, of Ercildown, sleep for seven years, and so on. These coincidences indicate, at least, a common origin if nothing more.

It has been suggested that this myth, as well as those of Adonis, Proserpine, etc., typifies the repose of the earth through the seven winter months, at the end of which she awakens to new like and vigor.

It may also be explained still more directly as a sun-myth. The Greek Sun-god was a shepherd, with clouds for sheep. Like the sleepers, the Sun retires to rest, disappearing among the mountains, in the recesses of the earth, or sinking beneath the waves of ocean (Avallon, it should be remembered, was a Sunset isle), and after a certain appointed time, returns to earth, resuming his beneficent sway. Why, then, may not Phoebus himself be the remote prototype of our friend Rip Van Winkle?

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne is the chief town of Northumberland, England, and is the greatest mart for coals in the world. The coal trade seems to have been important from the earliest existence of the town; the burgesses obtained from Henry III, in 1239, a license to dig the coals within the borough, and at the time of Edward I the business had grown to such consequence that Newcastle paid a revenue of £200. In 1615 the trade employed four hundred ships and extended to France and the Netherlands. The coal is bituminous. The exportation of coke is also large, amounting to more than two hundred thousand tons

annually. "Carrying coals to Newcastle" is, therefore, a very fitting simile for giving unnecessary gifts.

One of the letters of R. Thoresby ("Correspondence," vol. i, p. 16), dated June 29, 1682, has this passage: "To send you any news from hence were to little purpose, ours being little else but the translation of English or French, and to send you our news from England were to carry coals to Newcastle."

Analogous expressions are found in many languages, viz.:

Greek. *Glauk Athenaze, Glauk eis Athknas*,=to send owls to Athens. (Owls abounded in Athens, and were dedicated to Minerva, patroness of that city.)

Hebrew. To carry oil to the city of Olives.

Persian. *Infers piper in Hindostan*,=to carry pepper to Hindostan. (Proverb in the "Bustan" of Sadi.)

Hebrew. To send enchantments to Egypt. (Proverb of the Rabbis. Egypt was in ancient times considered the headquarters of magic.)

Latin. *Dare poma Alcinoos*,=to give fruit to Alcinoos. (He was king of the Phæacians, and his orchards were famous; they bore fruit the year round.) *Lignum in sylvas ferre*,=to take wood to the forest.

German. *Wasser in's meer tragen*,=to carry water to the sea.

French. *Porter des fenilles au bois*,=to carry leaves to the forest. *Porter de l'eau à la rivière*,=to carry water to the river.

A proverb of the Middle Ages was "to send indulgences to Rome."

Joannes Garlandius, a Latin poet of the eleventh century, wrote a poem called "Opus Synonomorune," which begins with a list of similar proverbial sayings, viz.:

"Ad mare ne videar latices deferre, camino Igniculum, densis et frondes addere sylvis, Hospitibusque pyra Calabris, dare nina Leaco,

Aut Cereri fruges, apibus mel, vel thyma pratis,

Pomo vel Alcinoos vel mollia thura Sabao—
Ad veterum curas curo superaddere nostras."

In "King John," Act iv, Scene 2, Salisbury says:

"To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to
garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

Since writing the above I have found a few more analogous expressions from the Greek, viz.:

To send box to Cytorus.

To send fish to the Hellespont.

To send a clod to the plowed field.

To add a farthing to the millions of Cræsus.

To act cup-bearer to the frogs.

Apropos to this last saying is a quotation from the "Idyls of Theocritus:—

"Happy the frog's life, none his drink to pour

He looks for! He has plenty evermore."

Chapman's translation, 10, 52, 3.

The Spanish speak of "carrying wood to the mountains," and of "offering honey to the owner of bee-hives."

"THE LADY OF LYONS."

This play was first produced at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London, in 1838. Lord Bulwer, in his preface to the published edition, says, that the plot was suggested to him by "an indistinct recollection of a very pretty little tale called the 'Bellows Mender,' but the incidents are greatly altered from those of the tale, and the characters entirely recast. I saw that the era of the French Revolution was that in which the incidents were rendered most probable; for during the early years of the Republic, in the general ferment of society, and the brief equalization of ranks, Claude Melnotte's high-placed love, his ardent feelings, his unsettled principles, his ambition, and his career were characteristic of the age, and the spirit of the nation went along with the extravagance of the individual."

Bulwer had a two-fold object in compos-

ing the play; first, to advance the interests of Macready—manager of the theatre, and who assumed the part of the hero; second, his first play “Duchess de la Valliers,” had proved a comparative failure on the stage, and critics had declared he could not attain the art of dramatic construction. The authorship of the play was neither avowed or suspected until it had been established in public favor.

In regard to this a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes: “The ‘Lady of Lyons’ was brought out anonymously, and on the night of its first production, beyond Macready and Bulwer Lytton himself, no one in London knew the secret of the authorship. Between the acts, Dickens, who had been one of a delighted audience, went behind the scenes to talk over the play with Macready and Bulwer, congratulating Macready on his wonderful impersonation of Claude Melnotte. Dickens was in raptures with the whole thing, and asked Bulwer what he thought of it. Bulwer affected to find some fault with the plot, and suggested improvements here and there in the various situations. ‘Come now,’ said Dickens, ‘it is not like you, Bulwer, to cavil at such small things as those; the man who wrote the play may have imitated your work here and there perhaps, but he is a deuced clever fellow, for all that. To hear you speak so unfairly is almost enough to make one think that you are jealous.’ The papers next morning lauded the play to the skies, even going so far as to suggest, that it would be well for Mr. Bulwer to take pattern by this unknown writer, and try to improve himself in those particular points in which the anonymous author of the ‘Lady of Lyons’ had been so brilliantly successful. About a fortnight later, Bulwer’s authorship of the play was made known to the mingled consternation and amusement of the critics and the general public.”

The plot of the play is also curiously like that of Mrs. Alpha Behn’s play of the “False Count” (1682), in which the proud and rich Isabella is betrayed into marriage with a chimney-sweep called Guillionne. Still it is more like that of Moncrieff’s play, “Prouse the Bellows-Mender,” and “The Beauty of Lyons.”

In the *New York Mirror* for May 12, 1838, in an account of the first presentation of the “Lady of Lyons,” after giving an outline of the story, the writer says: “We are occasionally reminded a little too vividly of Tobin’s comedy of the ‘Honeymoon,’ especially in the cottage scene. The only difference is that in one play a real prince brings down the lofty notions of his bride by pretending to be a peasant, whereas in the other a real peasant is obliged to give up playing the prince and shows himself an impostor to his wife. The disappointment of the heroine in the two situations is precisely of the same character. These coincidences are, however, unavoidable, and detract nothing from the merit of the play.”

Fitzgerald Mallory in his “Famous Plays” says, “The Lady of Lyons” was at first called “The Adventurer,” but the title was altered at Macready’s suggestion.

QUERIES.

Sea-Cat.—Kindly tell me what the blue sea-cat is? G. B. LAWSON.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Webster’s “Dictionary,” supplement, p. 1578, says: “Sea-cat, the cat-fish (*Anarrhichas lupus*).” The cat-fish is sometimes blue in color, perhaps this is what is meant.

Allaire.—The town of Allaire—called in the neighborhood the “deserted village”—lies in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and I am anxious to learn whatever it is possible to find out concerning the origin of the settlers who built this town, the origin of the name, the occupation of the people (manufacturing or otherwise), the date of the founding, the reason of the desertion (rumor in that section has it that an earthquake caused the people to leave), and anything else relating to the history of the place or its people.

THEODORE W. REATH.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The following are the main facts in the history of Allaire. The first authentic record of any settlement on the site now occupied by the town is in 1750, when Isaac

Palmer erected a saw-mill on the spot. This mill passed through various hands until in 1812 it became the property of William Griffith, during whose ownership the Manasquan (afterwards the Howell furnace) was started. The reason for the founding of a furnace at this place is not far to seek, for at that time there was abundance of iron-ore in the bogs near by, and when smelted and prepared, the iron was readily conveyed to the Manasquan, Shark, or Shrewsbury rivers and shipped by boat to New York.

In 1821 Benjamin B. Howell, of Philadelphia, the then lessee, called the attention of James P. Allaire to the value of this furnace as a supply for pig-iron to his works in New York. And in April, 1822, Mr. Allaire purchased the property and changed the name of the furnace to the Howard Furnace.

Mr. Allaire was of Huguenot stock, his ancestors having emigrated from Rochelle in 1680 to found New Rochelle in New York State. His grandfather, Alexander Allaire, is said to have been the first male child born in that settlement.

James P. Allaire was a native of New Rochelle, born in July, 1785. He received a country-school education and was subsequently apprenticed to a druggist in New York city. But he shortly abandoned this business and went, as he says, "to black-smithing." At the age of eighteen, with but twenty-five cents in the world, he married his cousin, Frances Duncan.

His first important piece of work was the casting of the air-chamber for Fulton's *Clermont*, in his little shop in Cherry street between Jackson and Corlaers streets.

The first casting was a failure, but the second, which he made entirely alone, was a success, and marked the beginning of his career as the greatest builder of steam vessels and marine engines of his day. At the time that he purchased the furnace the "Allaire Works" were the largest in the United States.

In 1817 he had built for William Gibbons the *Bellona* which, on Allaire's recommendation, was given in command of Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt repaid this piece of kindness later (1846) by saving Allaire's home from his creditors.

In 1828 a stock company was formed by Allaire to control the Howell Furnace, and in 1836 the Howell Works were the most extensive in the country. They comprised some sixty acres, not including a brick-yard at Woodtick, bogs at Farmingdale, and some property on the banks of the canal.

Mr. Allaire ruled absolutely over the community, which issued bills and coins of its own that circulated throughout the State, so great was the public confidence in this enterprise.

On the Shrewsbury River Mr. Allaire had a fleet of sailing vessels and steamboats, and the four thousand souls who formed the community were the centre of industrial life in that part of the State.

In 1834 Mr. Allaire built the *William Gibbons* to run between New York and Charleston (the first attempt to establish a line of coasting steamers). This boat was wrecked in 1835, and in 1837 a second boat, the *Home*, costing \$300,000, was lost in a gale off Hatteras.

These losses crippled him, to a certain extent, and following hard upon them came the discovery of the hot-blast system of smelting iron, with which the charcoal furnaces could not compete.

In 1846 the Howell Works were closed, and in 1858 Mr. James P. Allaire died. Twenty years of litigation followed his death, during which time the works fell into the complete ruin in which they now are.

It is interesting to note that in 1835 John Roach began his career in Howell Works under Mr. Allaire's management.

Mona Lisa.—Where can be found the fullest account of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting "Mona Lisa," and of its original? J. P. L.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

There is a very good account of this picture in Larousse *sub voce* "Joconde."

Alexander and the Robber.—What is the story of Alexander and the Robber?

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dionides, a pirate, was brought before Alexander to answer for his crimes.

"Wretched robber," said Alexander, "how dare you commit such crimes on these seas?"

"And as to yourself," said the pirate, boldly, "by what right do you plunder the whole world? I with but a single ship am reproached as a robber, but you with a fleet are a conqueror."

Alexander, won by the man's audacity, ordered him to be released.

Gringos.—What is the derivation and meaning of the word "gringos"?

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

Los Gringos is the name applied by the inhabitants of Southern California and of Mexico to the Anglo-Saxon race. It is said to be equivalent to the slang *greenhorn*.

French for "Home."—Is it true that the French have no word to express the idea "home"?

GEO. A. SIMPSON.

PALMYRA, N. J.

This query is best answered by Max O'Rell, who says:

"I was not greatly surprised, on coming to America, to hear that home-life hardly existed in France. I had heard that before. And the overpowering reason advanced to prove this statement was that time-honored Anglo-Saxon chestnut: The French language has no equivalent for the English word home.

"How glib is the criticism of the ignorant!

"To feel the whole meaning of those sweet words *chez soi*, *chez nous*, one must know the language they form part of. They call up in French hearts all the tender feelings evoked by the word home in the Anglo-Saxon breast.

"How many English or American people have an inkling of their value?

"Do they care to know that some hundred years back the French used to say *en chez* (from the Latin *in casa*, at home), and that the word *chez* was a noun? That, later on, they took to adding a pronoun, saying, for example, *en chez nous*; and that the people, mistaking the word *chez* for a proposition, because it was always followed by a noun or

a pronoun, suppressed the *en*, so that now the French language has lost a noun for home, but has kept a word, *chez*, which to this very day has all its significance? What an idea of snugness, happiness, is conveyed by the little sentence, *Restons chez nous*, on the lips of a young couple."

Idaho.—What is the meaning of the name Idaho?

P. B. CORNING.

UTICA, N. Y.

Joaquin Miller, who gave to the incipient State of Idaho its name, says that it is written and spelled improperly. The correct form is *Idahho* with the accent on the middle syllable. The name means the *light on the mountains*.

REPLIES.

King Killed at Masked Ball (Vol. iii, pp. 141, 166).—At a masked ball in the palace, on the night of March 16, 1792, Lieutenant Ankerstroem, from behind a curtain, shot the King (Gustavus III), with an air gun. The King died March 29. Ankerstroem, who was the tool of a conspiracy of nobles, was arrested, convicted, and, after three days of torture, executed, his hand and head being struck off.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Strapping.—Wherefore the application "strapping" to a brawny, powerful, or big man? As, "he is a strapping fellow."

MACQUE.

The Psalms Versified.—John Quincy Adams is said to have versified the Psalms. Did he? If so, were they ever used in the churches? ???

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Olive Harper.—What is the real name of "Olive Harper"? What books has she published?

Jno. Wesley Jarvis.—Has there ever been a portrait printed of Jno. Wesley Jar-

vis, who was quite a celebrated painter and born 1780, in South Shields-on-the-Tyne? He was a nephew of the founder of Methodism. He spent much time in this country. M. O. WAGGONER.

TOLEDO, O.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Lucile (Vol. iii, p. 170).—Why does the writer of the article on "Lucile" speak of "Miss Thackeray" as the author of "A Week in a French Country House"? I have supposed it to be written by Adelaide Kemble Sartoris. M. A. N.
NEW YORK CITY.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.—It is probable that many of us have nightly repeated this little prayer, learned at our mother's knee without giving even a passing thought as to the authorship of the familiar lines, until the "wily questioner" of NOTES AND QUERIES placed us under the necessity of, at least, endeavoring to ascertain "what is known" on the subject.

In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," 5th edition, the verse

"Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take,"

in connection with,

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all,"

and

"Zaccheus, he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord and Master for to see,"

are quoted as from the New England Primer. But Bartlett is incorrect in his version of the lines, although he probably gave them as he found them. Nine persons out of ten if asked to write them down would follow his example. The correct phraseology is as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

A somewhat curious variant is thus given:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John!
God bless the bed that I lie on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round me spread!
One at the foot and one at the head,
And two to keep
My soul asleep!
And should I die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take,
For my Redeemer, Jesus' sake!"

The same idea pervades many hymns.

"Through the day Thy love has spared us,
Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest.
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust in Thee,"

wrote T. Kelly in 1806. Bishop Heber in 1827 took up the same strain—

"Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie;"

while Leland echoed it thus:

"Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears."

But the little prayer in question is older than any of these verses. To J. B. McCaskey, compiler of the "Franklin Square Song Collection," is due the information that in a book of songs and hymns for children, published about the year 1840, collected by the Rev. Thomas Hastings, a man who is very careful in his statements, who has given much attention to hymnology, and himself done some good work in that direction, its authorship is attributed to Dr. Isaac Watts. He was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, England, the son of a deacon in the Congregational Church. He was educated in the school of Mr. Thomas Rowe, and his earliest hymns were occasioned by his dislike of the verses sung in the meeting-house at Southampton. In 1696, he became tutor to Sir John Hartopp's children at Newington. To this episode in his life we owe "the little busy bee," the dogs that "delight to bark and bite," and "hush, my child, lie still and slumber."

His love for these children gave us the "Divine and Moral Songs."

His first sermon was preached at Mark Lane, London, July 17, 1698. In February, 1699, he was selected to be Dr. Chauncey's assistant. Physical infirmities incapacitated him at times, and in 1703 he became disabled for four years. But he persevered until 1713, when, after a severe attack, Sir Thomas Abney took him to his own house. To quote Dr. Watts himself: "This day, thirty years ago, I came hither to the house of my good friend, Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend a week, and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years."

It is said, on the authority of Dr. Caleb Evans, of Bristol, that we must credit Dr. Watts with having done away with the barbarous practice of "lining out" the hymn.

In person he was a thin, spare man, scarcely more than five feet in height. His forehead was low, his cheek-bones rather prominent, his eyes small and gray, and his face, in repose, of a heavy aspect. His voice was excellent, and his rhetoric polished and graceful. He died peacefully November 25, 1748, aged seventy-five years.

Probably our familiar prayer was suggested to Dr. Watts by Psalm iv, 8.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

The verse in question is not given in any edition of Dr. Watts' poems to which I have access, but the idea is embodied in the following lines:

"I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head;
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

"With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love."

The book in which the prayer is credited to Isaac Watts is "The Mother's Nursery Songs," by Thomas Hastings; small quarto, M. W. Dodd, publisher, New York, 1848. And in the "New England Primer" it is given as "verses made by Mr. Rogers

the martyr," whose "wife and ten small children" are so well known.

But our little prayer, in another form, is still older than Watts and Rogers, though they both may have tried to improve it. In former days it was called "The White Paternoster," and is to be found in the "Enchiridion Papæ Leonis," M. D. CLX, quoted in Ady's "Candle in the Dark," 1655:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lye on,
And blessed guardian angel keep
Me safe from danger while I sleep.

"I lay me down to rest me,
And pray the Lord to bless me,
If I should sleep no more to wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Chaucer, in his "Night Spell," alludes to it (1328-1400):

"Lord Jhesu Crist and Seynte Benedyht,
Blesse this hous from every wikked wight,
Fro nyghtes verray, the white Patre nostre
When wonestow now, Seynte Petre's soster."

"Petite Patrenostre blanche que Dieu fit, que Dieu dit, que Dieu mit en Paradis. Au soir m' allant coucher, je trouvis trois anges à mon lit couchés, un aux pieds, deme ame chevet, la bonne Vièrge Marie au milieu, qui me dit que je me couchis, que rien ne doutis."

In one form or other it is found in nearly every language.

Quenot, "Statistique de la Charente," 1818, has—

"Dieu l' a faite, je la dit,
J'ai trouvé quatre anges couchés dans mon lit;
Et le bon Dieu au milieu.
De quoi puis-je avoir peur;
Le bon Dieu est mon père,
La Vièrge ma mère,
Les Saints mes frères
Les Saintes mes sœurs,
Le bon Dieu m'a dit,
Lève-toi, couche-toi,

Ne crains rien; le feu, l'orage et la tempête,
Ne peuvent rien contre toi;
Saint Jean, Saint Marc, Saint Luc, et Saint Matthieu
Qui mettent les âmes en repos,
Mettez-y la mienne si Dieu veut."

From the Loire:

"Jesus m' endort,
Si je trépassé, mande mon corps,
Si je trépassé, mande mon âme,
Si je vis, mande mon esprit."

In Sardinia :

"Anghelu de Den,
Custodia meo!
Custa nott' illumina me,
Guarda e defende a me,
Ca eo mi incommando a Tie."

And it is found in Italy and Germany.

Odd Rules of Etiquette.—Not long since, whilst turning over the dusty contents of a box of books labeled "all at 6d.," my attention was drawn to a rusty little *زامو*, bound in well-worn sheepskin. A short examination showed it was complete, and for the small sum of sixpence I became the possessor of a literary treasure which has since afforded me much gratification and amusement:—"The Rules of Civility: or Certain Ways of Deportment observed in France, amongst all Persons of Quality upon Several Occasions. Translated out of French." Such is the title of the work which has brought up this train of ideas, and its perusal goes far to convince me that our ancestors were not to be envied. Of the instructions given for behavior at table the following are the most curious of those that are fit for general perusal:

"In eating observe to let your hands be clean: feed not with both your hands, nor keep your knife in your hand; dip not your fingers in the sauce, nor lick when you have done, wipe your mouth, and keep your spoon clean. Gnow not bones nor handle dogs, nor spawl upon the floor; and if you have occasion to sneez or cough, take your hat, or put your napkin before your face. Drink not with your mouth full nor unwiped, nor so long till you are forced to breathe in the glass. He must have a care his hand be not first in the dish, unless he be desired to help his neighbors. If you be carv'd 'tis but civil to accept whatever is offered, pulling off your hat still when it is done by a superior. To give anything from your own plate to another to eat of, though he be an inferior, savors of arrogance, much less an apple or a pear that hath been bit by you

before. Have a care likewise of blowing froth from off a cup, or any dust from roasted apple or a toast; for the proverb saith 'There is no wind, but there is some rain.' We are to wipe our spoon every time we put it into the dish; some people being so delicate, they will not eat after a man has eat with his spoon and not wiped it. 'Tis rude to drink to a lady of your own, much more of greater quality than yourself, with your hat on, and to be cover'd when she is drinking to you. When dinner is going up to any nobleman's table where you are a stranger, or of inferior quality, 'tis civil and good manners to be uncover'd. If it so happens that you be alone together with a person of quality, and the candle be to be snuffed, you must do it with the snuffers, not with your fingers, and that neatly and quick, lest the person of honor be offended with the smell." X.

NEWARK, N. J.

Curious Legal Custom.—In Rochester, N. Y., on Tuesday morning, September 10, in the Court of Sessions Sheriff Hodgson presented Judge Lynn with a pair of white gloves, which the Judge put on and then adjourned the court. This ceremony was in view of the fact that there were no prisoners under indictment in the Monroe County jail, and, therefore, there was no criminal business to be done. This has never happened before in this county.

ADVOCATE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A Prophetic Suggestion.—It is not a little amusing to pick up a publication of half a century ago and read the comments on the progress of the age, the wonder excited by man's inventiveness and adaptability, and *apropos* of this theme is the following screed copied from *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* for July, 1855, just thirty-four years ago. Was the spirit of prophecy strong in the writer when he wrote:

"While we speak of news and newspapers, we cannot forbear to chronicle that new miracle of the lightning which places the overnight news of Balaclava and the trenches upon the breakfast-tables in Portland Place, London. Not only does it

carry the mysteries which belong to the headquarters of Raglan, but they have stretched a branch of the wire to the very bottom of the trenches where the night-watchers lurk—in such sort that an officer of ordnance or of the engineers may communicate his observations from between the embrasures directly to Lord Hardinge, of the Horse Guards.

"And yet, with this wonderful machinery of civilization astir at one end of London, we find at the other (by the Tower) only a little time since, a man so badly hanged that the executioner was compelled to cling to the feet of the wretched culprit to end his struggles. If men could only be hung by telegraph!

"Not that we have any desire for a rapid succession of hanging; we even waive the great ethic query, if killing should be part of the law; but, if done, why on earth should it not be done well? If it is not worth doing well, it surely is not worth doing at all. There is no more reason for killing a man badly than there is for making his shoes badly. Is it not a little odd, that while the English, and ourselves, to a large extent, persist in using punishment by death, we should obstinately keep by the most inhuman, the most clumsy, and the most uncertain mode of inflicting it?

"The guillotine has a bad name, to be sure, because it came into use at a bad time, but compared with a hempen rope, such as only half strangled, the other day, poor Buranelli, it is a charming invention. Of physical suffering under its blade there cannot be ten seconds' duration.

"The day is dark without, as we write, and we have unconsciously slipped into the use of dark material for our record, but the best we can do is to return our pen to the ink-pot."

Evidently the writer laid down his pen here, but not before he had given to the world the germ of a possibility which has since become a legal probability—at least in one State, and the one in which he wrote.

MACQUE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The word "The" as part of Place Names (Vol. iii, pp. 120, 191).—In re-

sponse to "Wysox's" communication upon the affix "The," in the name of the Holland city, *The Hague*, which is the Anglizing of the Dutch word 'S Gravenhaag or 'S Gravenhage, which means the Count's hedge, grove, or wood. Originally the location now occupied by the City of the Hague was the hunting seat of the Counts of Holland, and situated in a beautiful forest. About the year 1240-1250 a palace was built in the grove, and in time grew from the Count's retainers' dwelling-places to a village, and thence a city. There are some other cities which have "The" as an affix, for instance, Le Havre, France. The full title of the city is Le Havre Notre Dame de Grace, *i. e.*, The haven of our Mother of Grace. In Cuba its capital is properly San Costoval de la Habana, or Havana, which, when translated, is "The harbor of Saint Christopher," and shortened into La Habana or "The Harbor."

THOMAS LOUIS OGIER.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Anagrams (Vol. ii, pp. 13, 118, 204).—Many of these curiosities are imperfect. Everybody knows Bunyan's *Ne honi in a B.*, and everybody has heard of Dame Eleanor Davies (wife of the poet Davies), who was driven mad by one anagram and cured by another. De Hauteville has preserved a remarkable anagrammatic verse about Raymond Lully:—*Ramunde Lulli, radius luvius mundi.*

DONAX.

NEW JERSEY.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Open Court for September 12th contains a readable and interesting article by L. J. Vance on "Superstition in American Life" that is well worth the attention of students who are making investigations in this line of study.

The Green Bag for September has for its frontispiece a portrait of Judah P. Benjamin in gown and wig with a brief biography of this remarkable man that condenses the story of his career.

The Writer, bright, clean, and attractive, has an unusual number of useful hints and suggestions in the September issue.

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NOTES.

(By an oversight discovered too late to be corrected, the answer to Prize Question No. 128, "Now I Lay Me, etc.," was inserted as a Communication on p. 249.)

COALS TO NEWCASTLE.

(SUPPLEMENTARY.)

(Vol. iii, p. 244.)

"A qui vendez-vous vos coquilles?
"A ceux qui viennent de St. Michael,"
(Where shells abound.)

"Levar agoa ao mar."—Portuguese.

"Water in de zu bringen."—Dutch.

"Spaanderen neer Noorwegen brengen" (meaning carrying fir-trees to Norway, whence they come).

"And add more coals to Cancer when he burns."
—Chaucer.

"Juxta fluvium puteum fodit."—He is digging a well close by a river.

"Lumen soli mutuum das."—You are lending light to the sun.

A Middlesex proverb is "To cast water into the Thames."

"Llevar hierro a Biscaya."—Spanish.

"Crocum in Cician, ubi sc. maximè abundat.
Saffron into Circuen, where it abounds plentifully."

"As common as coals from Newcastle."

—*Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, Part 2.*
Robt. Heywood, 1606.

"Montrer le soleil avec un flambeau."

"Hold their farthing candle to the sun."

—*Young.*

"Vender miel al colmenero.
Vender il miele achi ha le api."
To sell honey to a bee-keeper."

"Quo more pyris vesci Calabe—jubet hospes."

—*Horace.*

After the manner in which a Calabrian invites his guest to feed on pears, which so abound in Calabria that they were fed to the hogs.

"In flammam flammis, in mare fundis aquam."

—*Ovid.*

"In silvam non lignis fertis insanius."

—*Horace, S. 1, 10, 34.*

"It is to give him, quoth I, as much almes or neede
As cast water in Tems."

John Heywood's Proverbs 1698, Book 1, Chap. ii.

"I could adde infinite examples to these already
alleged, but that it is needless to cast water in the sea,
or to make question of that all men know."

—*England's Mourning Garment. H. Chettle, 1603.*

The Arabs say: "Hairs to the prophet's beard."

"Provisions to Cockaigne."

AT SIXES AND SEVENS.

The origin of this phrase has been explained in several ways, which are noted below.

The sum of six and seven is the unlucky number thirteen.

Eliphaz the Temanite says to Job: "He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."—*Job, ch. 5, v. 19.*

There are six working days in the seven week-days. (I fail to see any point in this theory.)

The phrase originates in the method of counting points in the game of piquet.

Nares says: "The origin is taken from the game of tables or backgammon, in which to leave single men exposed to

throws of six or seven is to leave them negligently and under the greatest hazard, since there are more chances for throwing those numbers than for any others."

Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Proverbial Words," says (v. 2, p. 724): "The Deity is mentioned in the 'Towneley Mysteries,' pp. 97, 118, as He that 'sett alle on seven,' i. e., set or appointed everything in seven days. A similar phrase at p. 85 is not so evident. It is explained in the Glossary 'to set things in, to put them in order,' but evidently implies, in some cases, an exactly opposite meaning, 'to set in confusion, to rush to battle,' as in the following extracts: 'To set the seven,' to agree upon the time and place of meeting previous to some expedition." ("Westmoreland and Cumberland Dialect," p. 390.) These phrases may be connected with each other. Be this as it may, hence is certainly derived the phrase "to be at sixes and sevens," i. e., to be in great confusion. Herod in his anger at the wise men, says:

"Bot be they past me by, by Mahowne in heven,
I shalle, and that in hy, *set alle on sex and seven*;
Trow ye a kyng as I will suffre theym to neven
Any to have mastry bot myself full even."

"Towneley Mysteries," p. 143.

"Thus he settez on sevene with his sekyre knyghttez."

"Morte d'Arthure," MS. Lincoln, f. 76.

"The duk swore by gret God of hevene
Wold my hors so roene,
Yet wold I sett all one seven,
Ffor Myldor the swet!"

Degrevant, 1279.

"Old Odcombs odnesse makes not thee uneven,
Nor carelessly set all at six and seven."

"Taylor's Workes," 1630, 2, 71.

Beside these extracts given by Halliwell the phrase "at sixes and sevens" occurs in "The Widow" (Act i, Scene 2), a piece written in 1652 by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton; the phrase thus became popular, but is of much earlier date; it is included in "Heywood's Proverbs," 1546.

It is used by Shakespeare, Bacon, Butler, in "Hudibras," Arbuthnot, and Swift.

The original form was "at six and seven." In "Richard II," Act ii, Scene 2, we have—

"All is uneven,
And everything is left at six and seven."

The following explanation would seem trivial were it not taken from the venerable *Grutteman's Magazine*, where it is quoted from Henry B. Wheatly, in the *Anti-quary* (1884, vol. ix, p. 239). "No explanation that I have seen is so good as one suggested to me by an ingenious friend. He says that if we write down the ordinary Arabic numerals we shall find that all run evenly, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, until we come to six, when the upper stroke runs above the line, and to seven, when the stroke runs below the line; so that it may be said that 'at six and seven' irregularity begins. This * * * I think a suggestion well worthy of consideration."

NEW JERSEY DIALECT FORMS.

The following is an extract from an interesting paper by Francis B. Lee, of Trenton, N. J.:

"The plural form 'en' is still used in South Jersey. Many a time I have heard the good-hearted watermen speak of 'barn-en' and 'housen' and then, as if not certain that they have got enough 'plurality,' they add an 's' and make it 'housens.' The word 'folks' usually refers to a man's immediate family and not to his friends. A farmer says at his well-side: 'I am afeard anan the old blickie,' meaning nothing more or less than he is afraid about his old bucket. Along the 'shore' I have heard 'bucket' called 'blickie' as frequently as I have heard a small extemporized anchor called a 'kihick,' which latter word I believe is Gaellic. Again, in the farm life, 'dresser' for cupboard, or more commonly 'cubbard,' is constantly in use. Out in the barn, which usually, in rural Jersey, includes the stable, is the horse 'geared' to the wagon, or 'wain.' 'Gear' is a form of 'graith,' a word much used in days of tournaments to signify equipments of a knight. 'Wain' is rapidly passing out of use except in the marsh-land districts. Another curious thing is the use of 'thill' for shafts, and still more remarkable is the fact that the leather bands which hold the

traces to the shafts are 'hold backs' in rocky North Jersey, and 'quilers' in sandy South Jersey.

"On the Cape May meadows flowers are said to be 'flirch' or abundant, and it may be the coarse 'three square,' the noted grass with the odd name, is cut in 'win-rows' or rows through which the wind may blow. Then that word, a most poetic Saxon term, 'aftermath,' means the second crop of grass.

"The term 'gals,' which is common to all parts of the Republic, and includes all members of the fair sex. In South Jersey, when a lad 'goes a-courtin',' or is 'traipsing' about, he is said to 'cut quite some of a swath.' In the eastern part of the State the 'gal' goes about with her 'gownd cut taut' or her 'duds fixed on,' a 'spoomin' before the wind,' in other words, implying that her dress fits neatly and that she has a pleasing carriage. In one part of the State to 'bus' a girl means to kiss her, whilst the same word in another part implies the act of striking her—a deed which would justly 'rile' the blood of any true Jerseyman.

"Did you ever see the good woman of the house 'hyper about' to prepare tea? Other common phrases are 'johnny-cake,' 'hardtack,' 'succotash,' 'tay,' which is the old English pronunciation of 'tea,' and 'victuals,' 'hity-tity.'

"'Ornary' is a term scarcely known north of Mason and Dixon's line. 'Ornary' is derived from 'ordinary' and has become abused in use. It implies ANY animal being possessing vicious habits. In other words, to apply it to a man, he is a 'thorough scallawag.' The word 'fakir' has, in the city districts, taken the place of the term 'shyster,' which noun, curiously enough, comes from chide-ster, a scolding woman, 'ster' being a feminine suffix. Another word is 'blatherskite,' meaning a talkative good-for-naught. Two of the most expressive words among Jerseyisms are 'dabster' and 'gawk.' 'Dabster' is a proficient person. 'Gawk' is from an old English word meaning cuckoo; this term soon came to be used metaphorically; it indicates a fool.

"The potency of 'Jersey lightning' or 'apple jack,' is known wherever the English language is spoken. 'Tangle-foot' is

a highly descriptive term which has arisen from the use of the aforesaid lightning. It is no 'new-fangled' idea for an outsider to occasionally come into New Jersey 'on a bender.' Now, a 'bender' is a drinking bout. Two words with the old Anglo-Saxon plural of 'en' are still heard in the religious discourses of Jersey ministers. These terms are 'brethren' and 'sistern,' from which latter word we derive the well-known diminutive 'sis' or 'sisy.'

"Another peculiar vanity in ecclesiastical Jerseyisms is the use of the phrase 'the collection will now be lifted,' for 'the collection will now be taken.' Of the words 'axed' for 'asked,' 'chaw' for 'chew,' 'jag' for 'load,' 'disremember' for 'forget,' 'snew' for 'snow,' there is a history worth the briefest repetition. 'Axed' is a very old Saxon form long since passed out of use. 'Chaw' was good English until 1700, and Pepys uses the word in his famous diary. 'Jag' is a good, old-fashioned word which should be retained, as it conveys a meaning that no other term does. 'Disremember' was once the best of English, whilst 'snew' the preterite of 'snow' was used by every one two hundred years ago.

NOTES ON WORDS.

In Southern New Jersey the word *spungy* (g hard) is used of the land between a swamp and the hard ground that surrounds it. The same word is used in a quotation in "Martinus Scriblerus," where Pope is citing instance of fine writing.

"Uncork the bottle and chip the bread."

"Apply thine engine to the *spungy* door,
Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat."

In Cape May, N. J., during the past summer a negro always spoke of *chucking* oysters, meaning opening. This is unquestionably *shucking*. Webster says *shuck* (allied to German *schote*, a husk, pod, or shell).

In Charleston, S. C., a cotton-broker is often called a cotton-*factor*. See Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Golden Pestle," Act i, Sc. 1.

"I'll break the neck of that commission
And make you know you're but a merchant's *factor*."

Also Marlowe,

"My *factor* sends me word, a merchant's fled."

In parts of Long Island the bit of sward in front of the house and barn is invariably called the *pightel* or *pightle*. This word is from Scotch *pight*. It is given in Webster, and is said to be obsolete or provincial English.

Chump as a term of contempt is very generally used in the United States. It is defined by Webster as a short, thick, heavy piece of wood. Cf. *Blockhead*.

I have heard in New Jersey bread when heavy called *sad* and a laundry-iron called a *sad*-iron.

In Montana and Colorado the percolation of water through the earth is called *seeping*, a word I have never heard in the East.

The word to *hedge*, used among sporting men, is found in George Villier's "Rehearsal" (1671), see Prologue,

"Now, Critics, do your worst, that they are met,
For, like a rook, I have *hedg'd* in my bet."

Discomboberate is a word frequently heard in New Jersey, meaning to vex, to annoy.

The word *honey*, as a term of endearment, is very common, especially among the negroes. In the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," Act ii, Sc. i, you find,

"No, no, I prithee sit still, *honeysuckle*."

And also,

"Nay, *honey*, etc."

Other terms of endearment in the same play are "*cony, duck, bird, sweeting, mouse, bird*," etc.

In New Jersey the word bantam is almost invariably pronounced *banty* by farmers, etc.

QUERIES.

Avallon (Vol. iii, p. 244).—Where was the "Sunset Isle" referred to in the place cited?
P. B. T.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Avallon or Avalon, Glastenbury, was the

dwelling-place of Arthur, Oberon, Morgaine la Fée, etc. A full description of it may be found in *Ogier le Danois*. In Tennyson it appears as Avil'lion.

Drayton says :

"O three-times famous isle ! where is that place that might
Be with thyself compared for glory and delight,
Whilst Glastenbury stood."

M. Drayton *Pollyallion* iii (1612).

Trees of the World.—Where can I get a list of all the trees in the world together with their Latin names ?

G. W. BURR.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Dr. Edward J. Nolan, Secretary of the Academy of Natural Sciences of this city, has kindly furnished the following information.

"I do not know of such a list as your correspondent inquires for. There are several books on the trees of special regions and, no doubt, all known trees are enumerated in the general systematic botanies such as Bentham and Hooker's "Genera Plantarum," Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Plants," the "Dictionarie de Botanique," etc. Among the special works on trees which might be referred to are Du Hammel du Monceau's superb "Arbres et Arbustes," seven vols. fol., Ewelyn's "Silva," Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum" and Loudon's "Arboretum Britannicum," Hemsley's "Handbook of Trees and Shrubs."

All of the works mentioned may be consulted in the library of the Academy.

Sir Thopas.—What is the tale of Sir Thopas referred to by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

"I cannot * * * say that Pan
Passeth Apollo in music manyfold :
Praisèd Sir Thopas for a noble tale,
And scorn the story that the Knightè told."

J. L. J.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The story is by Chaucer, and is intended as a burlesque upon long-winded story-tellers. Henry Morley says, "So the best of the old story-tellers, in a book full of

examples of tales told as they should be, burlesqued misuse of his art and the 'Rime of Sir Thopas' became a warning buoy over the shallows."

Raven of Rheims.—What was the "raven of Rheims" ?

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Doubtless the "Jackdaw of Rheims" is meant. It is a humorous poem by Richard Henry Barham in the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Jacqueminot Rose (Vol. i, p. 249).—In the short sketch of Jacqueminot's life you do not tell whence his name is applied to the rose. Can you or one of your correspondents answer me this through your excellent paper ?

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The name probably has no more intimate connection with Jacqueminot than have the roses named after General Dronat, Louis Bonaparte, Pius XI, Jeanne D'Arc, Comte d'Egmont, etc., which are fancy names given by florists to the different varieties of the rose.

Campaspe.—Who was Campaspe ?

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Campaspe was a celebrated courtesan, the mistress of Alexander the Great, who ordered Apelles to paint her portrait. The painter fell in love with Campaspe and Alexander allowed him to marry her. The story is the basis of a comedy of this title, by John Lyly (1584).

Think that Day, etc.—Who was Jacob Bobart ? The lines

"Think that day lost whose (low) descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done,"

are attributed to him.

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Bartlett says :

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

Author unknown. From Staniford's *Art of Reading*, 3d ed., p. 27, Boston, 1803."

In a foot-note he comments: "In the preface to Mr. Nichol's work on *Autographs* among other albums noticed by him as being in the British Museum, is that of David Krieg, with Jacob Bobart's autograph, and the verses:

' *Virtus sua gloria,*

' Think that day lost whose descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done.' "

Jacob Bobart was the son of the German botanist of the same name. The elder Bobart was born in Brunswick. He died in Oxford, 1679. He was the first superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Oxford, founded by the Earl of Derby. The son succeeded his father in this position, and in 1698 published a *History of the Plants of Oxford*, preceded by a chronological history of Botany. Linnæus gave the name Bobart to a family of plants.

R E P L I E S.

"*The Hand that Rocks, etc.*" (Vol. iii, p. 211), is the title of a poem by William Ross Wallace.

"Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon our natal sod.
Keep, oh! keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God.
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world."

M. N. ROBINSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

Death Valley (Vol. iii, p. 259).—Death Valley is a part of a long and narrow depression in the southeastern part of California. It extends through San Bernardino and San Diego counties, and crosses the Mexican border into Lower California. At King's Springs the depression is two hundred and twenty-five feet below the sea level, and at the crossing of the Southern Pacific Railway two hundred and sixty-one feet. The deepest part is probably four hundred feet below. The alleged volcano is nothing but a hot spring, and it is situated

in a part of the depression about one hundred and fifty miles south of Death Valley proper, not far from Indio, a railway station. It is probable that a hot spring has existed here for all during the present geological age, but, at the time of a recent earthquake shock, its flow was enormously increased. I visited the locality twice since the alleged "eruption," but the flow of water had not materially changed. That the surrounding region is of volcanic origin, however, there is but little doubt, as the whole expanse for miles around is covered with scorix.

J. W. REDWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mysterious Lake (Vol. iii, p. 259).—There is no "mysterious" Lake Mistassini. The lake by that name has been known for more than one hundred years. It is about six hundred miles north of New York, and is situated at the intersection of the 51st parallel with the 74th meridian W. It was roughly surveyed by Pere Lauré in 1730-31. It was not named after Pere Abanal, as is stated in a New York journal; the lake named after the latter being a small arm of Lake Mistassini, a few miles southward. Several years ago the body of water in question was rediscovered by Mr. John Bignall, who roughly estimated its size as greater than Lake Superior. The Dominion Government immediately ordered a survey of the lake, and Mr. A. P. Low was sent in charge of a party to do the work. Mr. Low's survey was systematically and thoroughly made, and if the "explorers," whose exploits were trumpeted in the New York journal had inclosed a penny stamp to the Geological Survey of Canada they might have saved themselves the expense of a difficult journey, and, at the same time, presented a much more accurate map than the one appearing in connection with their report. Lake Mistassini may be found in its correct position and shape on most of the recent school geographies. It is less than one-fourth the size of Lake Ontario.

J. W. REDWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Lemon Township (Vol. i, p. 11).—Your correspondent says: "The name (Lemon)

dates back to about 1800, yet I have been unable to find any officer of St. Clair's or Wayne's army * * * after whom it could have been called."

I quote the following from McBride's "Pioneer Biography," vol. i, pp. 156, 157, which shows that there was an officer of this name serving under St. Clair in a detachment of Kentucky militia:

"One day during the time the army lay at Greenville, Captain Lemon, of Kentucky, and a party of militia were sent out on a reconnoitering expedition to see what discoveries they could make. * * * Having previously arranged their mode of proceeding, one of the scouts was dispatched back to Captain Lemon, etc."

Lemon township had received its name as early as 1812. See same volume, p. 236.

S. B. W.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Weight of the Earth (Vol. i, p. 59).—In 1772 Prof. Maskelyne, with assistants, made experiments at Mt. Schi hallion, Perthshire, Scotland, and determined that the attraction exerted by that mountain caused the plumb line to deviate nearly six seconds from its normal. Professors Playfair, Cavenish, and Hutton, knowing the structure of Schi hallion, determined that the mean density of the mountain was to that of the earth as 5 is to 9. From this the mean density of the earth as compared with water was determined to be as 5+ is to 1. Other more recent experiments make the ratio vary from 4½ to 6½ to 1. Taking 5½ as a convenient result of all the experiments, taking the diameter of the earth as 7,912.41 miles, and the weight of a cubic foot of water as 62.32 pounds, the weight of the earth has been calculated to be 5,842 trillions of tons of 2,240 pounds; that is, in figures, 5,842,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rice at Weddings.—Whence the origin of pelting a newly-married couple with salt?

J. M. S.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Death Valley.—Will some correspondent inform me the locality of Death Valley, and also if there was a volcanic eruption in that locality recently? C. R. W.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Mysterious Lake.—Whereabouts is the Mysterious Lake Mistassini of which we hear so much and know so little?

C. R. W.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Mrs. Raggles.—In what book is "Mrs. Raggles" a character? CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Adam of St. Victor.—Who was "Adam of St. Victor"? CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Dogwood and Washington.—In what way did the dogwood serve the Father of his Country? CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Chez (Vol. iii, p. 248).—Brachet says ("Historical Grammar, Clarendon Press Ed., 1881"): "The Latin phrase *in casa* became in old French *en chez*: and so in the thirteenth century one would have said 'il est *en chez* Gautier,' i. e., 'est *in casa* Walterii.' In the fourteenth century the preposition *en* disappears, and we find the present usage, 'il est *chez* Gautier.'"

[ED.]

Handwritings of Celebrated People (Vol. ii, p. 125).—Shelley says in a letter to T. L. Peacock, November 8, 1818:

"The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing as I should say, a strong and keen but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chilliness of the waters of oblivion

striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy so we may not agree now." [Ed.]

Cockles of the Heart (Vol. ii, pp. 261, 298, 312; Vol. iii, pp. 8, 71, 80, 117, 228).—Cardan says: "Punning is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which passing in at the ears and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles, raises *the cockles of the heart*." [Ed.]

A Mistake.—*Blackwood's Magazine* informs its readers that "since the first day of the present year it has been the law in America that all public executions shall be carried on by electricity." X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

But and Ben (Vol. ii, p. 47).—In a letter addressed by Robert Burns to Mr. William Nicol, Classical Master High School, Edinburgh, June 1, 1787, occurs the following: "I was gaun to write ye a lang pystle, but, Gude forgive me, I gat mysel sae notoriously fou the day after the Kail-time that I can hardly stoiter *but* and *ben*." [Ed.]

Nicknames of People (Vol. iii, p. 238).—Art. Bim, etc.—In India the half-castes, or Eurasians, of semi-English blood, are called *chee-chee*, from their affected or mincing speech; and their dialect or manner of talking is also called *chee-chee*. They are also locally called *Vepery Brahmans*.

Superstitions about Babies (Vol. ii, p. 96).—The following, from the September number of *Lippincott's* may prove of interest as furnishing additional information to that already given:

"Among Vosges peasants children born at new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious. Welsh mothers put a

pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children: the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England. Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of asafetida to the necks of their offspring. In Holland garlic, salt, bread, and steak are put into the cradle of the new-born babe. In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away. Upon the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women at once take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints, and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped up in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton. In modern Greece the mother, before putting the child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits. In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it. In London the mother places a book under the head of the new-born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its possession in the future. In Turkey the child is loaded with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead. In Spain the child's face is swept with a pine-tree bough to bring good luck."

A. C. BERRY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Three Churches Over One (Vol. iii, pp. 80, 104, 115, 128).—Prof. Rodolfo Lanciani says in the *Chautauquan*, art. "The Burial of Rome:" "I have sometimes discovered four different buildings lying one under the other. The mediæval church of St. Clement was built in 1099 by Paschal II above the remains of another basilica built seven and a half centuries earlier. This latter rests upon the walls of a noble patrician house of the second century after Christ, under which the remains of an unknown republican building are to be seen."

American Dialect Society (Vol. iii,

p. 55).—The following will doubtless find interested readers among the subscribers to *AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES*:

The statement below is made in order to give somewhat more in detail the purposes of the Society and the method of work planned by it.

VOCABULARY. Strange, uncommon, or antiquated words or uses of words really current in any community are wanted. Such are *deedies*, young fowls; *gall*, assurance, effrontery; *to play hookey* or *to hook off*, to play truant; *to stump* or *to banter*, to challenge; *let the old cat die*, used of letting a swing come to rest gradually instead of stopping it; *slew*, a great quantity; *fool* as an adjective; *he up and did it*; *he took and hit him*; *he's been and gone and done it*; *clim* or *clum* (*clomb*); *housen* as plural of *house*; *the nagent* for the agent; *sandy Pete* for centipede; *to cut* or *to cut and run*, to leg it; *to buzz* a person, to talk with him; *buckle*, to bend, used of ice under one's weight; likewise local names of fishes and plants, exclamations, and words used in games. Also lack of common words or phrases which one would expect to find everywhere. It is the natural unstudied speech of different localities that is of interest. Many school teachers might contribute lists of words and phrases which they perhaps have to teach their pupils not to use. Any person of education, especially if living in a different place from that where his childhood was passed, may also be able to make contributions. Even one such peculiarity found in common use where it has not already been noted has a value for the purposes of the Society. Many such words and phrases have already been published in the collections of Americanisms, but much yet remains to be done in noting unrecorded usages and in defining limits of use geographically and otherwise.—*Extract from circular of the Society.*

Gerrymandering (Vol. ii, p. 232).—**SIR:** "Nor has education which is conceived in a partisan or democratic or business spirit any considerable advantage over other important interests similarly jerry-mandered."—*London Academy*, No. 891, June 1, 1889.

We have here an erudite *Volksetymologie*, a corruption in spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of *jerrymander* (see "Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America," vol. vii, p. 318, note 1).

Add to this that the "Encyclopædic Dictionary" gives *jerrymander* and *jerry-mander* as alternative forms, and alliterates the latter with *gem*, though the *g* is hard in *Gerry* and its derivative.

A. I. in *The Nation*.

A Curious Coincidence.—It is a curious coincidence that the figure 14, is associated with Louis XIV all through his life. He was born the 14th of September. He became of age when he was 14, and was made king in 1643: add the latter figures together and you obtain 14. He began his personal government in 1661: 1-6-6-1=14, and reigned for 72 years. His father died May 14, 1643, and his grandfather, Henry IV, also died on that date, May 14. He himself died in 1751, at the age of seventy-seven years.

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Pets of Famous Men (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 34, 59, 69, 79, 81, 118).—Numa Pompilius loved a hind; Augustus a parrot; Virgil a butterfly; Commodus took pride in a monkey; Nero in a starling; Honorius petted a hen; Cardinal Richelieu an Angora cat; Lamartine liked greyhounds; Alexander Dumas, père, a vulture; Gavarni two green frogs.

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Precocious Children (Vol. ii, pp. 215, 275).—Richard Gough, Jr., the eminent antiquary, when he was only twelve years old, translated from the French a history of the Bible. Only twenty-five copies were printed

EDWARD HARDING.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Common Law.—The phrase "common law" is so often used and so little understood that I venture to send the following clipping from the *Green Bag*: "The term 'common law' is thus accounted for. When the Saxons had conquered a

great part of the island of Great Britain, and had set up several kingdoms in it, they had their several laws whereby those kingdoms were governed, as the West Saxon Law, the Mercian Law, the Northumbrian Law, and afterward the Danes, prevailing, set up their laws, called the Danish Law. These several kingdoms coming to be united, and the name of England given to the new kingdom, and afterward, Edward (called the Confessor), being sole king thereof, caused new laws to be compiled out of those several laws, and did ordain that those laws (of his) should be common to all his subjects; and in those laws of King Edward the Confessor the term of common law first began being used, in respect of those several people that before lived under several laws, to whom those laws were now common; though in respect to the author they were called King Edward the Confessor's Laws."

JURISCONSULTUS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

National Flowers.

| STATES. | EMBLEMS. |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Athens, | Violet. |
| Canada, | Sugar Maple. |
| Egypt, | Lotus. |
| England, | Rose. |
| France, | Fleur de lis. |
| Germany, | Cornflower. |
| Ireland, | Shamrock. |
| Italy, | Lily. |
| Prussia, | Linden. |
| Saxony, | Mignonette. |
| Scotland, | Thistle. |
| Spain, | Pomegranate. |
| Wales, | Leek. |

| PARTIES. | EMBLEMS. |
|-----------------------------------|-------------|
| Beaconsfield's followers, | Primrose. |
| Bonapartists, | Violet. |
| Ghibellines, | White Lily. |
| Guelphs, | Red Lily. |
| Prince of Orange, | Orange. |

X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Transformation of Names (Vol. iii, pp. 71, 153).—A daily paper says "Siegfried Knoepfmacher, of Chicago, has had his

name changed by order of court to Siegfried Buttonmaker."

X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Length of the Meter.—Mr. O. H. Tillmann, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, states that the mean of measurements is 39.3680 inches for the meter. This is shorter than the accepted English comparisons, which extend from Captain Katers, in 1818, of 39.37079, to General C. B. Comstock, in 1885, of 39.36985.

X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Orange-Blossoms (Vol. iii, p. 237).—The legend you give under this heading is also told of the myrtle—to explain its being worn by German brides. The orange-blossom was first worn by Saracen brides. There is an article upon the subject in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September, 1889.

M. N. ROBINSON.

LANCASTER, PA.

The Derivation of Tucquan (Vol. iii, p. 202).—In proposing that I should solve this question, your correspondent "S. S. R." sets one who is not a Pennsylvanian nor acquainted with all the minutæ of local history, a somewhat difficult task, which might, perhaps, have been made easier had he furnished us with all the variants in spelling that the word *Tucquan* may have had in the course of its history as a place-name. The word in form has every semblance of being an aboriginal term (though one is often deceived in this regard), so we may seek for its cognates. In the Chesapeake region there dwelt, in the early years of the seventeenth century, a people of Algonkin stock called *Tockwocks* (a name that is variously spelt). Drake ("Indians of North America," p. 15), cites the "*Tockwocks*, one of the six tribes on the Chesapeake in 1607." Dr. H. Wright (Proc. and Coll. of the Wyoming Histor. and Geolog. Soc., Vol. ii, 1885, p. 66) quotes from the "Historical Register" (Vol. i, p. 115) regarding "the *Susquahannocks* at the head of the bay in 1608 * * * their neighbors the *Tockwocks*." William Strachey, in his "Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia" (1618, p. 40) says, "on the east of the bay is the river of *Tockwough*,

and upon yt a people that can make a hundred men, and seated some seven miles within the river." A marginal note by Strachey reads, "*Tockwogh* which we call Sidney River," and a foot-note by R. H. Major, the editor of the volume (Hakl. Soc.) says, "Chester River." On p. 41, in the list of nations bordering on Powhattan's domains the "*Tockwogh*s" are mentioned. On the map accompanying the volume the tribe of *Tockwogh*s and the river *Tockwogh* are clearly marked. On Captain John Smith's map we find *Tockwogh*s and *Tockwogh* River. De Laet's map (1630) of "Nova Anglia, etc.," has *Tockaawugh*. In Winsor's "Narrative and Critical History of America" (Vol. iii, p. 131), I find mention of "*Tockwogh*" (now *Sassafras* River).

I venture to suggest that *Tucquan* may be related to *Tockwogh*, whose derivation I shall proceed to investigate.

Smith Barton gives the Mohican for "bread," as *tauquauh*, and Johnston the Shawnee as *taguana*. It is not from this word, perhaps, but from a cognate term for an edible bulbous root that the word *tockwogh* may have come.

In "Purchase his Pilgrimage" (p. 635), we find mention of "a roote called *tockawhough*." Beverly ("Hist. of Virginia," iii, 153) speaks of "a tuberose root they call *tuckahoe*." Campbell ("Hist. of Virginia," p. 75) cites the forms *tockawhogue* (from Smith) and *tuckahoe*. Kalm ("Travels," i, 388) cites the Indian names *Tawks*, *tawking*, and *Tuckah*, and says the New Jersey Swedes call it *tawko*; the root in question being the *Arnum virginianum*, the Virginia Wake-Robin. Another root, the *Orontium aquaticum* (Golden Club), was known as *tawkin*, *tackoin*, and by the Swedes *tawkee* (Kalm). In the vocabulary attached to his "Historie" Strachey has "Bread made of a root called *taccaho*, *appoans*," and at p. 121 he says, "Many rootes the Indians have here likewise for food, the chief they call *tockawhough*."

The name of this root would seem to be connected with the *Tockwock* or *Tockwoghe* Indians, the plant growing as far north as New Jersey, in some variety; the various spellings of the river and tribe-name, and of the root-name seem to run into each other.

It is then a fair supposition that the name of the river and tribe have come from the name of the root. A further suggestion is that *Tucquan* may be a dialectical form of the same aboriginal term, and thus have a like origin. (Compare the form of the Shawnee *taguan* cited above.)

This is as much as my present knowledge permits me to presume.

Regarding the ultimate radical signification of the name *tockawough* and variants which still exists in the familiar *Tuckahoe*, I quote from an interesting and elaborate article on "*Tuckahoe* or Indian Bread," by Prof. J. Howard Gore, in the Smithsonian Report for 1881 (pp. 687-701) where the writer gives the note of Prof. Trumbull on the word, "*Tuckahoe*, *Tawkee*. [Delaware, *ptucqui*; Mass., *petukqui*; Cree, *pittikwow*; round, globular.] This name, varied by the dialects of the several tribes, belonged to all esculent bulbous roots used by the Indians, among which are these: *Orontium aquaticum*, Golden Club, and *Pentandria virginica*, Virginia Wake Robin. The word *Tuckahoe* is a generic one * * * the word is not derived from the Indian word for 'bread,' but the word for *loaf* or *cake* derived from *ptucqui* or *ptuckuen*, and signifies that which is made round or rounded." The conclusion I have arrived at is, that *Tucquan* is cognate with *tockwogh*, and with it derived from the name of the "Indian Bread" in some Algonkin dialect of the Chesapeake region.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Bucktails (Vol. i, p. 22).—It does not appear to have been noticed that in John Howison's "Sketches of Upper Canada * * * and Some Recollections of the United States of America" (Edinburgh and London, 1821) there occurs (pp. 300-302) an interesting conversation between the author and the captain of a canal-boat, in which De Witt Clinton and the "Bucktails" are discussed at considerable length.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN:

TORONTO, ONT.

Welsh Rabbit (Vol. iii, pp. 49, 103, 168, 237).—In a letter from Robert Burns

to Mr. Archibald Lawrie, 14th August, 1787, occurs the following; "I ate some Newhaven broth—in other words, boiled mussels—with Mr. Farquharson's family t'other day." [ED.]

The Reaper and the Flowers (Vol. iii, p. 6).—Pope, in "Martinus Scriblerus," quotes Blackm. Job, p. 23:

"When watchful death shall on his harvest look
And see thee ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the grave, his granary." [ED.]

A Sorrow's Crown, etc.—It may be interesting to compare

"For, of Fortunè's sharp adversitè,
The worstè kynde of infortùne is this,
A man to have been in prosperitè,
And it remember whanne it passèd is."

This is Chaucer's rendering of Francesca's famous

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

[ED.]

An Old Criticism.—The following from George Villier's play "The Rehearsal" (1671), might have been written in our own day:

First Player.—"You must know, this is the new way of writing, and these hard things please forty times better than the plain old way. * * * And then for scenes, clothes, and dances, we put down all that ever went before us; and those are the things, you know, that are *essential* to a play."

Second Player.—"Well, I am not of thy mind; but *so it gets money*, 'tis no great matter."—Act i, Sc. 1.

Curious Legal Custom (Vol. iii, p. 251).—The presentation of a pair of white gloves to the Judge is customary in England when there are no criminal cases to be tried. An assize at which there are no criminal cases is called a "Maiden Assize." The sheriff

doesn't wait until the Judge is in court, but presents the white gloves to him on his arrival in the assize town. R. G. B.
NEW YORK CITY.

Modes of Execution.

Austria, gallows, public.
Bavaria, guillotine, private.
Belgium, guillotine, public.
Brunswick, axe, private.
China, sword or cord, public.
Denmark, guillotine, public.
Ecuador, musket, public.
France, guillotine, public.
Great Britain, gallows, private.
Hanover, guillotine, private.
Italy, capital punishment abolished.
Netherlands, gallows, public.
Oldenberg, musket, public.
Portugal, gallows, public.
Prussia, sword, private.
Russia, musket, gallows, or sword, public.
Saxony, guillotine, private.
Spain, garrote, public.
Switzerland:
Fifteen Cantons, sword, public.
Two Cantons, guillotine, public.
Two Cantons, guillotine, private.
United States, other than New York, gallows, mostly private. X.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Butler's Geographies (Elementary and Complete), by Jacques W. Redway. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. These books are the work of a geographer, and are noteworthy for presenting the subject in the light of a science, a quality which is not the most noticeable feature with the average text-book. They are richly illustrated, and the illustrations are geographical studies rather than pictures. Especially is this true of the fine relief-maps by means of which the topography of the various continents is delineated. The arrangement of the text savors somewhat of the old style of school-books—a point which is not in their favor, but which is a sop to the commercial demands of such books. A much more praiseworthy feature is the logical sequence of cause and effect, as applied to geographical science. Indeed, every line of the text is permeated with evolution philosophy, and the result shows what geography may be when viewed from its proper stand-point. The author is doing for America what Professor Geike has done for the English scholars.

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NOTES.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF KHORASSAN.

About the year 778, during the reign of Al Madhi (the Well-Directed) third Khalif of the race of Al Abbâs, while he was engaged in the pious labor of erecting hospitals and inns, and digging wells for the use of pilgrims, along the road from Baghdad to Mecca, an insurrection broke out in Khorassan, one of the provinces of Persia, which brought the religion of Mohammed into extreme jeopardy.

This revolt was instigated by one of the most celebrated impostors of early times, Haken Ebu Hâshem, a native of Merû, who had been an under-secretary to Abu Moslem, the governor of Khorassan. In his youth he was a fuller by trade, but his extraordi-

nary talents afterward raised him to the official position just mentioned, which he resigned to enter the army. From a common soldier he soon rose to be the leader of a band of his own. Once secure in a position of authority, his advance was very rapid. He proclaimed himself a prophet, and afterward introduced the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which, taking root in India, soon spread through many parts of Asia.

Although this remarkable character is mentioned under a variety of names, he is most familiarly known by his Arabian title of Al Mokanna, "The Concealed," or "Veiled," which was conferred upon him in consequence of his always having his face covered by a close mask, said, by some writers, to have been made of silver, by others of gold. Various conjectures have arisen as to the motive which led him to drape his face thus, it being generally believed that his features had been frightfully disfigured in battle, or that an eye had been shot out by an arrow, and he feared the effect upon his followers of such physical deformities. He announced, however, to his adherents that he wore the veil in mercy to their weak humanity; claiming, that as Moses was forced to hide his face from the eyes of men, so he must do, that the radiance of his countenance might not blind the beholders.

Not content with being reputed to be a prophet, he arrogated to himself divine honors, pretending as an illustration of his doctrine of metempsychosis, that the deity resided in his person. He taught that God had assumed a human form, and commanded the angels to adore the first man, and that from the time of Adam the divine nature had descended from prophet to prophet, until it finally reached Abu Moslem, from whom it had passed to an abode in his own person, where it sojourned in all its primitive power. Thabari sees in this the Jewish notion of the Shekinah, the divinity resting on some one person or place, and concludes that Mokanna may have been a Jew.

He made many converts at Nakshab and Kesh; and being deeply versed in the mysteries of philosophy and chemistry, and wonderfully skilled in the art of legedemain,

he deluded many, by his juggling performances, into the belief that he was indeed possessed of supernatural power.

Among other feats which were regarded by his infatuated disciples as miracles, he amused and bewildered all beholders "*pendant deux mois en faisant sortir toutes les nuits du fond d'un puits un corps lumineux, semblable a la Lune, qui portait sa lumière jusqu'à la distance de plusieurs milles*" (D'Herbelot).

"A sudden splendor all around them broke
And they beheld an orb, ample and bright,
Rise from the Holy Well, and cast its light
Round the rich city and the plains for miles."

For this reason, he was sometimes called by the Persians Sâzندهmh or the moon-maker; and in the famous Persian fable books, this well is often mentioned as having been itself produced by Mokanna. His factions grew daily more and more powerful; and after he had succeeded in making himself master of several fortified places in the neighborhood of Nakshab and Kesh, Al Madhi was at length obliged to send out an army to overthrow him.

At the approach of the Khalif's force, Mokanna retired to one of his strongest fortresses at Kesh, which he had stocked with provisions and arms for use in just such an emergency, and then sent his emissaries abroad to persuade people that he raised the dead to life, and knew future events. Many Persians were deluded by his words, and still more by the hope of plundering the property of the Moslems, which he had promised to give up to them.

Several generals attacked his stronghold without success; but, at last, a skillful captain, Said Al Harashi, was charged with the direction of the affair, and soon reduced Mokanna to the extremity of choosing between surrender and death. He preferred the latter alternative; but the manner of his sensational exit from the scene of his earthly triumphs has been variously detailed. A writer in the "*Biographie Universelle*" states that having set fire to his castle, when it was reduced to a mass of flames he precipitated himself into their midst, exclaiming, "*Je pars pour la ciel, que quiconque veut participer à ma félicité, me suive,*" and

that his adherents, inspired by his words, lost no time in following him.

Other authors aver, that having invited his starving disciples to a banquet, he poisoned all their wine, and he and they died as they quaffed a last health. Others again, say that after his followers and family had died from the poisoned cup, he burned their bodies and clothing, with all his provisions and cattle; and then, wishing to make it appear that he had been miraculously translated to heaven, he threw himself into a vessel filled with a corrosive acid (*aqua fortis*), which consumed every particle of his body, so that when the besiegers entered the place, they found no living creature except one of the inmates of his harem, who, suspecting his design, had hidden herself, and afterward disclosed the whole proceeding.

His plan, however, did not fail to produce the effect upon his votaries which the impostor had foreseen. For he had promised them that his soul should transmigrate into the form of a gray-haired man, riding on a gray beast, and that after many years he would return and give them the earth for their possession. This expectation preserved the existence, for several subsequent ages, of a sect called by the Persians, *Sefid Jamehgian*, or "the clothed in white," the uniform which they adopted in opposition to the black of the *Khalifs* of the family of *Abbas*, whose garments, turbans, and standards were all of that color.

The Veiled Prophet has been made the subject of many romances, Moore's rendering of his story in *Lalla Rookh* being the most successful and familiar. With the addition of a few poetic touches in the characters of *Azim* and *Zuleika*, this poem very faithfully reproduces the historical facts as they have been set forth by the Oriental historians.

(I find that the spelling of proper names differs so much in the various accounts, that for the sake of consistency I have adopted the Persian orthography of the *Koran*.)

THE LEGEND OF "THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG."

"Hört, was zu Weinsberg jüngst geschah" (Uhland).

If we would know the real history of Weinsberg, we must look for it in the gray

past of ancient Suabia; for the chronicles affirm that this old town of *Württemberg*, about thirty miles from *Stuttgart*, was once a Roman stronghold, and its castle was built by the Emperor *Probus* in the third century.

War was the element of the early *Suabians*, and in times of peace they either devoted themselves to the chase or gave themselves up to idleness; they knew no mean, or, at least, did not practice it. Their lives were simple; and if need be they could live upon herbs; and they were moderate in all things save drinking.

Tacitus applauds their conjugal faithfulness, their hospitality, and honesty, and concludes, "There [in *Suabia*] good manners pass for more than elsewhere do good laws." How he would have rejoiced to see his judgment vindicated in the twelfth century!

In 814 the *Freiherrschaft* of *Weinsberg* was established, and about three centuries later the old castle was bestowed as a marriage gift with his daughter *Uta* upon Duke *Welf VI*, who, regarding it as part of his wife's freehold estate, declined to relinquish it when urged to do so by the Emperor *Konrad III*.

A mortal hatred existed between the *Welfs* and *Hohenstaufens*, and *Konrad* fiercely welcomed any provocation which might give him an excuse to exercise his power. He therefore sent a force to intercept the troops which hastened to *Welf's* relief, and then marched to attack the castle. This noble old edifice stood on the crest of a hill overlooking the town and the *Neckar*. (It is said that the expressions "*Guelph*" and "*Ghibelline*" were first used on this occasion, *Konrad* rallying his followers with the cry, "*Hie Waiblingen*," and the Duke of *Welf*, his, with "*Hie Welfe*."') Bravely the old fortress withstood the charge; but when their gallant leader fell wounded, its surrender was inevitable. "Without grace or mercy," were *Konrad's* terms, and the town was to share the fate of the castle. Despair seized upon the besieged, for they knew only too well how faithfully the Emperor would execute his threat. But now, when all seemed lost,

"When hope hung trembling on a hair,
How oft has woman's wit been there,
A refuge never failing."

A council was held by the noble duchess and the wives of the town officers, and they determined to present themselves before the Emperor and beseech him to let them at least carry with them into safety their most precious possessions. Konrad, who scorned to "wage war with women," received them not unkindly, and granted them permission to take with them, when they left the castle, as much as they could carry.

The night wore away, and early in the morning Konrad gave orders to have the city gate opened, and at the head of his army stood waiting for the women to pass out.

But at that moment Frederic, his brother, turned and beheld "down in the village street, and along the steep path that led from the castle, a long line of women carrying on their backs, not clothing, jewels, and silver, but each her husband, or father, brother, or lover, and Uta, the stately duchess of the castle, leads the procession, the wounded Duke Welf upon her back! Had not the Emperor distinctly said, 'Take with you all that you can carry upon your shoulders'?"

Frederic, gazing upon this sight, such a one as the world had never before seen, and divining the ruse by which these captives were making their escape, indignantly exclaimed, "that was not the compact." But Konrad could not find it in his heart to scorn such evidence of womanly devotion, and answered, "A king's word is not to be broken;" and ordered that their possessions should be collected and sent after them. It is not quite in accordance with historical facts to state, as Bürger does, in his celebrated ballad on this subject, that a general pardon was extended to all, and that the event was celebrated with festal rejoicings; but the incident has been commemorated in many ways, chiefly by the name which is to this day attached to the place, "Weibstreue"—Woman's Faith. The story in all its humorous and pathetic details is said to have had so great effect upon Lorenzo de' Medici, that, though dangerously ill, he recovered immediately when he heard it related.

The subsequent history of Weinsberg involves many changes. During the Peasants' War it was many times besieged, and on Easter Day, 1525, the old castle went down in flames. For many years it lay in ruins, with the blue sky for a roof, and birds of the air for its only inhabitants. But in 1824, the Suabian poet, Justinus Kerner, made an appeal to the women of Germany for assistance in its partial restoration. In general, the propriety of attempting to *restore ruins* may be somewhat questioned, but in the present instance, the methods employed deserve only commendation.

A woman's League was formed, with the Queen of Württemberg as its director, and speedy and generous contributions flowed in from all over Germany; and a fund was established for the help of destitute women who had been distinguished for devotion or sacrifice. The hill and the castle which crowns it, were presented to the League, the grounds were cleared of the accumulations of years, resting-places were set up under the trees, and such restoration as was necessary to insure safety, was bestowed upon the castle itself.

Cut into the old stone walls one reads many names great and glorious in literature and art: Varnhagen, and Von Arnim, Brentano, Meissner, Liszt, and Schiller; and in a sheltered niche is a stone seat which was the favorite resort of the poet Uhland, above which he has engraved the lines:

"Wand'rer, ziemet dir wohl in den
Burg-Ruinen zu schlummern."

In the tower, which commands one of the most exquisite views in all Germany, Kerner placed a number of æolian harps, which send their melodies wailing through the ruins. Near one of these harps the poet Lenau carved some verses just before he began his melancholy life in a madhouse. Nearly all the great men of Europe have visited this spot, and most of them have added to its celebrity, though Bürger's ballad is probably better known than any other poem on the subject. On the outside of the old tower the following inscription has been cut into the wall by Kerner:

"Getragen hat mein Weib mich nicht, aber ertragen
Das war ein schwerer Gewicht als ich mag sagen."

In a well-preserved part of the castle hangs an oil-painting which was presented in 1659 to the old Weinsberg church, and above it these words:

"Ihres Mannes Herz darf sich auf sie verlassen,"—a fitting commentary upon the history of the old Weibetreue. Tilton, in his poem on this subject, has drawn somewhat freely upon the license allowed to poets. Montaigne has also told the story in French, and Addison in English.

WHEN DID ACTRESSES FIRST APPEAR ON THE STAGE?

It is generally admitted that actresses properly so-called were not known among the ancients; although the plays of Aristophanes and other great Greek writers of comedy abound in allusions to female performers, a fact soon explained by the knowledge that such women as did appear, were always masked, and never allowed to speak; and, indeed, were introduced only as dancers, the female acting-parts being assumed by very young men, as was the case in England up to the middle of the seventeenth century. It would seem, however, as if some exception may, perhaps, be made to this, in view of testimony which we gather both from Cicero and Horace. Watson, in his notes, mentions a letter from Atticus to Cicero, in which the former inquires whether his friend was pleased by the performance of Arbuscula (a woman) in the character of Andromache as drawn by Ennius; and the latter replies, that "she pleased exceedingly." Cytheris was another of the famous Roman *mimæ*, and this actress (also known as Volumnia and Lycoris), when Virgil was a rising poet, recited his eclogue "Silenus" in the theatre. She is mentioned, too, in the "Amores" of Ovid, who had good reason to remember her fickleness.

On the continent no objection was made to the idea of female performers, of which many instances are afforded by Gil Vincente, who, early in the sixteenth century, wrote, in the Castilian language, dramas that eventually gave rise to the Spanish

theatre, and anticipated Da Vega and Shakespeare by nearly a century.

It is said that plays of some sort were enacted at the court of Emmanuel in 1504, Vincente participating, as did also his daughter Paula, who, although lady of honor to a royal princess, was esteemed the first dramatic performer of her time in Portugal.

The employment of female actors is generally said to have originated in France in the first half of the seventeenth century, but we have seen that they were known in Portugal at an earlier date.

In 1602 a large theatrical company consisting of one hundred and ten members, men and women, was supported by the playgoers of Italy; and as early as 1611, Corxat, that indefatigable traveler and sight-seer, mentions having seen women on the stage in Venice; he says, "I saw women act, a thing I never saw done before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London," but he adds the commendation that "they acted with as good grace, action, and gesture as ever I saw any masculine actor."

There is a suggestion here, as to the custom in London, which agrees with the statement made by some writers that when Henry VIII introduced the masque into England from Italy, he became greatly interested in dramatic performances, and was pleased to participate himself occasionally at the private representations, in which he was usually supported by some fair favorite; and Anne, the wife of James I, often appeared in the plays produced at Court. But in public, men continued still to "play the woman," as Sarpego, in "The Gentleman Usher" (1617), apprises the spectators:

"Women will ensue,
Which, I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But pages made for need
To fill up women's places."

It creates a strange impression in reading the plays of this time, to recall the fact that women's parts were still invariably acted by boys, and the peculiar position of a man playing a woman dressed as a man, has elicited frequent comment.

The Puritans objected to the acting of female characters by male performers on grounds all their own; they deemed it a plain offense against Scripture for one sex to assume the apparel of another, although there was no intention in this complaint to imply an approval of the performance of female characters by women.

When, as Collier states, in 1629, actresses made their first public appearance in England, in the persons of French women belonging to the company which visited London in that year, Prynne, the Puritan champion, saluted them as "monsters, rather than women," and in 1632, went further and produced the famous "Histromastix, or Scourge for Players," in which he delighted to attack the pleasures and amusements of the day, a liberty for whose sweet sake, it is a gratification to remember, he parted with his ears, and had the questionable satisfaction of seeing his precious book burned in public by the hangman. It is only fair, however, to admit that his original complaint against the French strangers received plenty of outside support, as we find Brande confessing that he is glad to say they were "hissed, hooted, and pippinpelted from the stage."

This was certainly very discouraging, and the next French company was comprised of men only; and from that time until the Restoration, the innovation was seldom imitated on the English stage; although instances were not unknown; and from a passage in Brome's "Court Beggar," produced about 1640, in which he says, "the boy's a pretty actor, and his mother can play her part; women actors now get in repute," we may conclude that a few experiments were made before the theatres finally closed their doors in yielding to the rigors of Puritanism.

In the masques at Court, ladies constantly took part; even in the very year of Prynne's violent denunciations, the Queen, Henrietta Maria, acted with her ladies in a Xmas Pastoral at Somerset House. This same pastoral—whose performance was described in a letter from Mr. Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering as one "penned by Montague, wherein her Majesty is pleased to act a part, as well for her recreation as for the exercise

of her English"—was called "The Shepherd's Paradise," and was declared by Sir John Suckling to have been "perfectly unintelligible," but he does not tell whether this was by reason of the author's dullness or the Queen's English.

Colley Cibber, in his "Apology for his Own Life," asserts that after the Restoration, although women were occasionally seen on the stage, there was at first so small a supply, that the necessity still remained for putting handsome young men into petticoats, which Edward Kynaston was said to have worn with success. This youth was at that time so beautiful that ladies of rank delighted to drive him about through Hyde Park in their carriages, after the play, which they had time to do in those days, as the performances began at an earlier hour than they do now.

There is a well-known story connected with Kynaston which shows the limited resources of the stage at that time. The king coming one day to witness a tragedy, found the players not ready to begin; his Majesty became impatient, and sent to know the cause of delay. The manager came forward, and announced that the barber had not arrived, and the queen was still unshaken; and the "Merry Monarch"—who loved to hear a good jest as well as to make poor ones—accepted the excuse, which served to divert him until the queen could complete the details of her toilet.

We have seen the play-houses closed by "a meddling fanatic" in the day of his power. With the downfall of Cromwell and the return of Charles, they were again thrown open, and with added attractions. New scenery, dresses, and decorations dazzled the eyes of the multitude; "the fascination of sex was called in to aid the fascination of art; and the young spectator saw, with emotions unknown to the contemporaries of Shakespeare and Jonson, tender and spritely heroines personated by lovely women."

It seems almost incredible that an event of so great importance as the first formal appearance of women on the stage should be involved in such obscurity. Different years, names, and plays are mentioned as having presented the novelty.

In April, 1662, Charles II granted a patent to Sir Wm. Davenant which contained the following clause :

"That whereas the Women's Parts in Plays have hitherto been acted by men in the Habits of Women, at which some have taken offense, we do permit and give Lease, for the time to come, that all Women's Parts be acted by Women."

Pepys, the great diarist and gossip, writes on January 3, 1661, that, on that day he "went to the theatre, and saw Fletcher's 'Beggar's Bush' well performed;" "the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage." This can scarcely be taken as an assertion that until then women had not appeared; he only states that *he* had not seen them before;—for once, Pepys was behind the times!

The theatre to which he alludes is supposed to have been one in Gibbon's Tennis Court, Vere Street, Clare Market; and Chambers states that it was the same theatre at which, on December 8, 1660, "a lady acted Desdemona for the first time." Baker ("English Actors") says, "Desdemona was the first English part taken by a woman. It occurred December 8, 1660, at the Red Bull;" a prologue—still extant—was written by Thos. Jordan for the occasion; "a Prologue to Introduce the First Woman," etc. How it was received has not been recorded, nor do we know the name of the person in whose honor it was composed, unless we are to accept the statement of another, who suggests that "Anne Marshall was probably the 'unmarried' woman who played Desdemona in Killigrew's company."

So far, we have somebody (possibly Anne Marshall) playing Desdemona in two separate theatres on the same night. This is sufficiently difficult of solution, but when we investigate further, our embarrassment increases, for what are we to do with Mrs. Saunderson—afterward Mrs. Betterton—whom Brewer calls "the first woman who ever acted for hire," and for whom Malone in his "History of the English Stage," claims that she first performed "Ianthé" in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes," at the first opening of the theatre in Portugal Street, Lincolshire Fields—styled the Duke's Company in April, 1662?

But it is stated by Victor, that Mrs. Coleman was the first woman to act on the stage, and that she performed the part of Ianthe, in Davenant's "Siege of Rhodes" in 1656; an assertion in which Edwards and Southwick concur; while Dyce claims Mrs. Hughes as the first English actress, and Curll, in his "History of the Stage," demands the same distinction for Mrs. Morris, mother of "Jubilee Dickey." Here we have several direct contradictions. We learn from other writers that Killigrew formed his company before Davenant had opened his theatre, and that the two regarded each other as rivals for public patronage.

Altogether, the truth of the matter seems quite undiscoverable. We can only be sure that women first took a permanent place on the English stage about the time of the Restoration, probably between 1655–63, and that the honor of having been the "mother of the English stage" may be divided among Anne Marshall, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Saunderson, and Mrs. Hughes, with the balance of opinion in favor of the first two.

QUERIES.

Tuxedo.—What is the origin of this name?
S. T. SOUTHWAY.

PITTSBURG, PA.

In an article in the October *Cosmopolitan* entitled "An Original Social Experiment—Tuxedo," is the following: "The common people declared that because the lakes where good duck shooting was to be had in winter was surrounded with cedars, the place had been called *Duck Cedar*, and later corrupted into Tuxedo. The students of Indian languages derived the word from *P'tauk seet*—Algonquin for 'bear'—and *tough*—'a place,' for students of the Indian tongues, like employees of the Herald's College, can find anything they happen to be looking for."

Hymn of Riego.—Allow me to ask you whether the death-hymn of Riego, which, by an awkward contretemps, was played

with various national airs, on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration of the Declaration of Independence by the band in State-House Square, was composed by the Spanish patriot himself. And will you, if possible, give the words of the hymn, either in the original or in a translation?

BYBERRY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

It is a fairly well-established fact that this hymn was composed by the musician Huerta, in 1820, and the words written by Evariste San Miguel at the time when Riego entered Madrid and forced upon the king (Ferdinand VII) the constitution of 1812. San Miguel was a poet, a soldier, and a tribune, and he confided his words to a youthful musician of seventeen years of age, who was an enthusiastic lover of liberty. A week later all Spain was ringing with the song that became the *Marseillaise* of the Spaniards. In 1823 the hymn was forbidden, San Miguel was exiled to England, and Huerta went to Paris, where he obtained great success as a singer until he lost his voice, after which he devoted himself to the guitar. He subsequently died in poverty. San Miguel was restored to favor and became a duke, senator, and captain in the army of Isabella.

Following are the words of the hymn:

"L'âme allègre et sereine
Vaillant, libre de chaîne,
Chante soldat ta reine
La gloire, en chants pieux.
Qu'à tes accents la terre,
Dans l'extase guerrière,
T'admire en la carrière,
Fils de cid glorieuse.

"Soldats, pour la patrie,
La gloire, il faut partir,
Jurons, dignes d'envie,
De vaincre on de mourir.

"Lançons le fer, les laves:
Tous ces lâches esclaves
D'hommes libres et braves
N'osent pas voir le front;
Et leurs troupes campées,
Dans le vent dissipées,
Au bout de nos épées,
Débandés, ils fuiront.

"Soldats, etc.

"Vit-on jamais sur terre
Une audace plus fière?
Jamais sous la lumière
De plus grande valeur
Qu'en notre foule armée,
Où toute âme enflammée,
Pour la patrie armée,
De Riego sent l'ardeur?

"Soldats, etc.

"Honneur au capitaine
Qui brisa notre chaîne
Et fit luire à la haine
Le fer de liberté!
A la patrie atteinte
Aux cris de sa voix sainte,
Du bourreau sous l'étreinte
Il sourit indompté.

"Soldats, etc.

"Mais le tambour résonne!
Seul le fer qui moissonne
Des monstres qu'on couronne
Nous promet le trépas.
Tremblez! tremblez! coupables
Tremblez tous, misérables
A voir soldats semblables
S'élancer aux combats.

"Soldats, etc.

"Le clairon fratricide
Eclate au vent rapide.
Soudain, d'horreur avide,
Retentit le canon;
Soudain, Mars en furie
Rend l'audace aguerrie,
Réveillant la génie
Du peuple au grand renom.

"Soldats, etc.

"Les voici; Mort et rage!
Cours, soldat, au carnage.
Vois au sol d'esclavage
L'ennemi renversé.
Volons. L'homme au cœur mâle
Vit toujours tremblant, pâle,
L'esclave dans le râle
Sous ses pieds terrassé.

"Soldats, etc.

Year of Corbie.—What was the year of Corbie?

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Corbie is a town on the east bank of the river Somme (France), founded in the year 662, by Queen Bathilda. In the reign of Louis VI it obtained a charter; in 1636 it was captured by the Spaniards and in the same year re-taken by Louis XIII. Its fortifications were destroyed by the order of Louis XIV.

Chicago.—What is the meaning of this word?

ALLEN SUMMERS.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Chicago, however spelled, is an Indian name borrowed from predecessors—the aboriginal Miamis. The first mention of the word Che-cau-gou, the modern Chicago, is in Hennepin's account of La Salle's expedition from the lake to the Illinois River. One of the Indian meanings of the word Chicago is said to be great and strong, from "ka-go" something, and "Chi," from "getchi," great. Dr. William Barry, first secretary of the Chicago Historical Society, said of the word: "Whatever may have been the etymological meaning of the word Chicago, in its practical use it probably means strong or great. The Indians applied this term to the Mississippi River, to thunder, or to the voice of the great Manitou." Edwin Hubbard, the genealogist, adopts a similar view, and says the word Chicago in its applications signifies strong, mighty, and powerful.

In the Soup.—Can you find for me a statement from one of the New York papers that the phrase "in the soup" is of German origin?

P. B. WORLEY.

NEWTON, MASS.

The clipping you want is from the *Tribune*: "That more or less popular phrase, 'in the soup,' it may not be generally known, has long been in use in different forms among the Germans. For instance, 'Er sitzt in der Brude' ('He sits in the soup'); 'Er hat sich eine schone Suppe eingebrockt' ('He has made a nice soup for himself,' meaning he has put himself in 'a bad fix'),

and 'Er muss die eingebrockt Suppe selbst essen' ('He must eat the soup he has cooked himself.')

REPLIES.

Rock Dunder (Vol. iii, pp. 8, 177).—"Rock Dunder" is one of three small rocks in Lake Champlain, near Burlington, Vt.

R. W. L.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An African Custom.—An article on "Whitewashing," by Judge Francis Hopkinson ("Half Hours with the Best American Authors," Vol. iii, p. 144), contains an allusion to a nation in Africa, which was governed by twelve counselors. When these counselors met on public business, twelve large earthen jars were set in two rows and filled with water. The counselors would enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and leap into the jars, where they would sit up to their chins in water. When the jars were all filled with counselors, they would proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation.

Can you give me any information concerning this nation and its twelve counselors?

W. H. PRICE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

An Italian Patriot.—Will you oblige me by informing me of the name of the Italian nobleman who, with several fellow-sufferers, was received with a spontaneous ovation by the people of London, just after his liberation from the prison of Bomba, and also the exact date of that event?

BYBERRY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Corrigenda (Vol. iii, p. 239) *Asturias*.—The word "the" is not properly a part of the name "Asturias." Asturias is a principality in Spain, no more entitled to be called "The Asturias" than is Wales to be called "The Wales." The French name,

however, is "Les Asturies;" but the Spanish and the correct English name is "Asturias." The heiress of the Spanish throne is Princess of Asturias.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

But me no buts (Vol. i, p. 81).—"Pot me no pots" should read "plot me no plots," as follows:

"*Boy*.—Sir, you must pardon us, the plot of our play lies contrary, and 'twill hazard the spoiling of our play.

Cit.—*Plot me no plots, I'll ha' Ralph come out.*"

[Ed.]

Odd Rules of Etiquette (Vol. iii, p. 251).—Some years ago, in a book of etiquette, I read advice to the following effect: If you go to wake a bishop, do not knock on the door, but scratch.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

A Dress in Queen Bess' Time.—In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Golden Pestle," occurs this statement:

"Godfrey, my tailor * * * had fourteen yards to make this gown; and I'll be sworn, Mistress Penistone, the draper's wife, had one made with twelve." [Ed.]

Song Lore.—During the summer of 1827, the following lines came to me, traditionally, as they had also come to him from whom I learned them.

"In the dead of the night when with labor oppressed,
And mortals enjoy the calm blessings of rest,
Cupid knocked at my window, disturbing my ease,
'Who is there?' I demanded; 'begone, if you please.'

"He answered so meekly, so modest and mild,
'Dear madame, 'tis I, an unfortunate child,
'Tis a cold rainy night, and I'm wet unto the skin,
And I have lost my way, and I pray you let me in.'

"In compassion I arose, and striking up a light
And opening the door, when a boy stood in sight.
He had wings on his shoulders, the rain from him dript,
And with a bow and arrows he was equipt.

"I stir'd up the fire and sat down by his side,
And with a clean napkin the rain from him dried;
I chaff'd him all over to keep out the air,
And with my hands I wrung the rain out of his hair.

"No sooner from wet and from cold he got ease,
When taking up his bow he said, 'Madame, if you please,
If you please, I would fain by experience know,
Whether the rain has not damaged the string of my bow.'

"Then quick from his quiver an arrow he drew,
And aiming at my heart, when twang went the yew.
'My bow is not damaged, for true runs my dart,
But you may have some trouble in bearing the smart.'

Until 1877 I had never seen them or anything similar to them in print, nor had I met any other person who knew them, or had heard of them. In that year (1877) an ancient-looking leather-bound volume came into my possession, containing the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, from January to July inclusive, 1776, published by R. Aiken, of Philadelphia; and the *United States Magazine*, from March to July, inclusive, 1779, published by Francis Baily, of Philadelphia.

On the 191st page (April number) of the first-named publication I found the following lines, as "*the third ode of Anacreon*."

"When midnight, black and dreary,
Was brooding o'er the deep,
And all supine and weary,
Mankind was lay stretched in sleep.

"When *Love* alone was waking,
The knockershook my gate:
I, starting, cried—what raking
Mad fellow calls so late.

"'Pray, tarry not an instant,
Nor fear to let me in:
I am a hapless infant,
Wet, dripping to the skin!

"'The night so dark and chilly!
It never will be day!
And I, so young and silly,
Alas! have lost my way.'

"In haste, to light a candle
And let him in, I rose,
With pity prompt to dandle
And lull him to repose.

"I opened and admitted
A boy, indeed, but lo!
I found the urchin fitted
With quiver, wings, and bow!

"But what alarm of danger
Could such an elf inspire?
I placed the little stranger
Before a blazing fire:

"And near the fairy seated,
With fond and tender care,
His hands in mine I heated
And wrung his dripping hair.

"But, soon as I had brought him
To genial warmth again,
His *armor*, he bethought him,
Had been bedewed with rain.

"And mincing like a baby,
'Let's try 'em, for, you know,
This dismal weather, may be,
Has hurt my little bow,'

"He said, and from his quiver
A flaming arrow drew,
Which through my burning liver
Like darted lightning flew.

"And like a wounded sparrow,
I hung my drooping head;
For through my very marrow
The venom quickly spread.

"The *traitor*—who had acted
So well the *harmless boy*,
Now laugh'd like one distracted,
And cried, 'Oh! give me joy!'

"My bow retains a fitness
An arrow still to dart,
You'll find the wound a witness
That rankles at your heart.'"

These are doubtless two different versions of the same story, and had I ever found the first one in print, it doubtless would have been in twelve stanzas, instead of six; and, peradventure might have contained two additional stanzas that never came to me.

Both are capable of being sung to the same *air*, which, in my boyhood was considered a pretty one, especially when rendered in the ordinary compass of the female voice.

It may be something of a wonder how such a *classic* production (if it really can trace its paternity to ANACREON), could have become popular in such a rustic neighborhood, for it differed entirely from the song lore of the locality, at the period referred to.

S. S. R.

Three Rogues.

It was early in the morn,
It was early in the spring,
Three naughty rogues kick'd out-of-doors
Because they couldn't sing.

One was a Miller, and he stole corn,
Another a Weaver, and he stole yarn,
And the Tailor he stole broadcloth
To keep the three rogues warm.

The Miller was drowned in his dam,
The Weaver was hung in his yarn,
And the de'il he carried the Tailor away
With the broadcloth under his arm."

This is also a relic of the song lore of more than sixty years ago—how much longer I know not. Since then, I have seen different versions of it; but nothing as to its origin or its author. Perhaps some aged reader of NOTES AND QUERIES may know something about it. It is not very complimentary to three of the world's great and necessary handicraftsmen.

S. S. R.

Womanless Islands (Vol. iii, p. 218).

—Allow me to correct a rather comical error. The "Island of Males" and "Island of Females" described by Marco Polo are there said to have been "identified as the Footnote Islands." This part of the paper is based upon an article in the English *Notes and Queries*—3d ser. v. x, p. 245—in which the writer after quoting Marco Polo's description, adds—"In a footnote to the above the opinion is expressed that the islands alluded to may be Les deux Frères and Abd-al-curia, near Socotra." From this the traditionally "intelligent compositor" evolved the Footnote Islands, which will be sought in vain on the map of the world. This is making geography with a vengeance.

The second line of Moore's poem, "St. Senanus and the Lady," AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES, Vol. iii, p. 218—should read

"Unholy bark, ere morning smile,"

instead of "The holy bark," etc., while the words "of thy sod" in the next stanza should not be italicised.

LOUISA TRUMBULL COGSWELL.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Gringo.—I have been told that the use of the term *gringo* had its origin in the fact that the sailors of a certain ship stationed at Vera Cruz, used to go about the town singing "Green grow the rushes, O."

From the repetition of this incident the sailors were spoken of as *los gringos*. I do not know whether or not the facts are well authenticated, but from a knowledge of "greaser" characteristics, it is certainly very plausible. TROIS ETOILES.

Huff.—Webster quotes Washington Irving for the phrase *in a huff*, but it occurs in a stage direction in "Chrononhotonthologos," Act i, Scene 1. [*Exit in a huff.*] [ED.]

Tucquan (Vol. iii, pp. 202, 262).—There is a town in New Jersey which is called *Tuckahoe*. [ED.]

A correspondent writes: "I found a picture in Didron's 'Iconographic Art' which represented the king (Dagobert) in a small rowboat evidently passing over the Styx. Standing with him are four figures with animal (one a parrot's) heads, two at least of them are dogs.

"Outside, some pushing the craft and some pulling, are three more figures, one human, the other two dogs.

"His majesty has his hands palm to palm in the attitude of prayer. One of the beasts, apparently a monkey, is either putting a crown on or tipping it off his head.

"All have expressions of considerable interest in what is going on, though what that may be is not apparent. And altogether it is a very obscure piece of symbolism, for such undoubtedly it was meant to be.

"The picture was taken from his tomb."

Fad (Vol. iii, pp. 102, 154).—In the "Chrononhotonthologos" occurs the lines

"Or else their *fiddle-faddle* numbers flow
Serenely dull, elaborately low."

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Century Magazine closes its nineteenth year with a number for October which, besides its leading serials on Lincoln and Siberia and the Old Masters, contains several papers of peculiar importance. One of these is a study of "Molière and Shakspeare," by the eminent French comedian, M. Coquelin, accompanied with a frontispiece portrait of Molière as *Cæsar*, and a portrait of Coquelin as *Mascarille*. Another striking paper, "Reminiscences of the Herschels," is by

the celebrated American astronomer, the late Maria Mitchell. With the latter article is a portrait of Miss Mitchell, and a picture of her last observatory, at Lynn, Massachusetts. Miss Brackett has an appreciative "Open Letter" on Miss Mitchell in the same number.

A group of brief illustrated articles on manual training presents this subject from three different points of view—the articles being by Professor Butler, of the New York College for the Training of Teachers; Professor Thorpe, of the Philadelphia Manual-Training School, and Dr. Felix Adler, founder of the Workman's School and Free Kindergarten of New York.

There is great variety in the story element in this number of the *Century*. The "Strange True Story" this month is the "War Diary of a Union Woman in the South," edited by Mr. Cable. A story which every newspaper man, woman, and boy in the country will especially appreciate is Mr. Allison's "The Longworth Mystery," supposed to be told by the "City Editor." It is a story, not only showing a thorough knowledge of newspaper life, but also decided dramatic ability. Mr. Allison is a "new Southern writer," a Kentuckian, who in this case has eschewed dialect. On the other hand Mr. Maurice Thompson, with an explanatory preface, publishes a dialect story which the author declares has "a trace of allegory in it." The main situation in Mr. Thompson's "Ben and Judas" is certainly one of the most striking, humorous, and significant in modern dialect literature. In the same number Mr. Harris's three-part serial is concluded.

An extremely timely illustrated paper is that from the expert hand of Mr. Walter Camp, and entitled "Base-ball—for the Spectator." Mr. Camp uses the language of the game and there is just a bit of shock in reading such phrases as "find the ball," "handle the stick," "judge the delivery," in the decorous *Century*. Mr. Wilson has a paper on "Three Jewish Kings," which will especially interest those who are following the International Sunday-school Lessons. Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, in her "Pictures of the Far West," portrays a "Pretty Girl" of that part of the country, and the letter-press philosophizes on her existence, her illusions, and her dangers.

"Topics" and "Open Letters" are on the late Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton; on "Disasters," "A New College for Women," "A View of the Confederacy from the Inside," bearing upon the subject treated in the Lincoln installment; "The Single Tax on Land Values," "Country Roads," "Prohibition in Iowa," "A Tenor Farm," and "Irish Estates."

The list of poets in this and in other numbers of the *Century* hardly sustains the charge that "our young poets get no chance in the leading magazines." The October list includes a group of Irish songs, by Miss Dowe, and poems by C. A. Bartol, Lizette W. Reese, Henry Jerome Stockard, Robert U. Johnson, Stuart Sterne, William Young, Alice Wellington Rollins, H. S. Sandford, Jr., Louise Imogen Guiney, M. E. W., Dora Read Goodale, Mather Dean Kimball, Margaret Vandegrift, William Zachary Gladwin.

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NOTES.

NOTES ON WORDS.

Sophisticate was used by a skipper at Cape May, N. J., during the past summer in the sense of adulterating whiskey with water. In the *Alchemist*, by Ben Jonson, Face says

"He lets me have good tobacco and he does not Sophisticate it with sack-lees and oil."

It is common in old English in this sense.

What-sha'-call him. This phrase is used in New Jersey instead of *what-d'-you-call him*. Compare "Every Man in His Humour."

* * * "didst thou not see
A fellow here in *what-sha'-call him* doublet?"

H'ant, for have I not, pronounced to

rhyme with ain't, is common all over New Jersey. Compare Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*.

* * * *h'ant* I told you so, etc. .

Stinker, as a term of contempt, is used in both New Jersey and Pennsylvania. A corruption, I should think, of *stinkard*, the termination "ard" expressing a bad quality. Compare *wizard*, *slugard*, *bombard* (Shakespeare's King Henry IV,

"That huge bombard of sack, etc."

niggard, etc.

Bilk, to cheat, is common in New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Compare Congreve "The Double Dealer."

"There he's secure from danger of a *bilk*,
His fare is paid, etc."

Pugh! is an exclamation called forth by any foul smell. Compare Addison "The Drummer,"

"Pugh! this is all froth."

Qualify, to dilute liquor with water, is used in New Jersey. Compare Farquhar "The Beaux' Stratagem."

* * * She would not let ale take its natural course, sir; she was for *qualifying* it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is.

WHO WAS OBERON?

"Le petit roy Oberon" is the connecting link, as it were, between the fairies of romance and the elves or dwarfs of the Teutonic nations. He makes his first appearance in literature—where he plays a most important rôle—in the old French metrical romance of Huon de Bordeaux, said to have been written in the early part of the thirteenth century, of which the authorship is uncertain, for although it has been attributed to Huon de Villeneuve, it does not appear in the list of his works as given by Mons. de Roquefort, but internal evidence supports the theory that the author was a trouvère of Ardois, who, from the frequent repetition of "St. Omer," may have been a resident of that town.

The poem existed in manuscript form only, until 1860, when it was printed by Guessard and Grandmaison, having been previously reduced to prose, in which form it was admitted to immediate popularity. We are told at the end of the prose romance, that it was written at the desire of Charles, Seigneur de Rochefort, and was completed on the 29th of January, 1454. About a century later, a well-known English translation, by Lord Berners, was printed, which, in 1592, furnished Shakespeare with one of his most familiar characters. Before tracing the undoubted resemblance which the story bears to other romances of the Middle Ages, we will take up the fortunes of the hero, Huon, Duke of Bordeaux. While journeying with his brother Gerard to the Count of Charlemagne, in whose service they wished to engage, Huon is treacherously set upon by Charlot, the Emperor's unworthy son, and is forced to slay him in self-defense. This deed can be forgiven only in case of the successful issue of an undertaking as perilous as any of the "twelve labors"; he must make his way to Babylon, force an entrance into the royal presence of the Emir, behead with a single stroke the Chief Councilor sitting at his right hand, imprint three kisses upon the cheek of the Emir's fair daughter, and in evidence of his having faithfully performed all these brave deeds, he is to present to the Emperor, on his return, a lock of hair plucked from the Emir's venerable beard, together with four of his soundest teeth. Undaunted in spirit, with a gallant heart, Huon sets forth.

After many minor adventures he reaches Syria in safety, and happening accidentally to fall in with an old retainer of the family named Gerasmes, he consults with him as to the shortest route to Babylon, and is informed that there are two roads leading thither, one long, but free from dangers; the other, very direct, but lying through a dense wood "sixteen leagues long, and so full of fairie and strange things that few people pass there without being stopt, because therein dwelleth a king, Oberon the Fay. He is but three feet in height, he is all humpy, but he hath an angelic face." Huon learns further, that if he decides to

pass through the woods, Oberon will insist upon speaking to him, but that if he returns him any answer whatever, he will be lost forevermore without any way of releasing himself from captivity. And if, on the other hand, he angers the Fay by ignoring his address, the latter will cause it to rain, and blow, and hail, so that he will think the end of the world has come; suddenly he will see a great flowing river before him, wonderously black and deep; "but know, sire," Gerasmes assures him, "that right easily will you be able to go through it without wetting the feet of your horse, for it is nothing but a phantom and enchantments that the dwarf will make for you, because he wishes to have you with him." This sage advice is acted upon as far as possible. The predicted phenomena take place. Huon fords a rushing torrent, and rider and steed emerge with dry feet; a terrific storm prevails; strains of magic music are heard, which set him dancing without his will; and at last, unable to resist the fascination of the music, he follows up the sound to the spot where Oberon is stationed. "He was clad in a robe so fine and rich that it would be a marvel to relate the riches that were upon it, for so much was there of precious stones that the great lustre they cast was like unto the sun when he shineth full clear. He bore a right fair bow in his hand, so rich no one could value it, so fine it was; and the arrow was of such sort and manner that there was no beast in the world that he wished for that did not stop at that arrow, and at his neck a rich horn hung by two strings of fine gold."

Instead of using him roughly, the tiny potentate takes a desperate fancy to the newcomer, and finding Huon disposed to listen, launches forth upon an elaborate autobiography, that fully established his claims as a King. His mother was a lady who dwelt in the Lost or Hidden Island (afterward known as Cephalonia), who in her younger days had been the mother of Neptanebus, King of Egypt, the father of Alexander the Great. Seven hundred years later, Julius Cæsar, then on his way to Thessaly, tarried in this island, and being informed by this maiden (whose charms were most enduring) that he was destined to overcome the great Pompey,

he was so pleased that he offered her his hand in marriage—and became the father of Oberon. The birth of this prince was attended with great magnificence, and all the fairies of the realm were present except one, who, unhappily, was forgotten. The other fairies bestowed upon the babe a magic horn of wonderful properties, which, when blown gently, inspired all, not of perfect purity who heard its tones, with such extravagant mirth that they danced until they dropped with fatigue; and if blown vigorously, it would summon a tremendous army. But the fairy who had been slighted, vented her spite by decreeing that he should not grow after his third year, atoning finally for this cruelty, by making him "the most beautiful of nature's works." Other gifts were his: he could read the thoughts of other men as if they were his own; by a simple wish he could transport himself and others from place to place; and in the same manner, castles, palaces, gardens, and banquet arose at his desire. And he also told Huon that as a Christian, and King of Mommur, a seat was prepared for him in Paradise. During his visit in the kingdom of the dwarf, Huon is served with every luxury, and as he is about to depart he is loaded with gifts, among which is the enchanted cup that fills with the costliest wine when touched by the lips of a guiltless man. As we have specially to do with Oberon, it is sufficient to say of Huon here that through the former's assistance he was enabled to accomplish the difficult tasks which had been set, but that having denied his faith in order to obtain admittance to the Emir's palace, he and the Emir's daughter, whose affections were captured by the audacious young Christian, endured many hardships before a final reconciliation was effected with the Emperor. When Oberon appears again, he feels his end approaching, and informing Huon that he is to succeed him as King of the fairies, he retires to await the conclusion of his days. The story properly ends here, but an important addition has been made by a later hand which carries events up to Oberon's death. Having given his last instructions to his successor, he commended his people to him, charged him to erect an abbey before the city in the meadow which he had

loved; "then falling asleep in death, a glorious troop of angels scattering odors as they flew, conveyed his soul to Paradise." The supposition that this story is the production of Villeneuve is rendered more probable by the fact that an identity has been established between Oberon and Yon, King of Bordeaux, in the "Quatre Filz Aymon," which is known to be the work of this author. It has also been observed that Oberon is the same as Lo Re Ivone, prince or duke of Guienne in Bojardo and Ariosto. The Oberon of the French romancists is the Elberich or Alberich of the German *Heldenbuch* and the *Nibelungenlied*. In the former collection, Otnit, a legendary Emperor of Lombardy, gains a Saracen wife by the aid of the dwarf Elberich just as Huon does through the friendship of Oberon. While Albrich of the *Nibelungenlied* appears as the guardian of the magic cape which Siegfried obtains from him. In one of the latest of the French *fablieux*, "Isaie le Triste," the witty and deformed dwarf Tronc is Oberon, whom destiny has compelled to assume another form for a certain period of years. The fairy bugle which set all evil men dancing, reappears as the magic violin or the enchanted pipe of the German popular tales; and the brimming cup is the mystic vessel of the Sangrael of the Arturian romances. Ward says, in his "History of English Dramatic Literature," that Shakespeare undoubtedly obtained his idea for the whole machinery of Oberon and his fairy Court from "Greene's Scottish History of James V," published about 1590, only a few years before "Midsummer Night's Dream." Ben Johnson's masque of Oberon summarizes the exploits of the fairy King; and he had already made his appearance under the auspices of "Rare Ben" in his earlier play, "Lust's Dominion" (1600).

Weber has composed an opera entitled "Oberon," and the great romantic poem of Wieland has, through Sotheby's translation, become familiar to all readers. "Shakespeare," Halliwell says, "founded his elfin world on the prettiest of traditions, and clothed it in the ever-living flowers of his own exuberant fancy."

According to a popular fable, the name "Kensington Gardens" is a corruption

of "Kenna's town-garden," Kenna being Oberon's daughter who in that locality once revived her dead lover Albion, whom Oberon had slain for his presumption.

SCOURING THE WHITE HORSE.

Rich as England is in historical monuments there is none more remarkable than the White Horse of Berkshire, in the parish of Uffington, which lies among the Chalk-hills that form the continuation of the Wiltshire Downs, about five miles from Faringdon. The colossal figure which bears this name is an excavation in the turf—about two feet in depth, made on the side of a steep green hill—exposing the white chalk of which the hill is composed.

In 1738, Francis Wise, an antiquary who then visited Berkshire, wrote to another eminent antiquary, Dr. Mead, and described the figure of the horse, as being "executed in so masterly a manner that it may defy the painter's skill to give a more exact representation of the animal." This was an enthusiast's impression, off-set by Camden's observation that it was, he "knew not what shape of a horse fancied on the side of a white hill," and an irreverent modern writer declares it is "like a greyhound."

None of these opinions are really just, for while by no means adhering in its outlines to the fundamental principles of physiology, the rude cutting of the turf, when viewed from the valley below, displays a sufficiently recognizable delineation of a white horse in the act of galloping; its length being about three hundred and seventy-four feet, while the space which it occupies is said to be nearly two acres. And on a bright day when the sun is shining upon it, it may be seen at a distance of nearly fifteen miles.

The history of this memorial is shrouded in a mysterious antiquity; and until 1859—when Thomas Hughes put forth his interesting and spirited work on the subject—no effort had been made to collect the stray traditions which have associated it from the earliest period with the most important events of English history.

Stories floating in the memories of old

men, scraps of antiquarian lore, bits of odd rhymes, and an occasional reference in the writings of the old monks, have helped to nurse the popular belief that the White Horse was carved to commemorate the history of King Ethelred and his brother—afterward Alfred the Great—over the Danes, at Ashdown, in 871. The old Saxon Chronicle, written by Asser, the contemporary and friend of Alfred, relates the story of this battle: "When both hosts had fought long and bravely, the Pagans occupying the higher ground, and the Christians coming up from below, the former no longer able to bear the attack, took to a disgraceful flight, and the Christians followed, slaying all they could reach until it became dark."

Out of the "King and nine Pagan earls" who were slain within the year, six fell at Ashdown. It was Alfred's crowning mercy, and so he felt it to be, and in memory of it caused his army (tradition says) the day after the battle to carve the White Horse (that animal being the arms of the Saxon standard, and naturally a rude affair) on the hillside just under the Castle, where it remains to this day.

Wise says ("Antiquities of Berkshire"), "If ever the genius of King Alfred exerted itself, it did so in the matter of this trophy. The situation of affairs would not permit him to expend much time, nor his circumstances much cost, in effecting one. Nor did the country afford materials proper for a work of this kind. Unable, therefore, to raise, like other conquerors, a stupendous monument of brass or marble, yet he has shown an admirable contrivance in erecting one magnificent enough, though simple in its design, executed with little labor, and no expense, that may exist when the Pyramids are no more."

It is true that four distinct spots are pointed out as the site of the battle, but the top of White Horse Hill, eight hundred and ninety-three feet above the sea, is generally preferred, because the traces of an ancient encampment are there discernible, consisting of a plain more than eight acres in extent, surrounded by a rampart and ditch, the inclosure being popularly known as Effington Castle, immediately above the White Horse.

The extremities of this animal's hind-legs, from their situation, became, in time, quite filled up by the rains with the washings from the upper parts; so that on a very close view, the tail, which does not suffer the same inconvenience, appears to be longer than the legs. The turf also crumbles, and falls off into the exposed chalk, so that if the preservation of this monument were dependent only on the natural continuance of the original outlines, the whole figure would long since have been obliterated.

But "from time out of mind," a custom existed among the inhabitants of this, and the neighboring parishes, known as the ceremony of "Scouring the White Horse," during the celebration of which, after their labors of cleaning were over, the scourers were entertained at the expense of the lord of the manor—now Lord Craven, who owns the White Horse. With shovels and besoms and every available utensil they would scrape and scour the old horse until his white body was as bright and clean as a new sixpence, and while they worked they sang this song:

"The owld White Horse wants zetting to rights,
And the Squire hev promised good cheer,
Zo we'll gee un a scrape to keep un in zhape
And a'll last for many a year.
A was made a lang, lang time ago,
Wi a good deal o' labor and pains,
By King Afred the Great when he spwiled their
consate,
And caddled they wosbirds the Danes."

The fête which followed lasted for several days, during which time all manner of rustic sports and games were engaged in with the most ardent enthusiasm.

There were broken heads from backword play, and sprained ankles from the running and jumping matches, to say nothing of the physical wreckage entailed by the plentiful feasting; but all these natural consequences of a genuine old English holiday were accepted with the best possible grace, and the festival was a matter of pride and enjoyment to all concerned.

The White Horse has given its name to the Vale and Hill of Uffington ever since the time of Henry I, for there are cartularies of the Abbey of Abingdon in the British Museum, which prove it; and Wise states

that the scouring was an established custom in his time (1836); but there seems to be very little record of all the gatherings which took place between that date and 1755.

The particulars of the celebration which occurred in 1776, have been preserved in a printed handbill which was published for that event. The following are some of its principal features:

"The scouring and cleansing of the White Horse is fixed for Monday, the 27th of May; on which day a Silver Cup will be run for near White Horse Hill, by any horse that never run for anything.

"Between the heats will be run for by Poneys, a Saddle, Bridle and Whip.

"The same time a Thill harness will be run for by Cart-horses, in their harness and bells; the carters to ride in smock frocks without saddles; crossing and jostling, but no whipping allowed.

"A flitch of Bacon to be run for by Asses.

"A good Hat to be run for by men in sacks, every man to bring his own sack.

"A waistcoat, 10s. 6d. value, to be given to the person who shall take a bullet out of a tub of flour with his mouth in the shortest time.

"A cheese to be run for down the White Horse Manger. Smocks to be run for by ladies, the second best of each prize to be entitled to a Silk Hat.

"Cudgel-playing for a gold-laced Hat, and a pair of buckskin Breeches; and Wrestling for a pair of silver Buckles and a pair of pumps."

This gives a very fair idea of the pastimes which distinguished these rural assemblages. In strange contrast to the happy-go-lucky style in which the old festivals were conducted, with no prizes in money, is the modern bill, for the same occasion in 1859; drawn up in the form of resolutions, properly and formally signed and attested, the prizes being almost exclusively in "coin of the realm."

The next Scouring came on Whit-Monday, 1780, when to the usual festivities was added "a jingling match, by eleven blind-folded men, and one unmasked and hung with bells, for a pair of buckskin breeches." From that time until 1825, the Scourings

recurred at intervals of about five years; but after that date until 1838, being a season of much excitement, the quiet folk of the Vale were too much taken up with Catholic Emancipation and Reform, to have any heart or leisure for amusement.

In 1838 the old custom was revived under the patronage of Lord Craven, an auspicious year for the old White Horse of England, too. Once again they sang their scouring song:

"There'll be backsword play, and climmin the powl,
And a race for a pig and a cheese;
And us thinks as hisn's a dummell zowl
As dwont care for zish spwoorts as theze."

And in 1857, all the old, and a great deal of new enthusiasm, attended the celebration of which Hughes has given us such diverting details. Next to White Horse Hill is Dragon Hill—another historic spot—where St. George slew the Dragon, whose blood running down the side of the hill, left a bare space on which nothing—not so much as a thistle—can be made to grow, to this very day.

The White Horse of Berkshire has two rivals in the Red Horse of Warwickshire—so called because cut on a reddish clay soil—and the White Horse of Kilburn. The latter is but the monument of a youthful reminiscence, said to have been made in 1857, by a Mr. Taylor.

There is also another modern White Horse in Dorsetshire, which bears no less a rider than his Majesty King George III; equipped in cocked-hat and boots, he overlooks the grassy downs and bay, seemingly so life-like, that the observer involuntarily exclaims in humble imitation of his royal self, "What, What!"

England is not alone in such memorials. In the neighborhood of Tours, it was at one time the custom for the entire population to turn out and "scour" the rude figure of a huge hammer roughly sculptured upon a high hill. It has no printed history, but from time immemorial it has been associated with the name of Charles *Martel* (Hammer) and his great victory over the Saracens (732).

Similarly honored is the great eagle cut out of a hill-side in Hungary, to which is

joined the name of Eugene, Prince of Savoy, and the memory of the day (August 16, 1717), when,

"The old black eagle flying,
All the Paynim powers defying,
On we marched, and stormed Belgrade."
"Prince Eugene," Anon. (German).

QUERIES.

Faute d'un point, etc.—What is the origin of the French phrase "Faute d'un point Martin perdit son âne?"

A. D. G.

CAMDEN, N. J.

The story goes that a priest, Martin by name, who had been appointed abbot at a place called *Asello*, ordered an inscription to be placed above the gate:

"Porta patens esto, nulli claudatur honesto." (Let the gate be open, to no honest man be closed.) But the painter misplaced the stop (*point*) and made it read:

"Porta patens esto nulli, claudatur honesto." (Let the gate be open to no one, be closed to an honest man.)

When the Pope's attention was called to the inscription Martin was deposed and his successor added: "Pro solo puncto caruit Martinus Asello." (Martin lost *Asello* merely for a single comma.)

The word *Asello*, however, means in Latin an ass, and this gave rise to the proverb.

Blue Blood.—What is the origin of this phrase?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CITY.

The expression "blue blood" had its origin in Spain, and was applied to the aristocracy of Castile and Arragon. After the Moors were driven out of Spain, the aristocracy was held to be those who could trace their lineage back to the time before the Moorish conquest, and especially to the light-complexioned Goths. Their veins naturally appeared through their skin of a blue color, while the blood of the masses, through their intermarriage with the Moors, showed dark upon their hands and faces.

Darling Nellie Gray.—Is the author of this poem known, and if so, is he still alive?

ALICE C. PELTZ.

CINCINNATI, O.

A local newspaper says:

"There is a little green mound and humble marble slab in a secluded corner of Otterbein Cemetery, about twelve miles north of Columbus, O., which marks the grave of the author of that famous ballad, 'Darling Nellie Gray.' A visitor to the spot learns from the inscription on the stone that it is the last resting-place of Benjamin Russell Hanby. The seclusion of the tomb, the neglect shown it by all save a few relatives, and the general ignorance of its location form another illustration of the forgetfulness of the human race. Notwithstanding the grave of the author of 'Darling Nellie Gray' is forgotten and neglected, his own beautiful ballad has sculptured out for him a monument of memory which will endure the changes of centuries to come."

Buss, Island of.—What is the Island of Buss?

C. F. PETERSON.

NEW YORK CITY.

In 1578 Martin Frobisher, sailing homeward from America in the "Emmanuel Buss" (a vessel of Bridgewater), discovered a large, well-wooded island, twenty-five leagues long, southeast of Greenland, in latitude $57\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north. The island (which was named Buss), was visited by Captain Z. Gillam (1668, etc.), and by Thomas Shepherd, in 1671, who made a map of the island, still extant. But the island itself no longer exists. As to whether it ever really existed opinions may possibly differ, but if human testimony is of any value we must conclude that the island was once a reality.

REPLIES.

Heathen Hymn in Christian Churches (Vol. iii, pp. 211).—We sometimes use the term *hymn* in the sense of hymn-tune. Thus, the common tune for the *Adeste fideles*, is called the Portuguese Hymn—very incorrectly, for it is not Portuguese. Now the

tune of "There is a Happy Land" is said to be a Hindu palanquin-bearers' song or chant. Is this the "heathen hymn" called for?

The South-Indian or Dravidian languages and literatures are rich in native hymns, sometimes startlingly like some of our Christian hymns. (See the writings of Bishop Caldwell and of his son, R. C. Caldwell.)
SILEX.

NEW JERSEY.

Words in English and German Language.

—Your correspondent may consult with profit "Structure of English Prose," by John G. R. McElroy, pp. 133, 134.
SIXTY-TWO.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Spider and the Bee.—I find this line in "The Fox," by Ben Jonson,

Sir Politick—Yes, sir; the *spider* and the *bee* oft-times suck from one flower.

Is there any earlier reference to this fable that is so extensively used by Swift in the "Battle of the Books"? [ED.]

COMMUNICATIONS.

Origin of Some Popular Sayings.—

In glancing over the pages of an old magazine I chanced upon an interesting article the title of which was, "Odd Phases in Some Popular Phrases." Among the many accounts of old saws which were given, I found the following to be the most entertaining. There are few persons, perhaps, who perfectly understand the phrase, "gone to pot," which is of Asiatic importation it is affirmed, and originated in this way: "A tailor, who lived near a cemetery in Samarcand, the birthplace and royal city of Timurleng or Timur the Great, had by his counter an earthen vessel into which he was accustomed to cast a pebble whenever a corpse was carried past, and by this means ascertained the number of daily interments." After a time the tailor, having paid the "debt of nature,"

and inquiries being made concerning him, the neighbors rather facetiously replied that he himself "had gone to pot," wittily intimating that the tailor, represented by a pebble, had at last come to occupy the earthen vessel.

A near relation to the above is this one, "kicked the bucket," which had its origin in the tradition that a wealthy but eccentric cooper "hung himself to a beam while standing on an inverted pail, which he then spurned from beneath him," thereby doing really what many a wretched being has done since figuratively.

The old saw "scraping an acquaintance," is considered classical. The Emperor Hadrian, whose reign my informant considers one of the happiest periods in Roman history, did, upon one occasion, enter the public bath, and recognized in an old soldier whom he saw scraping himself with a tile instead of a flesh-brush, a fellow-campaigner. "Pitying the necessity which compelled one who had fought so bravely in the defense of the 'S. P. Q. R.,' to use such a substitute, the Emperor ordered the veteran to be supplied all necessary toilet articles and a large sum of money." Of course, the story soon became known, and when Hadrian revisited the bath he found a number of old soldiers busily engaged applying tiles to the surface of their bodies. Understanding the hint, the Emperor wittily remarked, as he withdrew, "Scrape one another, gentlemen; you will not scrape acquaintance with me."

"In the nick of time" is an expression which arose from a custom in vogue many years ago. Accounts were kept by means of a "tally," which was composed of two sticks, one retained by the seller and the other retained by the purchaser. Whenever a business transaction took place corresponding notches were cut in the sticks.

"Just the cheese," which sounds so much like slang, is in reality Oriental. It means "just the thing." "Cheez being the Hindustane for the latter word."

"No great shakes" is an expression of opprobrium often used toward ill-conditioned persons. The belief was and is current that the character can be estimated by the manner of shaking hands, hence the

phrase, for the better illustration of which I append the following verse from "Ritson's Miscellanies."

"For the hand of the heart is the index, declaring
If well or if ill, how its master will stand;
I heed not the tongue of its friendship that's swearing,
I judge of a friend by the shake of his hand!"
E. D.

Legend of the Aspen-tree.

O mother, dear mother, pray tell me
Why quiver the Aspen-leaves so?
All the other green leaves in the forest
Are still when the winds cease to blow.

But the Aspen-tree's leaves ever quiver
As though smitten by autumn's chill rain,
And I think by their tremulous shiver
That the heart of the tree feelth pain.

Thus answer'd the mother appealed to,
"Come hither, my darling, to me;
And I'll tell you the sorrowful legend
Of the quivering Aspen-tree.

"Years ago when on Calvary's summit
For mankind our dear Master died,
That our souls might be cleansed in the flowing
Of blood from His spear-rended side.

"When He hung for three hours in agony,
Man's sin-fettered spirit to free,
The cross which had witnessed His suffering
Was formed of an Aspen-tree.

"Since that death which gave life to the world,
In the sunshine merry and bright;
In the warm, still air of a summer noon,
And the hush of the balmy night.

"Through all the successive ages,
So runneth the ancient lore,
The Aspen-leaves have quivered
And will quiver evermore."

E. DECROSSE.

Wigwam (Vol. iii, p. 238).—*Wigwam* as a name for a kind of shoe, is often called a *wigwam slipper*, or *wigwam moccasin*; meaning a moccasin to be worn in the wigwam. I have been told that the wigwam slipper was invented and first manufactured at Orono, Maine; as to the correctness of this statement I can say nothing.

EUSTIS.

NEW JERSEY.

Wickiup.—This word is very common in the Rocky Mountain region, and means

a booth, or an extemporized shelter, as of boughs. It belongs to the language of the Ute Indians. Dr. Weir Mitchell, in his novel, *Far in the Forest*, makes a Pennsylvania (!) woodsman say, "We can build a *wickiup*." It is just possible that *wickiup* may have become half-naturalized in Pennsylvania, but I much doubt it.

ELIAS.

NEW JERSEY.

Kangaroo (Vol. iii, p. 226).—Halderman's *Etymology*, p. 116, derives this word from the West Australian name *Kang-aranga*, a female kangaroo, literally "a carrier," because she carries her young in a pouch; *gang-ow*, to carry; South Australian *Kangariburka*, a bearer. I believe, however, that there is some question as to the correctness of this, or any other etymology thus far offered.

X X X X.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New Jersey Dialect Forms (Vol. iii, p. 225).—*Eyeeable*, in the sense of *comely*, is a word I have heard in Camden County.

TITUS.

NEW JERSEY.

Dialect Words.—In North Carolina, land which suddenly and unaccountably fails to produce crops is said to *french*; such land is *frenchy*. In Florida, the term *swampy hammock* (for a certain description of land), is sometimes abbreviated to *swam-mock*. (See Helen Harcourt's recent book on Florida.)

BALBUS.

NEW JERSEY.

New England Dialect Forms (Vol. iii, p. 255).—The plurals in *en* heard in New England includes *housen* for houses; *pullen*, for hens (Maine: found in Bunyan's *Holy War*, etc.). *Killick* or *Kellock*, for a small arbor, is common in New England; *Dresser* is heard in Massachusetts, to some extent, for cupboard. *Gear*, for *to harness*, is rare in New England, but common in Pennsylvania. *Wain*, for wagon, is heard in Western Massachusetts. *Thill* and *fill* for a wagon-shaft, are common in parts of New England; so is *hold-back*, in the sense indicated on page 255. *Winrow* or *wind-row*, is also a common New England term. *Gals* for girls, is common; so, locally, is

traipse; *hyper* (slang), for *hurry*, is very local but is heard; *Johnny-cake*, *hard-tack*, and *succotash* are common terms; *ornary* is unknown in New England, but is very common in Pennsylvania; *blatherskite*, *dabster*, and *gawke*, are common everywhere. *Tangle-foot*, *bender*, *sis*, *axed*, *chaw*, *jag*, are all common New England words. I never heard *disremember* or *snew* in the Yankee country. I have heard of *sad-irons* in New England. *Seep*, *seeping*, and *seepage*, for leakage through the earth, are terms much used by engineers on both sides of the Atlantic. *Banty* for *bantam*, is common in Massachusetts.

TOBIAS.

Think that Day, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 257).—This line seems to me to reflect the feeling of the *diem perdidit* of the Emperor Titus.

LOTUS.

"Notes on Words" (Vol. iii, p. 256).—"Seep" is a common Scotch word for the percolation of water. To "seep" potatoes in or to "let them seep" is to let the water drain off them when boiled before removing them finally from the fire. "Seep" is from the same root as *sip*, *sup*, *soup*, etc., and is onomatopoeic. "Sad" is another common Scotch word, especially applied to any soft or spongy substance that has become, or been made solid. By adding the affix *en* we make it a verb. Thus, in directing how to transplant a tree or shrub, we say—"be sure to 'sadden' the earth round its roots." "*Factor*," in Scotland, means an agent of any kind, but especially the agent on a nobleman's or great laird's estate, who, by the way, is often a greater, and not rarely, a richer man than his principal. He is often also called his "doer," and readers of Sir Walter Scott know the *double entente* implied in the latter epithet. Burns' "Twa Dogs" tells of the "Factor."

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New Jersey Dialect Forms (Vol. iii, p. 255).—I incline to think Mr. Lee is right in associating "*Gear*" with "*Graith*." The latter word is simply the German "*Gerath*," and in its wider sense means apparatus of any kind. "The

schooner was a tidy little thing * * * well set wi' gear" ("In Exchange for a Soul," by Mary Linskill). Thus in Scotland it designs a horse's harness, a coal-miner's tools, etc. When a miner is said to "lift his *grait*h," the meaning is that he has gone on the strike. Still we have (Jamieson) Icelandic and Danish *jeis*, a lance, arms. "*Gear*," in Scotland, means property of any kind save real estate, but especially money. I have already said that Lowland Scotch preserves many forms lost in modern English. The fact that the same holds in regard to our own colloquial speech helps to account for Scotchmen finding so many of what they regard as exclusively Scotch words in America.

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At Sixes and Sevens (Vol. iii, p. 254).—It strikes me that the most natural explanation of this phrase is overlooked in the article in your issue of September 28. We all know the predilection of our ancestral saw-makers for rhyme or jingle; indeed it is exemplified in more than one of the examples quoted, *e. g.*,

"All uneven like six and seven,"

and

"At odds and evens like sixes and sevens."

What more natural; then, than to say "uneven" (that is, at odds) "like six and seven."

The fact that six and seven are the only alternative numbers under the "teens" lends countenance to my suggestion.

J. H.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Song-Lore (Vol. iii, p. 274).—The same story under the title "The Naughty Boy" may be found in Hans Andersen's "Wonder Stories Told for Children."

W. W. R.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Transformation of Names (Vol. iii, pp. 71, 153, 262).—From Aurelius's *History of New Sweden* (Eng. trans., pp. 193, 194) I collect the following instances of changes from Swedish family names to anglicized

forms: Bengtsson to Bankson; Hulking to Fulling (Hulings?); Göstafsson to Justisson and Justis (Justice); Kyn to Keen (Kean?); Coln to Culen (Culin); Hesselius to Issilis; Colsberg to Colsbery (Colesberry); van Neman to Vanneman; Didricsson to Der-eckson; Cock to Cook and Cox; Hindricsson to Henderson; Marten (Swedish *a*) to Morton; Iwarson to Ivarson; Jocom to Yocum; Swan and Swanson to Swen and Swenson; Bonde to Boon; Jonasson to Jones; Hoppman to Hoffman; Wihler to Wheeler.

Gear (Vol. iii, p. 255).—This word is also used as a synonym for "fight." In Gloucester Co., N. J., I have often heard "gear him" used, meaning "fight him."

Jenny Kissed Me (Vol. iii, pp. 110, 238).—I have regretted these many years my responsibility for the error that Carlyle received a pension. It was Leigh Hunt who got the pension, £200, in 1847. He was at that time almost like a member of the Carlyle household; they had been deeply interested that he should obtain the pension, and when he entered with the happy news Mrs. Carlyle kissed him. The kiss and the verses (of course, never meant for publication) are surely creditable to the lady and the poet, and so characteristic of both that they do not appear to me doubtful. I read the story nearly forty years ago, I should say, in the *Richmond Examiner*, edited by my cousin, the late John Moncure Daniel, but cannot say whether the paper was responsible for the blunder about Carlyle.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NEW YORK CITY.

Gerrymandering (Vol. iii, pp. 232, 261).

From the *Nation*, September 26, 1889.

SIR:—Allow me to say to your correspondent, "A. I.," that in this State we are perfectly familiar with the performance called *gerrymandering* in the precise sense given to it by the "Encyclopædic Dictionary." Whatever may be the correct pronunciation of Mr. Gerry's name in the current derivative, the *g* is always pronounced like *j*. Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms" gives a con-

cise history of the word "gerrymander." Its pronunciation is doubtless a case of attraction brought about by the familiar abbreviation "Jerry" for Jeremiah. There is no occasion for taking our English cousins to task for mispronunciation in this case, though the alternative spelling is clearly without authority. Besides, we should not be too ready to cast stones at them for mispronouncing our proper names, as we sin quite frequently in respect to theirs.

C. W. SUPER.

OHIO, September, 1889.

[It is rash to affirm, but we apprehend that in New England, of which Elbridge Gerry was a native, gerrymandering is commonly and correctly pronounced with a hard *g*.—*Ed. Nation*.]

Dagobert and his Dogs.—In an old ballad occurs the following in the 13th couplet:

"Les chiens de Dagobert
Etaient de gale tout couverts :
Le grand saint Eloi,
Lui dit : 'O mon roi,
Pour les nettoyer
Faudrait les noyer,'
—Eh bien ! lui dit le roi
Va-t-en les noyer avec moi."

[ED.]

Whipping in.—Trevelyan says "Early History of Charles James Fox," chap. v. : "The ministers brought back from Paris those of their men who had anticipated the recess * * * and it was an allusion which Burke made in the course of the evening to the industry of the Treasury officials that first rendered the term 'whipping in' classical."

[ED.]

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 34, 59, 69, 79, 81, 118).—In a letter to T. L. Peacock, dated Ravenna, August 10, (?) 1821, Shelley writes:

"Lord Byron's establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all of these, except the horses walk about the

house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels."

[ED.]

Leading Apes (Vol. ii, p. 224.)—In Fielding's "Tom Thumb the Great," Act ii, Scene 4.

Hunc.—

"Oh! happy sound! henceforth let no one tell
That Huncamunca shall lead apes in hell."

[ED.]

Apple Jack (Vol. iii, p. 255).—Compare John Philips' "The Splendid Shilling."

"Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, *John Apple*, nor the down peach," etc.

Month's Mind (Vol. i, p. 245).—See Farquhar "The Recruiting Officer."

Cos.—"Wawns! I have a *month's mind* to go with him."

[ED.]

Damns with Faint Praise.—Bartlett in quoting this line of Pope's calls attention in a foot-note to P. Fletcher's "Purple Island," canto vii,

"When needs he must, yet faintly then he praises."

It may be well also to have in mind Wychesley's line, "The Plain Dealer," * * * "and libels everybody with dull praise."

[ED.]

Asturias.—In the article "Spain," Encyc. Brit., Philadelphia reprint, p. 309, *the Asturias occurs* once; *Asturias* without *the* once; on p. 310 *the Asturias* occurs twice. If R. G. B. will give me time I will send him examples without number of *the Asturias* in good English books.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

New Jersey Dialect (Vol. iii, pp. 255, 256).—Of the words cited by Mr. Lee the following can be compared with English provincialisms.

Dabster. Wright ("Provincial English Dictionary") gives "*Dabster*, a proficient. *North*."

Flürch. Wright has "*Flurch*, a great quantity. *North*."

Gawk. Wright has "*Gawk*, a fool *North*."

Quilers. Wright has "*Quoilers*, the breeching; or that part of a cart-horse's harness which is placed behind to enable him to hold back the cart, when going down hill. *Hampsh*."

Spoomin'. Wright gives "*Spoom, v.*, to go right before the wind without any sail. An old naval term."

Thill. "*Thill* (A. S.), a cart-shaft."

Traipsing. Wright has "*Traipse, v.*, to creep along, and *Trapes, v.*, to wander about. *Trapesing*, slow; listless. *North*." Poole gives in Stafford Dialect, "*Trapse*, to wander about."

In his "Glossary of the Dorset Dialect," (1886) Barnes has "*Dabster*, one skillful in a game or art;" and "*Trapes*, spoken of a woman, one who tramps about boldly through thick and thin, more heedful to make way than to be spotless." *To Trapes*, "She's always a *trapesen* about."

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Chatnauguan for November presents, among others, the following entertaining articles: "The Burial of Rome," by Rodolfo Lanciani, LL. D.; "The Politics which Made and Unmade Rome," by President C. K. Adams, LL. D.; "The Life of the Romans," by Principal James Donaldson, LL. D.; "The Story of Sejanus," by George Parsons Lathrop; "The Cause of Geographic Conditions," by Prof. N. S. Shaler; "Mental Philosophy," by John Habberton; "The Uses of Mathematics," by Prof. A. S. Hardy, Ph. D.; "Traits of Human Nature," by Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D.; "What shall the State do for me?" by Thomas B. Preston; "English Poets of To-Day," by Prof. W. M. Baskerville, A. M., Ph. D.; "English Politics and Society," by J. Rankin Towse; "The Story of No Man's Land," by John R. Spears; "Maria Mitchell," by Harriet Prescott Spofford; "The French Constitution," by Albert Shaw, Ph. D.; "How Postmasters are Made," by Fred. Perry Powers; "Electricity at the Paris Exposition," by Eugene Melchoir de Vogue; "In Armenian Villages," by Harriet G. Powers; "The Modern Thermometer," by Ernest Ingersoll; "Derzhavin's Ode to God," by Nathan Haskell Dole; the poetry of the number is by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen and H. T. Sudduth and the usual amount of space is devoted to C. L. S. C. matters and editorials.

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NOTES.

TARRING AND FEATHERING AS A PUNISHMENT.

(Vol. i, p. 222.)

The practice of inflicting the loathsome mode of punishment known as "tarring and feathering," is commonly attributed to the Americans, together with many other customs, which, being forgotten in the land of their birth, but retained to some degree in this country, have come to be stamped as "Americanisms." There is no way of determining the exact date at which this species of torture was invented for the suffering and humiliation of its victims, but we have ample evidence that it is an institution of very many years' standing being at least seven hundred years old.

We find in Rymer's "Fœdera," and in "Annales Rerum Anglicarum" of the old English historian Hovenden (time of Henry III)—the latter of whom is quoted by Hook in his "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury"—that the earliest known in-

stance in which this particular sort of punishment is recorded, occurs in Statute 1 of Richard I, 1189. It seems that the prudent Lion-heart, before embarking on the third crusade, laid down certain laws for the regulation of his fleet on its way to the Holy Land.

Among others, it was enacted, that "A robber who shall be convicted of theft shall have his head cropped after the manner of a champion, and boiling pitch shall be poured thereon, and then the feathers of a cushion shall be shaken out upon him, so that he may be known, and at the first land at which the ship shall touch, he shall be set on shore." From the minuteness with which the directions are given for the execution of this process, people have been led to suppose that the valiant Richard was the original deviser or reviver of this plan for reconstructing "Plato's man;" but it is wisely urged, if this be the fact, it seems singular that such a piece of barbarity should have taken its rise on so solemn an occasion as the preparation for a crusade.

In 1623, while in Spain, whither he had gone to accompany Lord Digby's embassy, and settle some dispute about the unlawful seizure of an English vessel, James Howell, the famous letter-writer, records the strange behavior of a man whom he calls "that boisterous Bishop of Halverstatt." This is doubtless a *nom de guerre*, but whoever he may have been, he at one time rented a place in Spain near which there were two monasteries of nuns and friars.

These establishments he entered, and having "caused divers feather beds to be ripped up, and all the feathers to be thrown into a great hall, the nuns and friars, with their bodies oiled and pitched, were thrust into their midst, and tumbled about among the feathers." It is not surprising to learn that for this act the people "presaged the bishop an ill death," which he richly deserved, if he had it.

Jesse, in his "Memorials of London" (2d S. ii, 373), records another case of tarring and feathering, which occurred in London in 1696, when the inhabitants of the Savoy (a hospital for poor persons) thus dealt with one who had presumed to enter the precinct to demand a debt from a per-

son who had taken sanctuary there. It is stated to have been their usual custom, and after the tarring and feathering process was completed, they carried the luckless bailiff in a wheelbarrow into the Strand and bound him fast to the May-pole.

As an instance of the prevalence with which Englishmen accepted the theory of an American origin for the practice of tarring and feathering, may be quoted the following remarks which were made at one of the "breakfasts" given by the poet Rogers. Sidney Smith was present, and the conversation had turned upon American birds. "My dear Rogers," said Smith, "if we were both in America we should be tarred and feathered, and, lovely as we are by nature, I should be an ostrich and you an emu."

As this was shortly after the American Revolution, it is possible that Smith was thinking of the "Notices to Tar and Feather" which were issued in America very freely and of which he probably saw and heard much.

There are, in King's book of "Wonderful Things," copies of the original hand-bills of the committee for tarring and feathering; they are of singular interest, both for the sake of their connection with the present subject, and because they were the earliest emanation of the spirit that led to England's losing her American colonies, and the consequent independence of the United States. The following are extracts from these hand-bills:

"To the Delaware Pilots.

"The regard we have for your character, and our Desire to promote your future Peace and Safety, are the Occasion of the [third] Address to you. [Then mentions the captain of the vessel they are to watch out for.] We know him well, and have calculated to a Gill and a Feather how much it will require to fit him for an American Exhibition; and we hope no one of your Body will behave so ill as to oblige us to clap him in the cart along Side of the Captain. The Ship Polly is an old *black ship*, and Captain Ayres is a *thick, chunky fellow*.

"as such Take Care to Avoid Them.

"Your Old Friends,

"Phila., Dec. 7, 1773. The Committee for Tarring & Feathering."

A few weeks before this a similar warning had been sent to Captain Ayres, then on his way from London to Philadelphia.

"Dear Sir:—We are informed that you have, imprudently, taken charge of a Quantity of Tea; which has been sent out by the India Company under the *Auspices of the Ministry*, as a Trial of American Virtue and Resolution. We have concluded to advise you—that, taking Time by the Forelock, you may stop short in your dangerous Errand. Secure you Ship against the Rafts of Combustible Matter which may be set on Fire and turned loose against her; and more than all this, that you may preserve your own Person, from the Pitch and Feathers that are prepared for you.

"We are nominated to a very disagreeable but necessary Service. To our Care are committed all offenders against the Rights of America, and hapless is he whose evil destiny has doomed him to suffer at our Hands. What think you, Captain, of a Halter around your neck, ten Gallons of liquid Tar decanted on your Pate, with the Feathers of a dozen wild Geese laid over that to enliven your Appearance? Only think seriously of this—and fly to the Place from whence you came—fly without Hesitation, without the Formality of a Protest—and above all, Captain Ayres, let us advise you to fly without the wild Geese Feathers.

"Your Friends to serve,

"Phila. Nov. 27, 1773. The Committee."

One of the Ancient German legends connected with the Freishütz, tells of an expedient of the tar-and-feather order to which a fowler and his wife resorted in order to cheat the Devil. The fiend was to return at the expiration of seven years, according to the usual custom, but he was not to claim the fowler's soul which had been promised to him, unless he could name the animal at which he desired him to fire.

The woman having daubed herself thoroughly with *molasses*, rolled over and over in a heap of feathers emptied from her best

bed for this purpose. Then she hopped and skipped about the field where her husband stood parleying with Old Nick. "There's a shot for you, fire away," said the Devil. "Of course I'll fire," said the Freishütz, "but our agreement is canceled unless you can tell me what kind of a bird it is." There was no help for it; the Devil had to own himself nonplussed, and off he fled with a whiff of brimstone which nearly suffocated the Freishütz and his good woman.

This was a very primitive process; but in the Norse tale of "Not a Pin to Choose between them," a wily butcher dips an old woman in a tar-barrel and rolls her about in a heap of feathers in the most approved fashion while she is in a sound sleep; and when she awakes, she is so dubious of her own identity, that she is in as great a perplexity as the Devil in the previous tale.

Thus we see that tarring and feathering is a practice known in the realm of fancy as well as in the rigid code of the lion-hearted King.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UMBRELLA.

The umbrella of our day—so lightly esteemed that fairly honest men take no care to return one that has been borrowed—is the last and youngest of a noble line which has a pedigree of venerable antiquity. It appears in the ancient sculptures of all the great kingdoms of the earth, and boasts of descent from the symbolical sunshades of Nineveh, Egypt, India, and China. Among these peoples it was typical of death, and dominion over life; an emblem of authority which conferred a gorgeous splendor on religious pomp, and inspired the beholders with awe.

The recent discoveries at Nineveh, whose results are shown in the bas-reliefs brought to England by Layard, and now in the British Museum, reveal the fact that the umbrella was generally carried over the Kings in times of peace and war. It was edged with tassels, and finished at the top with a flower ornament, while from the side depended a long piece of silk which protected the royal person from sun or scrutiny. From time immemorial to be allowed to carry a single umbrella was a considerable distinction in the East; and to this day, to be

"lord of many umbrellas" is synonymous with "sublime leadership."

The Mahratta princes who reigned at Poonah and Sattara, bore the title of "Ch'hatra pati,"—"Lord of the umbrella," which superb designation was probably the origin of the word "satrap," which Herodotus and early Greek writers apply to the Persian Governors. The King of Asia was proud to call himself "King of the White Elephant and Lord of the Twenty-four Umbrellas;" and we all recall the imposing character which his huge umbrella lends to the modern "Mikado" of Japan.

In the Kingdom of Siam, the use of the umbrella was permitted only to Europeans and native men of rank; those like ours, having only one round, were the least honorable and were used by most of the Mandarins; others, which had many rounds about the handle, as if several umbrellas fixed one upon the other, were for the King alone. Another sort called "Clots," having only one round, but hung with two or three painted cloths suspended from the edges, were granted by the King to the "Sanrats," or superior of the "Talapoins." The latter carry still another kind, made of palmetto-leaf, cut round and folded; the folds being tied with a thread near the stem which is crooked like our S, to form a handle, the whole affair presenting, one might imagine, much the appearance of an article which Dickens' lovers affectionately remember as a "Gamp."

The umbrella held a mysterious connection with the traditions of superstitious faiths. When, in the fifth incarnation of Vishnu, the god went down into hell, he bore in his hand the same implement that Jonas Hanway used to carry about the streets of George the Third's London, to the great scorn and rage of hackney coachmen. And Dionysius, on his journey to the nether regions, took with him a specimen of the same ingenious contrivance as that extended by a footman over the head of Dr. Shebbeare to ward off the rain and various missiles from that unfortunate man of letters while he stood in the pillory, in 1758 (an indulgence which was regarded as contempt of court, and brought rebuke and punishment upon those who permitted it).

In the painting and sculptures of Egypt we see Ethiopian princesses dashing along in their chariots with what looks like a modern umbrella, fixed to a tall staff so as to shelter the fair occupant.

From Egypt and the East the umbrella seems to have passed in to Greece. Pausanias and Hesychius report that at Alea, a city of Arcadia, a feast called "Scierra" was celebrated in honor of Bacchus, in which the statues of the rosy god was carried in procession, crowned with vine leaves, and placed upon an ornamental litter in which was situated a young girl, holding an umbrella over the image, to indicate the supremacy of the god.

In this use it was known as the "Skiadion," and figured likewise in the festival of the Panathenea, where beautiful Athenian maidens, richly attired, walked in procession to the Parthenon carrying these shades, one of which, shielded the image of Athena herself.

Aristophanes, in his comedy of the "Birds," introduced Prometheus "muffled up and covered with an umbrella," for fear that Jove may see him from above. The Romans, who received the umbrella from the Greeks—among whom in later times it had a secondary use as an article of luxury among the women—introduced it as a canopy in their judgment-halls. And when these were converted into places of worship, it became the baldacchino; thus elevating a piece of feminine vanity into a symbol of temporal dominion and ecclesiastical authority, from which the cardinal derives his scarlet broad-brimmed hat.

In the church of St. John Lateran, built by Constantine, the great altar is placed under a canopy, or shrine, enriched with precious stones, and supported on four columns of *verde-antique*, the architrave of which rests on fluted pillars of bronze gilt, cast by order of Augustus out of the prows of the galleys taken at Actium.

From this dignified and exalted use, the umbrella again degenerated into a mere protection against the sun. In the unroofed Roman theatres, it became the custom for women and effeminate men to protect their complexions from harm by holding up coverings made of skin or leather,

capable of being raised or lowered at pleasure.

Although prevalent in Italy at a very early date, and proved to have been in early use in England by drawings among the Harleian MSS. (which represents an Anglo-Saxon fop of high degree taking the air under an umbrella made with ribs, held over his head by his body-servant) the *general* use of the umbrella was deferred until the eighteenth century.

Up to that time, it must be remembered, the umbrella was used only as a significant symbol of authority, or as a protection against the *sun*, not as a shelter against *rain*; so that really, our modern parasol is of greater antiquity than the article now called an umbrella.

In the time of James I, the majority of women, as well as men, scorned to screen themselves from the inclemencies of the weather by carrying the absurd little contrivance "made of leather, and hooped inside with divers little modern hoops and costing sometimes as much as a ducat," which Thomas Coryat, in his "*Crudities*," ridicules as an evidence of Italian frivolity. And some learned physician also discouraged their use as sun-shades, by announcing that their tendency to "gather heat into a pyramidal point from which it was cast perpendicularly upon the head," rendered their use dangerous.

Like the table-fork, however, the umbrella found its advocates as well as its enemies in London, and those who did not fear to urge that it was not impious for a hungry Christian to put pieces of meat into his mouth with a pair of steel prongs, were also bold enough to raise their voices in behalf of the new implement for preserving complexions and fine feathers, and it grew both in favor and fashion under the first two Stuarts.

Frequent mention of its use is found in the poets and other writers of that time. Drayton, in 1620, describes it as "able to shield you in all sorts of weather," and Beaumont and Fletcher alluded to it in "*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*," in the lines, "an umbrella to keep the scorching world's opinion from your fair credit." Every family of importance possessed at

least one, to use in bad weather in handing a lady to her carriage; and every parish at a later date owned a huge one seven feet high and opening to a diameter of five feet, which the sexton carried into the churchyard and set into the ground to serve as a protection to the clergyman officiating at a burial.

The eighteenth century had half elapsed before the umbrella came into such general use that it was no longer regarded as a curiosity. Wolf, writing from Paris in 1752, speaks of them and wonders why "a practice so useful" is not introduced into England, "where there are such frequent showers." Shortly after this, in 1786, a man was found, who, having just returned from the East, and being in delicate health, did have the moral courage to appear in the streets of London with one. We are told, "a parapluie defeated Mr. Hanway's face and wig." Like many other social reformers who garner to their own fame the fruit of earlier labors, Jonas Hanway has gained the popular credit of having been not only the first to carry an umbrella, but the very inventor of the article. It is quite true that Hanway was a great philanthropist and benefactor of his race—the Magdeline Hospital, of London, will bear witness to that fact—but he was not the inventor of the umbrella, nor was he the first to carry one, although undoubtedly among the first.

Each large town of England retains a memory of the first umbrella seen in its streets. In Edinburgh it was a popular physician named Spens, and in Glasgow Mr. John Jameson, surgeon, who, in 1782, brought one home with him from Paris, who thus proved themselves "men of nerve" in every sense. When John Macdonald, the biographer and footman, ventured to appear in London in 1770 with "a fine silk umbrella newly brought from Spain," he was greeted with the derisive shouts, "Frenchman, why don't you call a coach?"—and none but the dainty macaronies of the day dared to use the article quite freely.

In the last century umbrellas were made of oiled silk, as Swift has shown, in the lines: "Streams run down her oiled um-

rella's sides;" and Gay's "Trivia:" "Underneath the umbrella's oily shed." They were very heavy and clumsy, and were only carried under the most urgent circumstances.

The history of the umbrella might fill volumes if we were to trace it in all its stages from the "umbrella" of Pollux, to the "munimen ad imbres" of Virgil, the "scortea" of Martial, to the exquisite articles of the present age. The greatest amount of ingenuity has been expended in adding to, and improving, the modern umbrella. Whoever wishes, may now have his hands warmed by "Smith's sockets for umbrella handles;" three varieties of pipe-stick, "to be used as a walking-stick or umbrella" have been devised for the happiness of smokers; the sportsman who enjoys shooting wild birds may be also armed against the vagaries of a capricious climate by having an umbrella-attachment to a needle gun-case.

Nervous and elderly matrons may have a curtain-attachment, which, when adjusted, gives the tented bearer the appearance of an animated post-pillar. The most perfect article would combine all these conveniences; and we have nearly attained to such completeness in the walking-staff of Henry Van Kleef, so constructed as to contain "a pistol, powder, ball and screw telescope, pen, ink, paper, knife, and drawing utensils." It has been suggested, that if to these conveniences could be added "a warmed handle, furnished with a sun-dial, and fitted with a waterproof canopy having a circular curtain and six handsome windows," the proprietor of such an umbrella would be enabled to walk to and fro between the city and his suburban residence with an agreeable sense of security.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

(Vol. i, p. 150.)

In the library of a friend I came across an old book bearing the date 1687, entitled "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom." The work is in old English Black Letter, and, I presume, a book of some rarity. The "Seven Cham-

pions," as the title-page further recites, are "St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St. David of Wales—Showing their Honourable Battels by Sea and Land: Their tilts, justs, Tournaments for Ladies; Their Combats with Gyants, Monsters, and Dragons: Their Adventures in Foreign Nations: Their Enchantments in the Holy Land: Their Knight-hoods, Prowess, and Chivalry, in Europe, Africa and Asia, with their victories against the Enemies of Christ. Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being seven Tragedies: and how they came to be the seven saints of Christendom."

This book is in two parts, the author, Richard Johnson, who dedicates to "The Right Honourable the Lord William Howard."

The first knight mentioned is St. George, and as the legend is somewhat different than the one that appeared in *NOTES AND QUERIES*, Vol. i, p. 150, and entirely new to me, I make liberal quotations from the work, the story opens as follows:

"After the angry Greeks had ruined the chief city of Phrygia and turned King Priam's glorious buildings to a waste and desolate wilderness, Duke Æneas exempted from his native habitation with many of his distressed countrymen (Pilgrims) wandered the world to find some happy region, where they might erect the Image of their beloved Troy; but before the labor could be accomplished Æneas ended his days in the confines of Italy, and left his son, Afcanius, to govern in his stead. Afcanius dying left Silvius to rule; Silvius deceasing left the noble and adventurous Brutus; which Brute (being the fourth descent from Æneas) first made conquest of this Land of Britain then inhabited with Monsters, Gyants, and a kind of wild people without government, but by policy he overcame them, and established good Laws; where he founded the first foundation of Troy, and named it Troynovant, but since the process of time called London." The story then goes on to tell how England was divided into shires, counties and cities built. One of the latter "Coventry became famous as

the place where the first Christian of England was born, and the first that ever fought for Foreign Adventures, whose name to this day all Europe hath in high regard, and for his bold and magnanimous deeds at arms, gave him the title of the Valiant Knight St. George of England."

The account then says that St. George was brought into the world by the Cæsarean process, and that "over his heart nature had punctured the lively form of a dragon, upon his right hand a blood-red cross, and on his left leg a golden garter." A few days after his birth he was stolen by the Enchantress Kalyb, and his father for many months sought for him, finally dying in Bohemia. The Enchantress, so the story says, held him a prisoner for fourteen years, in a cave in a woods, having fallen in love with him. Finding that he would not return her love, she revealed his history in the following language: "'You, Sir Knight, are the son of Lord Albert, high steward of England, and from thy birth to this day I have kept you as my child, within this cave in this solitary woods;' then taking him by the hand she led him into the Brazen Castle, wherein remained as prisoners six of the bravest Knights of the world. Then leading him a little further, she brought him into a large fair room, where stood seven of the goodliest steeds that ever eye beheld, 'six of these,' said she, 'belong to the six champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee whose name is Bayard,' likewise she led him to another room, where hung the richest armor in the world, so choosing out the strongest corslet from her armory, she, with her own hands, buckled it about his heart, laced on his helmet and attired him with a rich caparison, then fetching forth a mighty Falchion, she put it likewise in his hand. 'Thy armor is of the purest Lydian steel, that neither weapon can pierce, nor Battel-ax bruise, thy sword, which is called Alcalon, is made of the Cyclops.' The Enchantress bestowed the riches of her cave upon him, and gave him power and authority through a silver wand, which she put in his hands, to work her own destruction, for coming by a huge great rock of stone, this Valiant Knight strook his charmed rod thereon; whereupon it opened, and

shewed apparently before his eyes a number of suckling babes, which the Enchantress had murdered by her witchcraft and sorceries. Said she, 'Oh! this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but the groans of dead men's souls; but if thy ears can endure to hear them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way.' She then boldly stepped in before, little doubting the pretended policy of St. George, and was deceived in her own practice, for no sooner entered she the Rock but he strook his silver wand thereon and immediately it closed. Thus the noble Knight deceived the wicked Enchantress Kalyb, and set the other Champions at Liberty."

The account then recites the many adventures of St. George in various parts of the world, and of his death. He had been for many years absent from England, and decided to visit his home, Coventry, while on the way and crossing Dunboyne Heath, he had his famous encounter with the Dragon, which he slew, but not before it had fatally stung him, so that he died in the arms of his sons on the 23d of April.

As I have said, this is the first time I ever came across this version of St. George, the general and accepted accounts credits him with being St. George of Cappadocia, and that he was beheaded by Drocletian.

THOS. LOUIS OGIER.

WEST CHESTER, PA.

DIALECT FORMS (NEW YORK).

See Vol. iii, pp. 255.—In his "Sketches of Upper Canada, etc." (1821), Howison gives much that is of interest to philologists. From it I have extracted the following words and expressions, the most of which, according to Howison, were in use in the region about Auburn, the others in various parts of New York State.

Abbs and ebbs. "I fear that the little *shaver* (child) is *troubling on* you, sir. Not at all, ma'am, pretty considerable of a boy, I guess. Yes, sir, only three years old, and knows his letters. He was in the *abbs and ebbs* last week. He must be *awfully smart*." (p. 294.)

Agen. "Drowned at the ferry over *agen*

Lewiston. (p. 283.) "Don't put your feet *agen* my trunk." (p. 306.)

Blow up. "An't you from Canada, lately, mister? I *conclude* to go there very soon, and hope to see you; and if I can *rip out* your quarters, I'll give you a d—d *blow up*." (294.)

Can't. "You *can't* give me a seat on the stage? Yes, *mistress*, I guess I can." (p. 306.)

Cip. "Take some beef, 'Squire. No, I guess not, I don't feel much like eating to-night. 'Squire, is your *cip* out? It will be so right off, ma'am." (294.)

Cleared out. "But where's Bill?" "Cleared out, I guess." "What an *al-mighty* shame." (276.)

Conclude (=intend). See quotation under "*Blow up*."

Flying glass. "Having called for wine, the whole party drank it off as fast as possible, without either sitting down or taking off their hats. This is called a *flying glass*." (317.)

Helps. "The superintendent [of a cotton manufactory] * * * informed me * * * that he found no difficulty whatever in getting laborers, or, as he delicately termed them, *helps*." (304.)

Howsomever. "*Howsomever*, De Witt Clinton has done a great deal of good." (301.)

Idear. "I know that's the general *idear* in Britain." (300.)

Jump. "No I dined *at ful' jump*, and went right off in the stage, which carried me *slick* to this place." (294.)

Mistress. See quotation under *Can't*. The person addressed is "a female." (306.)

Raft. "I never feel so *spry* as when I've got a good *raft* of tea aboard of me." (294.) "There's a *raft* of folks inside to-day." (306.)

Raise. "I've been sick on this road this fortnight. Dr. S— *raised* me last week, he's a dreadful clever man, and said if I didn't begin *taking on* wine, I would never get *smart*." (306.)

Rip out (=find). See quotation under "*Blow up*."

Shaver. (=child). See quotation under *Abbs and ebbs*.

Slick. "'Will that *raise* me *slick*?' said the woman." (197.) See also quotation under *Jump*. *Slick* (=soon, immediately).

Smart. See quotation under *Raise*.

Taking on. See quotation under *Raise*.

Tigger. "Although I drive the mail," said he, "I guess I'm not obliged to, for I have a farm where I can take my ease, and *tigger about* independent of any one." (281.)

Troubling on. See quotation under *Abbs and ebbs*.

It would be valuable as well as of interest if some New Yorkers would tell us if these words and expressions (noted by Howson in 1821) still exist, or have died out.

Abbs and ebbs is not cited by Bartlett (1877). *Agen* occurs in Stafford, and other English Dialects. *Can't* in this peculiar sense is not cited. I have heard it a few times in Ontario. *Cip* is not in Bartlett. *Blow up* is in Bartlett as a verb but not as a noun (=blowing up). *Flying glass* is not cited by Bartlett. *Help* is given as applied to factory hands in New England (Bartlett). The inserted *r* in *Idear* is often heard in the eastern part of the United States. *Howsomever* is in Wright's "Provincial English Dictionary." *At full jump* is not in Bartlett. *Mistress* with the *tr* sounded in the sense of the ordinary *Mrs.* is Scotch. *Raise*, *Rip out* are not in Bartlett. The curious word *tigger* is not recorded by Bartlett, nor does it appear in Wright.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

QUERIES.

Knights Templar or Knights Templars.—Almost every text-book on English grammar, with perhaps the single exception of Brown's, gives the plural form of *Knights Templar* as *Knights Templars*. Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* also uses the same form. In the grammars the form is given as an exception to the rule that in names consisting of two words the principal one only is pluralized, but no reason is assigned for making it an exception. On the other hand, the Knights themselves, and almost every newspaper use *Knights Templar* as the plural form. The New York *Sun*, which prides itself on the purity of its lan-

guage, has recently used both forms indiscriminately—*Knights Templar* one day, and *Knights Templars* the next. Can any one tell me by what authority the grammarians make the term an exception to the general rule.

D. W. NEAD.

HARRISBURG, October 11.

In French the one word *Templiers* is used to express what we, in English, call "Knights Templar," perhaps the variation from the rule has been due to this French influence.

Ghost Stories.—Can you give me the names of a good collection of ghost stories?

E. J. M.

UTICA, N. Y.

Messrs. Porter & Coates of this city have kindly furnished the following list: "Weird Tales from Various Sources," 5 vols., Hoffman's "Weird Tales," 2 vols., "Little Classics," vol. "Intellect."

In the Beauty, etc.—Who is the author, and where found the lines:

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,
With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and
me"?

CURIOUS.

BALTIMORE, MD.

In the "Battle Hymn of the Republic,"
by Julia Ward Howe.

Gilderoy's Kite.—Will you please propound this query in your journal, as I have been unable to find its answer in any of the many books of reference, such as Brewer's Handbook, etc.

What is the origin of the expression "as high as Gilderoy's Kite"?

ALBERT YOUNG.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

To be "hung higher than Gilderoy's kite" means to be punished more severely than the very worst of criminals. "The greater the crime the higher the gallows" was at one time a practical legal axiom. Haman, it will be remembered, was hanged on a very high gallows. The gallows of Montrose was thirty feet high. The ballad says:

"Of Gilderoy sae fraid they ware,
They bound him mickle strong,
Tull Edenburrow they led him thair,
And on a gallows hong;
They hong him high abone the rest,
He was so trim a boy."

They "hong him high abone the rest," because his crimes were deemed to be more heinous. So high he hung, he looked like "a kite in the air."

Taube.—In an old German book of travels I find occasional mention of Stofal Taube, who seems to have been connected with early exploration. Can any reader inform me where I can find some account of him?

W. P. A.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Frederick Wilhelm von Taube was born in London in 1724 and died in Vienna in 1778. He traveled extensively in Europe, Africa, and America, after which he returned to Hanover and embraced the profession of the law (1749). In 1754 he became a Catholic and entered into the administration at Vienna. This seems to be the person inquired for. See Larousse Dict. *sub voce*.

Cowper's Lace-Knitter.—Many are familiar with the picture of Cowper's lace-knitter in this passage of his poem, Truth:

"Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and hobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the live-long day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light."

It will be remembered that the poet compares her condition with that of the wit Voltaire, to the serious disadvantage of the brilliant Frenchman.

Was the woman ever located, and if so, where? I have heard, somewhere, a story that the original of the allusion came to this country, settled at Salem, N. J., and that a daughter or other descendant still lives there and follows the same occupation. Is there any foundation for the story? If so, would you be kind enough to give me the facts.

ELLWOOD ROBERTS.

NORRISTOWN, PA.

The following interesting letter written in a remarkably clear hand answers, I think, all the points in your query :

"SIR,—A letter came to me asking whether there was a woman and her daughter living in Salem now that knew anything about Cowper the poet. There is, and I am the woman. I was born and grew up in Olney, Buckinghamshire, England, married there and lived there until we had nine children. Then we came to America, to Salem, N. J., in June, 1884, settled at Salem and have been here ever since ; but my husband has been dead eight years, and I have only one son now living in Salem. I never knew the poet Cowper, for he died when I was two years old, but my father knew him well, for he was a near neighbor and passed our house almost daily. All his writings were written there and I know the occasion of his writing about the poor lace-worker.

"Cowper's garden was inclosed from the public road by a tall brick wall, so that, standing on the ground you could not see over the wall. Some poor lace-makers lived on the other side of the street and in hot days often sat outside their door near together and sang a hymn.

"Cowper could not see them over his garden wall, but it was such a solace to his melancholy mind to hear them singing one of his hymns :

" 'Oh! for a closer walk with God,' etc.

" MRS. HANNAH WHEELER."

A correspondent from Salem writes :

"Mrs. Wheeler [the writer of the above-quoted letter], nearly ninety-two years of age, is so active as to be seen on the streets almost daily. She is herself a lace-maker, and I have often seen her handling the bobbins and heard her quote Cowper's lines. * * * The local flavor of Olney so possesses her that she has a sense of ownership in all that pertains to Cowper."

REPLIES.

Sheeny (Vol. i, p. 283; Vol. ii, p. 285).—A correspondent sends us the following from the *New York Sun*: As to the origin

of the word "Sheeny," the following is verbose, but it is correct: As a result of the kindness shown to them by the nations among whom they lived during the Middle Ages the Jews, out of love for their neighbors, came to use as a benediction, salutation, valediction, malediction, whatever you may choose to call it, the fervent wish, *Misah Meshina!* Anglice: "Mayest thou die one of the five judicial deaths!" Thus, a German baron pulling out the rabbi's beard was prayed for by the whole congregation that he might take a *Misah Meshina*. The use of this curse became common, to the extent that it was used on the slightest provocation, and the English, catching the terminal sound from the same class of people, constantly used it, or its corruption Sheeny, to designate them in slang phrase. The time when this was done was perhaps about when the term "gonoph" (thief), was incorporated into the thieves' jargon.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portala's Cross.—I seek through the columns of your valuable magazine, an explanation of the underlined words in the following quotation from "The Angelus," by Brete Harte:

"Once more I see *Portala's Cross* uplifting
Above the setting sun."

Any information on this matter will greatly oblige
A. L. W.
NEWTON, MASS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Asturias (Vol. iii, p. 273).—Asturias is a plural noun, and as such is strictly entitled to have a *the* before it. The *Asturia* of *Oviedo* lies in the west, the *Asturia* of *San-tillana* in the east of the country. It is, however, often printed without the *the*; and so are Tyrol, Epirus, Piræur, etc. I have often seen it printed with *the*; oftener without.

Consult the *Nouvelle Dictionnaire* of

Vivien de St. Martin. See art. "Spain," in
Encyc. Brit. *passim*. SYNTAX.
NEW JERSEY.

The Three Rogues (Vol. iii, p. 275).—

In the good old colony times,
When we lived under the king,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps
Because they could not sing.

Now the first he was a weaver,
And the second he was a miller,
And the third he was a little tailor-boy
Who kept these three rogues warm.

For the miller he stole corn,
And the weaver he stole yarn,
And the little tailor-boy he stole broadcloth
For to keep these three rogues warm.

Now the miller was drown'd in his dam,
And the weaver was hung in his yarn,
And the devil clapped his claw on the little tailor-boy,
With the broadcloth under his arm.

M. N. R.

LANCASTER, PA.

Gringo (Vol. iii, pp. 248, 275).—Echegary (Dicc. Etim. Esp.) has: "*Gringo*, voz usada familiarmente. Vale tanto como *griego* en esta frase: *Hablar en griego*, hacerlo en un lengriaje ininteligible." (*Gringo*, a word used familiarly. Signifies about the same as *griego* in this phrase: *Hablar en griego*, to talk in an unintelligible language or jargon). This may possibly be the origin of the name *Gringos*.

A. F. CHAMBERLAIN.

TORONTO, ONT.

Wickiup (Vol. iii, p. 285).—The word *wickiup* is used not only by the Pahutah Indians but also by all the Indian tribes of Oregon and Washington, of which I have any personal knowledge. It is, however, more frequently heard east of the Cascade Range than west of it, and, like *icta*, has been transplanted into the vocabulary of the frontiersman. I am rather inclined to believe that the word is one of comparatively recent coinage, and though perhaps of Indian origin, does not belong to any particular tribal tongue.

J. W. REDWAY.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

College Slang. (Princeton).—Mr. Edward Evans, of Trenton, has compiled the following list of slang words in use in Princeton College.

Boot-lick—To pay court to a professor for the purpose of obtaining standing in class.

Crib—A "sit up" or "joker." Examination notes written on paper, on cuffs, or the like, as "aids to reflection."

Fired—Expelled from college for offenses committed.

Horse—Pony—An English translation of some Greek or Roman author.

Hot stuff—Good material for an essay or the like.

Horse, to play—To fritter away time on the campus or in the school-room.

Honey man—A retort equivalent to the phrase "you're another." Students say to a story, "That's a honey man."

Fly High—To do well.

Keener—A bright student.

Get sewed up—To be used up in recitation.

Poll, to—To study with uncommon diligence, from "poll" the head.

Bone, to—Equivalent to poll.

Trot—A Pony, used by analogy.

Trot, to—To use the translation.

Tear, to make a—To distinguish one's self in class rooms.

F. B. L.

Womanless Islands and the Island of Women (Vol. iii, pp. 205, 217, 275).—A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* some months ago described a visit to an island that he is inclined to identify with Marco Polo's "Island of Females."

This is Minicoy, a tiny island about five miles square, lying in the Indian Ocean between the Laccadive and Maldive groups, and about two hundred and fifty miles west of the southern point of Hindostan. Here the women are the controlling power. They own the houses and assume the headship of the family; they are organized into associations for the public good separately from the men, and "take the lead in almost everything except navigation."

The men remain upon the island only for three or four months of each year, and this,

the writer thinks, corresponds fairly well with Marco Polo's account of the time during which the men tarried on the "Female Island," but he can explain the Venetian traveler's statement that there was a special island for the males, only by the suggestion that the Minicoy men of that day were absent, as the men of to-day are gone, for seven or eight months of each year on trading voyages to other islands; the hearsay report of this long absence becoming confused into the account of their occupying a separate island during the time. Between other particulars of Messer Marco's description—which he examines in detail—and the existing state of things, he finds less discrepancy and considers that on the whole the balance of probability inclines to the view that Minicoy is the long unidentified "Island of Women."

In connection with the long list of islands whence women have been excluded, another place deserves mention because, though not now an island, it was once made one artificially, and because the ban still remains as stringent as ever.

This is the Peninsula of Mount Athos, in Turkey, a strip of land about forty miles long by four in width, which Xerxes converted into an island by cutting a ship canal across its neck—as described by Heroditus (vii, 22, *seq.*)—along a channel that can still be traced. Although Heroditus calls Athos "A great and famous mountain *inhabited by men*," he can scarcely mean by men only, since there were five towns in the district when it was severed from the mainland. For centuries, however, the peninsula has been entirely given up to hermits and monks, mention of its "holy men" occurring as early as A. D. 885. There are now nearly a thousand churches and oratories for the use of about three thousand men, but no woman has for ages set foot upon any part of the peninsula, and the rule of female exclusion is enforced even against the lower animals.

In view of this ban it is a little amusing to find that the earliest mention of Athos records the visit thither of a female, albeit a goddess. Homer (Il. xiv, 274) describes Hera as pausing there during her flight from Olympus, when

"from Athos, suddenly,
She stooped upon the tossing deep and came
To Lemnos, seat of Thoas the divine."

M. C. S.

NEW YORK CITY.

Rotten Row (Vol. iii, p. 157).—In "Walks in London" Mr. Hare gives certain facts to support his derivation from "Route du Roi" of the name of London's most aristocratic ride, reserved for equestrians. He says, "The old royal route from the palace of the Plantagenet Kings at Westminster to the royal hunting forests was by what are now called 'Birdcage Walk,' 'Constitution Hill' and 'Rotten Row,' and this road was kept sacred to royalty, the only person allowed to use it being (from its association with the hunting grounds) the Grand Falconer of England. This privilege exists still, and every year the Duke of St. Albans, as Hereditary Grand Falconer, keeps up his rights by *driving* once down Rotten Row." This usage does not prove that a part of the route sequestered for royalty may not have had an earlier occupation as a muster ground, or Rotteran Row, and thus gained its name; or, on the other hand, the corruption of Route du Roi into Rotten Row may have been easier from the fact that Rotten Rows existed elsewhere.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

So-long.—(Vol ii, p. 48; Vol. iii, p. 210).—The London *Athenæum* says: Thirty years ago, in the west of Scotland, "so long" was the ordinary phrase used as the equivalent of *au revoir* among old-fashioned people at least. I have heard it in the same quarter, but rarely within the last ten years.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The Green Bag for October contains an admirable portrait of Attorney-General Miller and the usual number of bright, chatty articles, with a distinctly legal flavor.

Poet-Lore for October is more than usually readable. Dr. Role, in the Study, offers a practical article on methods of study for Shakespeare classes. A curious and interesting paper is Shakespeare in Japan, by Emil Hausknecht, translated by Mary Harned.

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NOTES.

THE EXPRESSION, "IT'S A FAR CRY TO LOCH AWE."

This phrase, which is Scotch, as the name implies, is used to express the hopelessness of assistance in distress.

The beautiful lake, Loch Awe, is situated in the county of Argyleshire in the N. W. part of Scotland. From time immemorial that part of the country has been in possession of the Lords of Argyle, who trace their ancestry through a long line of Celtic chieftains to King Arthur (some say the family is of Anglo-Norman origin). The first records of it note that they held possession in Argyle and Ayrshire in the thirteenth century. Next to the county of Inverness, Argyle is the largest county in Scotland, and is still principally owned by the Clan Campbell, who have ever been identified with the history and fortunes of Scotland. The eighth and ninth Earls of Argyle were beheaded by Charles II, 1661–1685, the former most treacherously. As chieftains

they have been generally beloved by their people, and in the world of literature and politics have always held a high position independent of their rank. The son of the present Duke, the Marquis of Lorne, is married to Queen Victoria's daughter, Louise. The stain of the massacre of Glencoe rests on the name of Campbell, though shared by King William.

Loch Awe is noted for its fine scenery and good fishing, and in it is the little island of Ardhonnel, "with its sturdy little castle, where the great Campbells lived long ago." Hamerton, in his *A Painter's Camp*, gives the legend of the place.

"Ardhonnel is an exquisite little island. There is just room enough upon it for the narrow stronghold and no more. In the trees there dwells a colony of rooks, and in the ivy an owl. These are the only garrison of the fortress of Argyle.

"Long ago, when Ardhonnel was a strong fortress * * * like a ship of war anchored forever in an inland sea, the sentinel pacing the battlement fancied he heard a faint cry from the mountains. He looked in the direction of Loch Avich, then, hearing nothing more, resumed his beat. An hour later he heard the cry again, nearer and clearer, and with a comrade, he rowed vigorously across the lake. Just as their boat scraped the pebbles of the bank of the river Avich, a party of men came rushing toward the copse as hunters on their prey. Out of the copse rushed a beautiful woman in the garb of a chieftain's wife, who leaped into the boat, falling down exhausted. The rowers pushed off instantly, and the pursuers reached the shore too late. She was saved. 'Tis a far cry to Loch Awe,' said the sentinel who had saved her.

"She was the wife of McDougall of Lorne, fleeing from a cruel husband, and on first seeing her father's castle in the far distance she had cried for help as her pursuers gained upon her. The people wondered, thinking no earthly power had brought the cry so far. They said to one another, 'Far is the cry to Loch Awe.'

"The lady's brother, being in Egypt on his way to the Holy War, was surrounded by Saracens, and called for help. But one of his companions sarcastically quoted the

common saying, 'Far is the cry to Loch Awe.'

"And another chief of the Campbells, in battle in the North of Scotland, told his men how they had to rely on themselves alone, for, said he, 'Tis a far cry to Loch Awe, and far help from Cruachen!'

"So the saying passed into a proverb and became the watchword of the Clan Campbell."

It ultimately was used to signify the enormous breadth of the Campbell possession, as any challenge from an enemy could not reach them, Loch Awe and the adjacent district forming the original seat of the Campbells.

Reference is made to the proverb in Scott's *Rob Roy* and in the *Legend of Montrose*. Also in "The Life of Chas. Kingsley," ii, p. 139.

WHY THE THISTLE IS THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND.

The circumstances under which this "prickly weed" became the national emblem of the Scottish nation are involved in much obscurity. The following explanation, however, is recorded in the annals of poetical and fanciful tradition. It is said that Queen Scotia (that daughter of Pharaoh who married Gatherus, and from whom the Scots, when asked to resign it as a fief of England to Edward I, claimed to have received their country) on one occasion, retired to a meadow to rest, after the fatigues of a long and well-fought fight; she cast herself upon the ground, but unluckily the very spot selected for her repose was already occupied by a bunch of flourishing thistles.

It is a well-known aphorism, that "he that sitteth on nettles riseth up quickly," and Queen Scotia, bruised by the sharp spines, made haste to arise, and angrily tore the thistle up by the roots. Her first impulse was to cast it from her, with an observation whose masculine freedom of expression consoled well with her Amazonian costume; but on second thought it occurred to her that it would be a sweeter revenge to make the thorny plant the emblem of her recent victory; she, therefore, placed it in her helmet,

and it became, from that hour, the badge of her dynasty.

But according to the commonly accepted legend of the thistle's adoption as the national flower of Scotland, it was in consequence of an incident which occurred at the battle of Largs. In the year 1100, during the reign of Malcolm I, the country was subjected to frequent invasions of the Danes. On one occasion they made a descent upon Aberdeenshire with the intent to assault Staines Castle; and, contrary to their usual custom—for they deemed it cowardly and dishonorable to assail a sleeping foe—the attack took place at midnight. They advanced cautiously, taking off their shoes that no sound might betray their approach; and their hearts beat high with the anticipation of certain victory. They had but to swim the moat; scale the castle walls; and the citadel was theirs. But just at the critical moment a cry of pain broke from one of those who were the first to enter the moat, which, instead of being filled with water, had dried up, and given place to a thick growth of sharp thistles. The noise awoke the slumbering Scots, who rushed out upon the enemy and put them to flight; and in grateful remembrance of its timely warning, the despised and lowly weed was elevated to the first place in the flora of Scotland.

“Sharp little soldiers, trusty and true,
Side by side in good order due,
Arms straight down, and heads forward set,
And saucily-pointed bayonet.”

(In this instance the thistle deserves to be classed with the consecrated geese that saved Rome and the wrens of Donegal.) The motto adopted to accompany the thistle accords well with its bristling leaves, *Nemo me impune lacessit*, or, as it is rendered in the homely Scotch, *Wha daur meddle wi me?*

The historical accounts of this attack are very meagre, and many writers are inclined to reject the story as altogether legendary; but, as Lady Wilkinson says in her “Weeds and Wild Flowers,” in default of all other credible testimony, there can be no good reason for scouting this theory. Petra Saneta calls the thistle of Scotland “the oldest device on record;” but attributes it to the time when an alliance was made between King Achaius

and the Emperor Charles the Great. On the altar-piece in Holyrood Palace, which was painted during the reign of James III, the thistle appears in the tapestry, behind the kneeling figure of Queen Margaret. The date of this painting has been fixed by antiquarians as not later than 1485. In an inventory of the effects of James III mention is made of a covering “browdin with thissillis,” he having probably adopted it as an appropriate illustration of the royal motto “In defense”—if it is not to be admitted on other grounds.

The appearance of this thistle on the coinage of Scotland is now thought to date from this same reign, it having been recently determined that the silver groats commonly attributed to the time of James V really belong to that of James III, and, if this supposition be correct, it affords the earliest instance of its adoption for this purpose. Seton, in his works on Heraldry, gives Mary's reign as the date for its first appearance on the Great Seal, and after the accession of James VI to the English throne it was united with the rose. The thistle has also given its title to a famous Scotch order of Knighthood said to be of great antiquity. It was revived by James V, in 1540 again, by James VII (II of England), in 1687, (whose patent for its institution never passed the Great Seal), and a third time in 1703, by Queen Anne, who increased the number of Knights to twelve, and established the order on a permanent footing.

It was this which gave rise to Pope's ridicule in the pastoral on Spring (a parody on Virgil's Eclogue, iii):

“Tell me—in what more happy fields
The thistle springs to which the lily yields?”

the Duke of Marlborough having made the Lily of France submit to the Thistle of Great Britain.

A collar of thistles appears on the gold bonnet-pieces of James V; and the royal ensigns are surrounded by a collar formed of thistles with a sprig of rue interlaced, and a gold medal bearing the figure of St. Andrew. The so-called thistle of Scotland, the cotton thistle, is said by some botanists rarely to grow wild in Scotland, despite its name and reputation; and the stemless this-

tle is thought to accord best with the legend of the defeated Norsemen.

There are many traditions connected with the thistle which make it a particularly interesting plant, apart from its association with Scotland. One species, the milk thistle, is distinguishable by its white-veined leaves, derived, it is said, from the Virgin's milk having been shed upon them. It is believed by the superstitious that a precious ointment may be made from the leaves of this "blessed thistle," which will prove a panacea for all wounds.

Maunhardt relates that in Mecklenberg there is a story current to the effect that in a certain wild and barren spot, where a murder was once committed, there springs up every day at noon a ghastly kind of thistle, on which appear the arms, legs, hands, and heads of a human body. After twelve heads have appeared, the horrid plant mysteriously vanishes. A shepherd one day, passing near the spot, was struck with paralysis. Apuleius taught that the wild thistle, carried on the person, possessed the magic power of averting ills from the bearer; and to dream of thistles is decidedly a lucky omen.

MARRIAGE RHYMES.

This collection of marriage announcements has been copied from old newspapers published within the last one hundred years:

In Concord, N. H., February 3, 1814, Isaac Hill, one of the editors of the *Patriot*, to Miss Susan Ayer, daughter of Captain Richard Ayer.

As I walked out the other day,
Through Concord street I took my way;
I saw a sight I thought quite rare—
A Hill walked out to take the Air.
And now since earth and air have met together,
I think there'll be a change of weather.

In Haverhill, Mass., August, 1829, Cotton K. Simpson, of Pembroke, N. H., to Miss Sarah R. Marble.

An old calculation of gain and loss
Proves "a stone that is rolling will gather no moss;"
A happy expedient has lately been thought on,
By which Marble may gather and cultivate Cotton.

Married—At Washington, Ky., March, 1814, Samuel January to Miss Pamalia January.

A cold match.

At Black Lake, L. I., February, 1828, James Anderson to Miss Ann Bread.

While toasts the lovely graces spread,
And fops around them flutter,
I'll be contented with Ann Bread
And won't have any but her.

In Bozrah, Ct., August, 1819, John Bate, of Williamstown, Mass., to Miss Mary Ann Bass, of the former place, after a courtship of one hour.

Is this not angling well I ask,
Such tender bate to take?
He caught in one short hour the Bass,
The Bass, though, caught the Bate.

Married—At Williamsburg, on Friday, April 15, 1853, by Rev. Mr. Malone, at St. Peter's Church, W. Moon to Miss Ann Cooke.

He is not mad, though lunar light
His broth did overlook,
For he has gained, to his delight,
A wife that is a Cooke.
His goose is cooked, and other maids
May envy her the boon,
Whose tall ambition wished and got
The bright man in the Moon.

In New York, March, 1832, Thomas A. Secord to Miss Cordelia Ketcham.

"Ketcham, Cordelia, if you can?"
"I have," says she—"Secord's the man."

Married—At Bridgewater, December 16, 1788, Captain Thomas Baxter, of Quincy, aged sixty-three, to Miss Whitman, of the former place, aged fifty-seven, after a long and tedious courtship of forty-eight years, which they both sustained with uncommon fortitude.

In Concord, February, 1825, by Rev. Dr. McFarland, Solomon Payne, of Canterbury, Ct., to Miss Ruth Barker, daughter of Lemuel Barker, of this town.

Some females fall in love with wealth,
Some with a lovely swain;
But Ruth, in the boom of health,
Takes to herself a Payne.

In Concord, October, 1809, Jeremiah P. Raymond, of Weare, to Miss Susan Gale.

A constant Gale forever prove,
To fan the flame of virtuous love.

In Boston, April, 1821, by Rev. William Sabine, Joseph Wiltcutt to Miss Susan Whitmarsh, after a tedious courtship of thirteen days, and but thirty-five days after the death of his former wife.

The best way, it seems, for a deep sorrow to smother
For the loss of a wife is—to marry another.

In West Springfield, Mass., December, 1826, Stephen Bumprey, aged seventy-six, a Revolutionary pensioner, to Miss Sarah Dewey, aged thirty-eight.

In '76 he fought and bled;
At seventy-six he woo'd and wed.

In Washington, May 17, 1834, Joshua Peck to Miss Amelia Bushel.

Alzookers, bobs, and wedding-cakes!
What changes of measures marriages makes!
Quick as a thought, at Hymen's beck,
A Bushel changed into a Peck.

June 26, 1815, in Carroll County, N. C., by Rev. B. Graves, Captain Wm. Graves, son of John Graves, Esq., to Miss Nancy Graves, daughter of General Asariah Graves.

The graves, 'tis said,
Will yield the dead
When Gabriel's trumpet shakes the skies.
But if God please
From Graves like these
A dozen living folks may rise.

At Herculaneum, Mo., May 23, 1821, John W. Honey, Esq., to Mary S. Austen.

From sweet flowers the busy bee
Can scarce a drop of honey gather;
But oh! how sweet a flower is she
Who turns to Honey altogether.

ST. ANDREW OF SCOTLAND.

In NOTES AND QUERIES of October 19, Vol. iii—25, I gave an account of St. George and the Dragon, as recited in an old work published in London, in 1687, entitled the "Seven Champions of Chris-

tendom." By reference to that number, it will be seen that St. George liberated six other Knights who were held in "The Brazen Castle" by the Enchantress Kalyb, "the Lady of the Woods," among them were St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. Before citing the account as given in the old book, it may be well to briefly review the legends of this saint from other sources which are the most generally accepted and quoted. In "Chambers' Encyclopædia," the story is that "he was the St. Andrew of the Scriptures and the Apostle, whose mode of death is unknown. Tradition tells that after preaching the gospel in Scythia, Northern Greece, and Epirus, he suffered martyrdom on the cross at Patræ, in Achaia, 62 or 70, A. D. The anniversary of St. Andrew falls on November 30; he is also held in great veneration in Russia." Mrs. Clements, in her "Handbook of Legendry and Mythology," says "that he traveled through Scythia, and on returning to Jerusalem, went from thence to Achaia, and converted the wife of the proconsul Ægeus, who became so enraged that he had St. Andrew scourged and crucified. In the fourth century a part of the relics of St. Andrew were taken to Scotland."

In the work from which I quote, *i. e.*, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," the story is as follows: "After St. Andrew with the other five Knights had been released from the Brazen Castle, by St. George, he went forth for foreign adventures, and traveled through many strange and unknown nations, beyond the circuit of the sun, where but one time in the year he shows his brightsome beams, but continual darkness overspreads the whole country, and there lives a kind of people that have heads like dogs, that in extremity of hunger do devour one another, from which people this noble champion was strangely delivered." The account further tells how he traveled into "the vale of walking spirits and made his escape, a fire called The Fire of Destiny, and then without further molestation arrived within the territory of Thracia, through which he traveled till he came to a mountain, whereupon stood the castle of the woful King of Thracia in company with his sorrowful subjects, lamenting the un-

happy destinies of his six daughters turned into swans, having crowns of gold about their necks." The story tells of how St. Andrew upbraided the King for praying to heathen gods for the restoration of his daughters, and of his effort to turn him to the Christian faith, of the anger of the King and his challenging the heathen knights to battle, and after defeating two, and killing the third, he was seized by order of the King to be cruelly tortured to death. The story says, "But when the valiant Knight St. Andrew saw how he was suppressed by treachery, he called to Heaven for succor, and animating himself by these words of encouragement, 'Now for the honor of Christendom. This day a Martyr or a Conqueror,' and wherewithal he so valiantly behaved himself with his ax that he made lanes of men that he fell, like as the harvest-men do mow down ears of corn. So at last after much bloodshed the Thracian King was compelled to yield to the Scottish Champion's mercy, who swore him for the safety of his life, and to forsake his profane religion and become a Christian. This conversion so pleased the Majesty of God that the six daughters of the King were restored to their original forms."

St. Andrew then departed from the Thracian King for further adventures, and finally joining the six other champions under the leadership of St. George, visited Constantinople, and finally of his return to Scotland, which being then a rude and heathenish country, where the common sort of people inhabited. Whereupon those misbelieving people, by a common consent (taking him for some subtle conspirer against the pagan gods which they worshiped) put him secretly to death, and after cutting off his head in hope of reward, bore it to the King, deeming that they had done a deed of much-deserved commendations; which inhuman cruelty, when the King saw, with much grief he lamented the loss of this good man, and with all speed, in revenge of his death, raised a power of his best resolved knights of war, putting every one to the sword, both man, woman, and child, that in any manner consented to the champion's martyrdom, and after in process of time appointed a monastery to be

built in the same place where he died. Causing the whole kingdom to be brought in subjection to a quiet government and Christian in the right belief of this holy father. This was the last deed of St. Andrew, by whose death Scotland received the true faith, in which it now remaineth.

THOMAS LOUIS OGIER.

QUERIES.

Apples of Sodom.

"Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste."

Byron's "*Childe Harold*," iii, 34.

Thevenot says ("Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable"), "There are apple-trees on the sides of the Dead Sea which bear lovely fruit, but within are full of ashes."

Witman says, the same is asserted of the oranges there. (See Tacitus' "Hist." v. 7.)

Flavius Josephus says: "That on the shores of the Dead Sea, where ancient Sodom was situated, is found a fruit of beautiful appearance, but which, as soon as one touches it turns to ashes. This fruit resembles a glossy apple of a yellow color, and grows in clusters of three or four; if it is pressed it breaks with a noise like a bladder filled with air, and there remains only a thin shell of fibrous threads."

Chateaubriand says: "I believe also to have found the fruit so much sought for; the tree which bears it grows two or three leagues from the mouth of the Jordan. It is thorny and its leaves are slender and small; its fruit is similar in color to the lime of Egypt. When the fruit is still green it is filled with a salty fluid, which dries it. It has black seeds that resemble cinders, and tastes like bitter pepper." A writer who makes these last two quotations adds, "As for us, in view of these divers opinions, we can only repeat to our readers the saying of one of Corneille's characters: 'Guess if you can, and choose if you dare.'"

There is nothing that I have yet seen written upon this subject, that indicates the

fruit alluded to as belonging to the genus *Pyrus*—and especially not *P. mali*.

My impression is that this so-called fruit is an abnormal growth—a gall-like excrescence—produced by an Aphidian insect, analogous species of which may be found during the summer season on various kinds of young trees, especially the Beach and the Hazel. I have exploded scores of those apples in my boyhood, and was then impressed with the notion that they contained ashes—long before I ever heard of the *Apples of Sodom*.

Some of these inflated galls occur almost spherical, some contorted, some flattened, and some in the form of a cockscomb; but any of them, if opened at the proper season, will be found to contain among the ash-like debris, numerous small insects belonging to the great *Aphis* (Plant-louse) family. The species are numerous, and embrace many genera—very often so small as to require a microscope to distinguish them. These insects must, however, not be confounded with the *Cynipida*, which usually make a solid gall (like the oak-gall, etc.), nor yet with the *Cecidomyans*, which produce galls of a great variety of forms.

It has been a long stretch of time since Josephus wrote, and surely by this time there should be something more definite as to what the Apples of Sodom *really are*, than has yet come under my observation. I throw out these suggestions, based upon my personal experience, for what they may be worth, and invite the contributors to AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES to furnish what they *know* on the subject.

LANCASTER, PA.

S. S. R.

In 1850 Felicien de Saulcey, a member of the Institute and one of the first archæologists of France, undertook a journey to Palestine and explored the region of the Dead Sea. He examined the famous apples of Sodom and found them to be the fruit of a thorny nightshade, which when ripe emitted, under pressure, thousands of small black grains not unlike ashes.

In the "Gallery of Geography," p. 811, is to be found the following: "The fruit of the osher or ashey tree, called 'apples—or oranges—of Sodom,' resembles a smooth

apple or orange, hangs in clusters of three or four on a branch and is of a yellow color when ripe. Upon being struck or pressed it explodes with a puff and is reduced to the rind and a few fibres, being chiefly filled with air."

Some travelers, unable to discover this singular production, have considered it merely as a figure of speech, depicting the deceitful nature of all vicious enjoyments; but Kitto ("Phys. Hist. of Palest.," p. 290, sq.) adduces the definite testimony of many modern travelers to show that these allusions are based upon truth, especially the statements of Seetzen (in "Zach's Monatt. Corresp.," xvii, 442) and Burckhardt ("Syria," p. 392), whose accounts of the fruit of the Oshier (prob. *Asclepias gigantea*) remarkably coincide with the ancient descriptions. This plant is figured and described by Prosper Alpinus under the name of Beid-el-Ossar ("Hist. Nat. Ægypte, Sugd. Bat.," 1735, pt. i, 43). See also "Irby & Mangle's Travels," ch. viii. For a minute description of the fruit see Dr. Robinson's "Biblical Researches," volume ii, p. 236 sq.; also Wilson's "Bible Lands," i, 8 sq.

Needle Pointing North.—Why is it that the needle of the compass points to the North? Yours truly,

J. A. J.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

It is difficult to answer a question of this character in a few words. Practically the earth is a magnet, not differing essentially in its magnetic properties from a bar of magnetized steel. It has two poles of greatest intensity and, like most large steel magnets, there are several supplemental poles of lesser intensity. Just as the pole of one bar magnet attracts the end of another, so the magnetic poles of the earth behave toward poles of the compass-needle, unlike poles attracting, and like poles repelling each other.

It is well to modify the statement that the needle points north and south; as a matter of fact, there are but few localities on the earth it does point due north and south, and these are constantly changing. An irregular line drawn from the mouth of the Orinoco River, through the east coast

of Hayti, Charleston, S. C., and Detroit, Mich., represents very nearly the line in which there is no variation at the present time. In all places east of this line the *north* or —end of the needle swings slightly to the westward; in all places west of it, to the eastward. At the mouth of the Columbia River the variation of the compass is about 22° E.; in Alaska, it is from 40° to 60° E.; midway between New York and Liverpool it is about 35° W.

The reason is that the compass-needle points, not to the geographical, but to the magnetic poles, and these do not coincide in position. The magnetic north pole is, at present, on or near the southwestern shore of Boothia Peninsula, in the northern part of North America. Its position is constantly changing, and, in the last six hundred years it has moved about half the distance round the geographical pole. During a period of three hundred years in which observations have been carefully made at the magnetic observatory in Paris, the variations have changed from 11° 20' east of north to 22° 10' west. In the United States the rate of the change in variation differs much in different parts of the country. In Washington State it changes at the rate of about 7' a year; in Arizona and New Mexico it is stationary; in the New England States it is from 1' to 3' per year. J. W. REDWAY.

Queer.—Who invented the word "queer"? R. R.
BALTIMORE, MD.

The question, as it stands, is unanswerable. The word is in N. H. G., *queer*, *quer*, cross, oblique, athwart; M. and O. H. G., *twer*; A. S., *Thweor*, *thweorh*; Icel., *thwer*; Goth., *thwairhs*; its definition is "going athwart what is usual or normal," etc. See any dictionary.

Dragonades.—What were the Dragonades? R. R.
BALTIMORE, MD.

The *Dragonades* or *Dragonnades* is the name applied to the expeditions into the Cévennes under Louis XIV, so-called from the fact that the expedition was made by a corps of dragoons (Fr. *Dragons*).

Larigan.—What is a larigan?

READING, PA.

ARTHUR.

A *larigan*, or *larrigin*, in Maine and New Brunswick, is a kind of boot or moccasin of yellow leather, having a long leg reaching above the knee. It is worn by lumbermen in the deep snows of winter. The derivation of this word is not apparent.

Man-of-War.—What is the origin of the expression "man-of-war"?

J. W. MERRIAM.

IQUIQUE, CHILI.

The *International Cyclopedia*, Vol. ix, p. 448, says: "Man-of-war, an expression, of *unknown* origin, for an armed vessel carrying cannon, and belonging to some constituted and acknowledged government.

White Queen.—Who was called the "White Queen"? R. R.

BALTIMORE, MD.

La Reina Blanche, or the White Queen, was Mary Queen of Scots, so called because she dressed in white in mourning for her husband.

Quirt.—What is the origin of the word *quirt*, used in the Western U. S., as the name of a riding-whip?

C. L. SAMSON.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

It would seem to be imitative of the sound of the stroke of a whip.

REPLIES.

Three Cheers and Tiger (Vol. ii, p. 8).—The authority for the following information is the Boston *Evening Gazette*.

"In the year 1822, the Boston Light Infantry, under Captain Mackintosh and Lieutenant Robert C. Winthrop, visited Salem, Massachusetts, and encamped in Washington Square. During their stay, a few of the members indulged in sports incidental to camp duty, when some visitor exclaimed to one who was a little rough, 'Oh! you Tiger.' It became a catchword, and as a

term of playful reproach, 'You're a Tiger' was adopted as one of peculiar phrases of the corps. On the route to Boston, some musical genius sang an impromptu line, 'Oh! you Tigers, don't you know,' to the air of 'Rob Roy McGregor, oh!' Of course, the appellation soon induced the Tigers by name to imitate the action of the animal, and the 'growl' was introduced, and at the conclusion of three cheers a tiger was immediately called for.

"In 1826, the same organization visited New York, being the first volunteer corps to make the trip from Boston to another State, and while there, the 'Tigers,' at a public festival, awoke the echoes and astonished the Gothamites by giving the genuine 'growl.'

"It pleased the fancy of the hosts and gradually it became adopted on all festive and joyous occasions."

RAFELLI ROSSAZZO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

An Italian Patriot (Vol. iii, p. 273).—The name of the patriot was Baron Charles Poerio, born 1803, died 1867. See Larousse's Dict., Vol. xii, p. 1229.

Binishes (Vol. i, pp. 214, 227; iii, p. 238).—In addition to what has been said about this word it may be added that *binish* in Persian means a view or a spectator. See Palmer's Persian Dictionary, where various other words from the same root appears. For the later Turkish developments of meaning, see any Turkish Dictionary.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

CURIOSUS.

Portala's Cross (Vol. iii, p. 298).—Portala's cross, named in Brete Harte's poem, is a wooden cross erected at the summit of Lone Mountain west of the populous centre of San Francisco. The eastern flank of the mountain is a cemetery, hence the cross. In certain seasons of the year, at sunset, one may see the outlines of the huge, black structure projected against the lurid sky. Contrary to the laws of optics, it seems to stand out in relief, with a wonderful effect of irradiation, and then it gradually fades away against the background of rising mist.

J. W. REDWAY.

Dogwood and Washington (Vol. iii, p. 259).—A correspondent wrote to the *New York Sun*, urging the claims of the dogwood flower to be chosen as the national flower, and in support of those claims, told this story: A British army was marching upon Washington's camp, expecting to find him with a small army. In the distance, about where they expected to find the camp, the British scouts saw a hill covered with dogwood trees in blossom. They mistook these trees for tents, and returned with the report that Washington's army was so large that its tents whitened the hills. The British were not prepared to meet a large army, and so retired, leaving Washington and his little army in peace. No dates or localities are given, and I do not identify the alleged occurrence.

R. G. B.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sea-Blue Bird of March (Vol. iii, pp. 127, 168).—The phrase pictures the common small kingfisher of England (*Alcedo ispida*), a bird that answers exactly to the several particulars of the poet's delineation. Its coloring is described by naturalists in terms from which "sea-blue" is a poetical and perfect crystallization into a jewel one word long—"silky azure," "bluish green," "greenish blue," "beryl blue," "azure blue," being adjectives used by turns to represent the various hues, while Dr. A. Brehm says, "the whole upper part of the bird appears green or blue according as the light falls on it and the tints are ever changing in the sun." ("Bird Life.")

Other British poets portray the kingfisher as a "jeweled beam of emerald light," a "sapphire-winged mist," a "little hermit, azure-winged," etc.

As the bird is not a migrant and nests early, it comes into notice with the vanguard of spring near its favorite haunts, "little streams, ornamental waters in parks, still ponds," and similar localities, although Dixon, in "Rural Bird Life," says that of late it is becoming rare except in secluded spots, such numbers have been killed for their beautiful plumage; but "time was when it could be invariably seen darting hither and thither in the most frequented places," almost always solitary, and mark-

edly characterized by its straight and rapid flight near the ground or the surface of the water. "The bird flits past," says one writer, "like an indistinct gleam of bluish light." "It flits past," says Dixon, "in its rapid flight * * * appearing as an emerald streak of light," and he adds that, darting along the course of a stream, it seldom or never flies over the bridges in its way but always underneath them.

Just in the same way often

"Underneath the barren bush
Flits past the sea-blue bird of March,"

or rather, this was a frequent vision in the days when "In Memoriam" was written.

NEW YORK CITY.

M. C. L.

REFERRED TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wish-ton-Wish.—This name, given by Cooper in one of his novels to the Whip-poor-will, in reality is the Osage name for the prairie-dog or social marmot. Had Cooper any reason other than the obvious onomatopoetic one, for transferring the name of this animal to a bird?

FALSTAFF.

CAMDEN, N. J.

Three Generals never Defeated.—What three generals were never defeated?

R. R.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Modkas.—Who were the Modkas?

R. R.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Green Sprig and Liberty.—When and on what occasion did a green sprig become an emblem of liberty?

R. R.

BALTIMORE, MD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Scouring the White Horse (Vol. iii, p. 280).—From "Rambles by Rivers," by James Thorne, Vol. i, London, 1847, we quote the following in regard to "Scouring

the White Horse." "But the White Horse, which gives its name to the range, is after all *the* wonder, and the rambler should not be at Farington without going to see it. It is an extraordinary animal, standing some four hundred hands high, and visible (to those who can see so far) fifteen miles off. Judges say that it is necessary to be at least a mile distant to see its points to perfection.

"The reader knows, I suppose, that the White Horse is the rude figure of a horse cut out of the side of a chalk hill. It has been supposed to mark the site of a victory over the Danes; but Mr. Thoms, in a paper published in Vol. xxxi of the "Archæologia," suggests that it has probably a religious origin—in fact, was a representation of the Sacred Horse of the Celts. Once in three years the peasantry assemble and carefully remove any of the turf that has encroached on the figure, or, as they say, 'rub down the Horse.' On these occasions a fair is held on the hill-top at which there is commonly horse-racing, jumping in sacks, and even more than the usual amount of rustic merriment."

H. R.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

A Sorrow's Crown, etc. (Vol. iii, p. 264).—The line that was written by Coleridge under his saddle ran:

"Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem."

[Ed.]

Shallow as Dish-water.—Years ago, in New England, we used to say of an addled person, or of a pretender to wisdom: "He is as shallow as dish-water," with "shallow as dish-water" as a variant form.

EULER.

Cold as Charity.—This expression is common enough near Philadelphia; and we sometimes hear it varied to "colder than Presbyterian charity;" which is really too cruel, but our Presbyterian citizens take it as a stale joke, which it certainly is.

EULER.

Seven Sleepers (Vol. iii, p. 231).—Please notice that under the title of "The

Plot of Rip Van Winkle," the names of only six of the "Seven Sleepers" are given: see last paragraph, second column of the page.

What was the name of the other one?

E. HUNN.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

There should be a comma after John and before Serapion, which you will find will give the requisite number.

Runcible.—*The Book Buyer* says: "The accompanying explanation of the word 'runcible' was met with some time ago, and may interest those who have sung Ingraham's song on Edward Lear's 'Owl and the Pussy Cat.' In Johnson's Dictionary, second edition, we find 'Rounceval' from a town at the foot of the Pyrenees. See 'Pea,' of which it is a species.

'Dig garden,
And set as a daintie thy runceval pease.'
—*Tusser*.

Rounceval, runcival, *runcible*—the transition is easy. The *runcible* spoon is the peascod or husk of the Rounceval pea."

Battle-Bell (Vol. iii, p. 152).—In what poem does Longfellow's mention of the Florentine battle-bell occur? I do not recall it, and cannot tell how well the suggestion that the Gonfalon is probably meant fits the poet's allusion, but as a reply to Mr. Kelly's question that answer seems unsatisfactory. Browning, in *Sordello*, makes several references to the battle-car and bell used by the Italian cities, and in my copy I find a brief explanation penciled when I attempted to read the poem, but I suppose the effort at comprehension debilitated memory, for I cannot tell where I gleaned this small bit of information.

The carroch, or *carroccio* was a large wagon having a flag-staff planted in it, which served the Lombards as a rallying point, and, therefore, as an ensign. Each city had its own that carried its standard into battle, and each carroch bore also a cross and a large bell. It was zealously guarded and assigned the central place when the troops were drawn up in battle array.

Browning speaks of the sound "of the carroch's booming," and again, "Hark to the carroch's clang!" In Book Fourth, when the armies of the Eastern League are represented as gathered at Ferrara,

"The carrochs halted in the public square,
Pennons of every blazon once afloat,
Men prattled freelier that the crested gaunt
White ostrich with a horse-shoe in her beak
Was missing."

This last blazon seems to have been the arms of Eccelino, Lord of Romano.

Farther on we read,

"Here you saw
The Vicentine, here snowy oxen drew
The Paduan carroch, its vermillion cross
On its white field."

I suggest that the bell may have been used not merely to aid by its sound in rallying scattered troops, but also to ward off evil influences, in accordance with the well-known mediæval superstition about bells.

Possibly full information may be found in some of the encyclopædic dictionaries edited by M. Havard, of which "*Le Dictionnaire de l'Ameublement et de la Decoration*" is one; other titles I do not recall.

M. C. L.

NEW YORK CITY.

Pets of Famous People (Vol. ii, p. 309; Vol. iii, pp. 54, 59, 69, 79, 81, 118, 261, 287).—Edward W. Bok writes:

"The pride of the heart of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is a dog—an Irish setter who, its owner believes, is endowed with more intelligence than some men of his acquaintance. A year or two ago it was the author's habit to invite one to his charming home on Mount Vernon street, Boston, to see his twins and his dog, and the visitor often went with appalling visions of two babies to kiss and try to amuse instead of one. In the 'twins' he found big fellows of nineteen or twenty, who have become somewhat accustomed to being shown off and perhaps a little bored about it. The dog, Trip, I believe his name is, on the contrary, is never weary of bringing his master's slippers from his bedroom to the parlor, and of exhibiting his intellectual achievements so long as Mr. Aldrich will suggest new tricks."

Some Etymologies.—*Dassy*. This word, applied to the South African cony or hyrax, is said, in the *Century Dictionary*, to be "a native name." According to Prof. Flower, it is the Dutch *das*, Ger. *dachs*, a badger. The animal is locally called *klip-das*, or cliff-badger.

Coprah.—This commercial word is said, in the *Century Dictionary*, to be "a native name." It is the Spanish *copra*; its remoter history I know not.

Beche de mer.—The *Century Dictionary* gives a correct etymology for this word; the *New English* an incorrect one. Yet the *Century* misprints the Port. *bicho do mar*,—making it *bicho da mar*. The same misprint occurs in the separate entry under *bicho* in the same excellent work.

Dalmahoy.—This word, the name of a kind of wig, not now in use, finds a place in the *Century Dictionary*, with no attempt at an etymology. Dalmahoy in Midlothian, Scotland, is the family-seat of the Earl of Morton. Perhaps a place-name has here become attached to a piece of wearing apparel, as in the case of Balmoral.

Clumber.—The word *clumber*, designating a kind of spaniel, occurs in the *Century Dictionary*, with no etymology. I have always understood that this breed of dogs was named from Clumber Park, the celebrated residence of the Duke of Newcastle.

Burgeo.—This word, a sailor's name for "porridge," is passed over in the *Century* and *New English* dictionaries with no regular etymology. Several months since, a writer in *The Athenæum* published an excellent and very satisfactory identification of this word with the Arabic *burghul*, or *burghu* (corn, grain, also porridge or gruel.)

Denim.—This is the name of a kind of coarse cotton drilling. The dictionaries mostly accent the word on the first syllable, den'im. When I was young the name was *denims*, and the accent was on the last syllable. As an etymology I would propose (or as a suggestion to be verified or overthrown by collated facts) the guess that *denims* represents the French "*Colonnade de Nîmes*."

Bajjerkeit, Badgerkite. This name, ac-

cording to Hunter's *Gazetteer of Bengal*, Vol. xvii, p. 266, is the native designation of a species of ant-eater, called in Chutia Nagpur *bajarkit*; while in Orissa and Bengal it is called *bajrakit* and *bajrakapta*. But the *Century Dictionary* says it is an African animal, and that its name is "a native African word."

(I may add that I have a rather long list of similar slips occurring in the *Century* and *New English* dictionaries. Both these great works, however, are, as a whole, very admirable; and the errors they make are so few that it almost seems invidious to call the attention of the public to them. I have sent notes about some few of these words to the editors. Dr. Murray has twice kindly acknowledged the receipt of my notes.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Asturias (Vol. iii, pp. 216, 273, 288, 298).—Prof. John Foster Kirk, editor of "Prescott's Histories," and author of the "History of Charles the Bold," informs the writer that the expression the *Asturias* is perfectly correct, and very common, and this corresponding use of the article with the plural noun *Asturias* is common and correct in the Spanish language. "The Asturias" occurs in Weber's "Univ. Hist." (Bowen's trans.) p. 128, four times in Hale's "Story of Spain," also many times in Prescott's works. G.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

The American Journal of Photography for October contains as a frontispiece, illustrating the article on "The Genesis of the Camera," by Julius F. Sachse, a photograph representing a most interesting page from an ancient illuminated Rosicrucian MS. "This page is one of thirty folio sheets, 12x18 inches, composing the old tome, and which contains the secret theosophy of the Rosicrucians.

"The title-sheet of the folio, a fine specimen of Latin, Gothic, and old German 'Fraktur Schrift,' is executed in four colors—red, blue, green, and black, almost all of which are as bright as when first written, the rough, uncalendered paper alone showing signs of age and discoloration. Unfortunately there is neither date nor name on the title; the age of the MS., however, is located by family traditions to lie between the years A. D. 1560-1600, which fact is confirmed by the water-mark and make of the paper composing the sheets."

